CONTACT DIARY "NAUPAKA BUNNY" – PART 2

(From August 10, 2019 to January 2, 2020)

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August 10, 2019

The term "saving someone's life" is nonsense. When you do something to a person so that they don't die, you actually only help their bodies to function some time longer. That's all. Our body's job is in service of our consciousness. Brain, organs and bodyparts along with the body's nourishment and water are all in service of our consciousness. It's very crucial that the body works well, because the kind of frequencies it operates in provides a certain shelter for our energetic core while it has the chance to evolve further. The body has an expiration date, and after it stops functioning, we are pure energetic substance on the level of frequencies that a material body can't perceive. But we are still the same person.

Language has been a problem in human evolution. It's okay to say that "someone is dead", as long as it's perfectly and completely clear what that statement entails: The person has left her or his material shell behind and lives on without it.

That realization has developed since my love Bob's death, and due to my frantic reading of the books of Betty and Stewart White and of others, close to them or known to them - who were people with close and personal relations and experiences in what is commonly called "the beyond". The realm of "the dead". They were involved in some kind of project that was instigated "from the other side". And I believe, what you've been reading is a continuation of that project, and Bob and I may be in its service.

(*Note/edit: Make no mistake … even though I'm writing stuff like this in full spiritual enlightenment and certainty, as soon as I drop back into my mortal self, I'm devastated about having lost Bob. And that's a major aspect in the project "the Bridge", I think: the mortal disposition;* ***Emotions*** *are the most powerful forces we're give to deal with. And just because of that, they are absolutely destructive to the mortal's mind, if not handled properly*.)

August 11, 2019

Dream of my mother, and of us being in a mobile home and a dog, Jacqui, and we were traveling **down** a very steep mountain road … and some kind of government officials came checking … and she was **cooking lamb** in a pot, which the govs deemed suspicious, and I had no idea why. I defended the inside of the van while my mother was outside. Then I opened the tap water and accidentally poured into the pot with the lamb stew, which I had taste tested earlier, and it was very good, but now it was watered. I was

horrified … considered putting some instant broth in. The dog turned from Jacqui into some kind of shepherd mix, and he jumped on the stove (that now was cold), and then was disobedient, and I went down on all four and played "dog" to, and he was impressed … the people totally didn't get it, though.

The whole thing was about some kind of project or some intention … something artistic, even, that was hindered … by strangers?

I couldn't get up until about 11 am! Poor dog! When we got out, J shit a whole lot, and soft, too.

But as I lay in bed considering to get up and struggling (I had been reading online until early morning, though), a **bird** I had never heard before began to tweet incredibly loudly *right in front of my window*. Oh, so often had I thought of the **Myna** birds of Maui, and how a special one, named Georgie, would literally sit outside on the railing of the lanai and look inside. He'd even come and knock on the glass surface of the table to get me to get up, when I wouldn't do that early enough. (*Note/edit: That's not an exaggeration!)* He would watch me get up and then wait for me to give him some food. For that he'd even sit at arm's reach on the railing … Bob always loved watching birds.

He'd always say "*Incoming*!" when one bird came swooping down to our lanai …

Yesterday, after the storm, I had said that, when a huge **brightly lit bird-shaped cloud** had come "swooping" across the water towards me: "*Incoming*!" It dissolved right above me.

And the bird of this morning: Even though my curtains were closed, and the bird had been really noisy for a long time, as soon as I got up, like sat up, it stopped doing the "Myna" … and didn't return.

That was a message. I feel it.

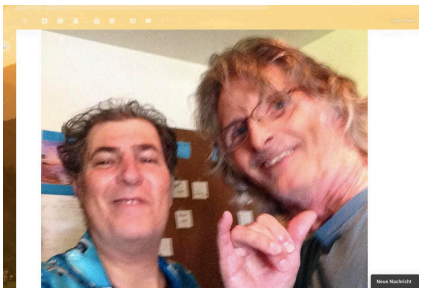
August 11, 2019 **– Peter Got Bob to Me**

Okay! He did it again!

I've been saying it so often, **that I wanted to "see" Bob**, *I asked him to show himself to me* … and there were the **dreams**, and then the *men who looked like him*, then *the butt-swinging guy from yesterday* … and today, well.

Thank you Bob, for shocking me. But … he "**used**" **Peter** again (after the "**olivine-rocks**"). Because I'd been writing to Peter, and I had also shared with Bob Peter's blog and that he wants to buy a Honda Odyssey, and that I'm envious and jealous on Bob's behalf (who dreamed of owning a new Honda).

So today I open Peter's email, totally *not expecting anything* beyond his pictures of himself and his mother and his selfie-drones … and BOOM! **Bob doing the shaka** looking RIGHT AT me!



I felt my heart literally jump and skip beats and jitter, and good thing I had been eating just before, so I was kind of strong … but wow, was that a surprise. It was a shock, to be honest. Only when I read Peter's responses to my ranting about me only passing time on this fucking planet … I realized that it was what I "wanted": TO **SEE BOB**. Okay. Well done, bro. I accept this as manifestation and wish fulfilling.

It was quite painful, but not as painful as I expected. It was … ***heavy***. There he was, her he is, my Bob. His smile. ***His mouse-teeth***, his blue eyes … his fingers, his hand, doing his very special kind of shaka …

Oh I just can't believe that he is gone.

(*Note/edit: And here is something in terms of "**synchronicity**", and you'll be **baffled**, because you aren't where I'm right now, as I'm editing this, on February 4, 2020: I found today **mouse teeth**! Literally … I took a hike with my dog in Griffen, when I live now, and there they were. And I thought: Okay, this means that I'll have something to do with mouse-teeth today. And here I am. Editing the section with the mouse-teeth*. Of course the teeth I've found can be cat-teeth, but they are tiny, so they count as mouse-teeth. And if you think they don't, then tell me how often you have found that kind of … teeth. Found, my friend. Just as you were dealing with the "mouse-teeth" of your dead partner?!)

*(**Note**: On January 19, 2022 – yes, so long in the future, this entry would have special meaning again, proving connectedness via time synchronicity! It's part 12 of this Contact Diary.)*

Bob had those fine white teeth with points, and sometimes he'd grin like a rodent when he was being goofy.

It comes like a heat wave over me, trying to burn up my thoughts, my body, my everything, realizing that Bob the man is gone from this plane. And I'm still here.

It was so so so unfinished, our mortal relationship, and so much was still to come.

In this material realm.

Peter gave me an interesting feedback on my mentioning the White-books, that a **LSD-trip** does give one the realization how our existence in the obstructed realm is but a … some kind of ***hallucination***. I've heard that before, but I never interpreted it that way. Interesting. I won't ever do drugs. Haven't ever, won't.

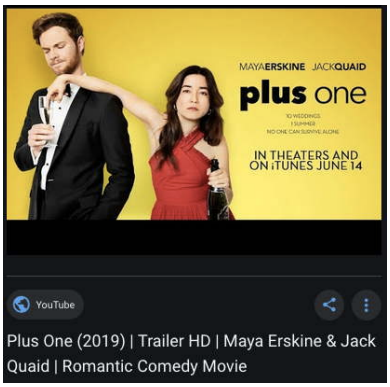
August 11, 2019

Bob's car's license number "MEA 910" has a new meaning to me, now. As 9/10, September 10 in the year 2018 would be the last day I'd see Bob. I left on 9/11 and never saw Bob again. In the flesh, that is.

Today, in a newspaper, there was a feature about people having lost their loved ones in car accident ... and a woman said that she had *been in contact with her deceased husband for a long time*, and then "he broke off contact" because he felt that she should move on or forward ... It's kind of interesting that to some people it seems quite "normal" to be in contact with dead people, and to others the mere thought of something like that resembles "insanity".

August 11, 2019

So I went to the internet cafe to transfer the pics of my phone onto my USB to include in my contact diary collection. I went to the watch-movies-free site and *clicked on a **movie** I didn't even want to see,* "**Plus One**". I'd never heard of it, not were the pictures appealing in the least, but I did start it and began to zap through it …


MAYAERSKINE JACKQUAID
plus one
IN THEATERS AND
ON iTUNES JUNE 14
YouTube
Plus One (2019) | Trailer HD | Maya Erskine & Jack
Quaid | Romantic Comedy Movie

Sure enough: After the first minutes that I didn't like … there it was! Two guys, in **Hawaii** (I couldn't tell which island), *talking about how **the great love** of the couple to be wed **started at Costco***! Now Costco was always a big deal for Bob and me, I once wrote an entire TV-series in honor of Costco, because I loved shopping there so much. Shopping with Bob … as described on *March 9 … when "Costco" had already shown up …*

I'll never forget Bob saying to me in August 2018, "***I know how much Costco-runs mean to you***", and even though he was so weak he could barely walk, he did "our Costco-run" with me one last time.

Bob did go to Costco by himself, when I was back in Austria, and I was just overjoyed when I had heard him say that on the phone, because he had bought roast-chicken and cheesecake, because "A man got to eat!" That's what he said. I was so sure … so happy, that he'd be happy again and he and I together, after all.

And then something happened and he went to the hospital and was soon actively dying.)

So in that movie … the **mentioning** of "**Costco** in **Hawaii**", made me kind of freeze and numb on my seat. It felt so … intense. As if Bob was sitting next to me, holding his breath (hahaha!) and his thumbs, watching me if I would notice it and take it as a message.

It's would be kind of … well, natural to connect with me through movies. As I love them. *"Costco" in a love story, as a place where my big love happened ... and Hawaii*. **But**: When the two protagonists walked along a Hawaii shoreline with the red dirt and the ocean and all ... I kind of fell into a very big hole, and a flash rushed through me ... (*Note/edit: Even now, reading this, months later, I feel tears come up*.) It's always a feeling as if my heart and my soul were at the same time empty and heavy ... and I can't believe that my Hawaii-life with Bob is over and will never happen again.

I watched the trailer to the movie "Gaza", maybe to remind me of the wars everywhere and how many people die everyday ... and my only life's purpose seems to be to pass on, too.

Without Bob ... Jacqui is the anchor. There is nobody else. And nothing else.

Am I supposed to write my books and all? Perhaps.

What about our movie projects? Our plans? Everything that was possible? Why has all that been taken away from me? Bob and my home and my projects and my hope and the place I loved so much on this planet? Why?

What am I supposed to do? ***Crackling***, yes, fucking crackling.

How can anyone expect me to just ... deal with everything? I will leave Vienna. I want to. I'll find a place somewhere, to spend the winter with Jacqui, but not in the dirt and the noise anymore.

And yes, I'm crying again.

August 11, 2019

All the **cloud impressions** I keep having ... and the **car license plates**! I can't even write about all the incidents ... but they are a part of my life now. There are so many. And I'm well aware that one cannot take

just *everything "as a sign"* … but on the other hand, why, then, are we made in a way that we can think like that?

When I see a car with the license plate "**BXOXA1**" just the moment when I'm talking with Bob so intensely about how I should ever understand what happened to us ... then, I do read that license plate as "**hugs**" I'm getting from Bob! I mean, he can't "get" a car near me whose license plate reads "**I love you Dani**", but he can get BXOXA and he can get "**Costco and Hawaii**".

And if people are wondering how "the dead" can "arrange" all that ... please, keep in mind, even if it sounds weird, *that for discarnates, there is no "matter" and no "time" and no "geography" or "place" like it's for us, here, in our mortal realm.* So of course they can put anything "in our way" that appeals to our senses in certain ways, as numbers, clouds, encounters. And that makes us have certain thoughts that may or may not be exactly what the discarnates may have intended. But then … for a mortal to really "read" and "understand" a message, that takes a good background of information about the true nature of thought, of energetics and of … well, of the "beyond". All that the Whites have written. Then "messages" are something different than for a person who hasn't ever had a clue about any of those things and doesn't even expect messages "from the dead" to happen.

Looking at the picture of the profile of *the man on the train* who resembled Bob so much as he was at the *bridge* in the close distance ... there isn't any doubt in my mind, that this was "arranged".

Those are messages in the form that I can perceive … because me ***NOT*** being a "medium" it's all about using the means I have and improving them.

I think we're on a good path, baby.

August 12, 2019 **– Cat and Ace of Hearts, a Queen and a King**

I found **two playing cards**, and one reflects what has been on my mind for days: the King of Hearts. Seriously. **I've been thinking "King of Hearts"** all the time since I found an "Ace of Hearts" on Danube Island, a few days ago …

I was thinking that Bob was the king of my heart … and will always be. (*Note/edit: But of course I wouldn't write down all of my thoughts, because this is a contact diary, not a regular diary.*)

Next to the "King of Hearts" was lying the Queen of Clubs. (Kreuzdame).

I took that as a hint of our coupleship, Bob's and mine. To actually *see* the "King of Hearts" after thinking the term all the time … it's manifestation. Yes. Does it mean that I will "see" my "king of heart" again? Is it a manifestation of me *wanting to "see" Bob*, still? (*Note/edit: And I was saying those things out loud, all the time.*)

Plus … today Jacqui and I got caught in the **hugest storm ever** … as we were walking along the Wien river path … Yes, it looked like thunderstorm, but I had no idea that it would come so fast! We had to run for shelter, and I mean, run in despair, as the wall of water was literally crashing down on us, driven by the wind … stuff was flying around, and it was so loud, my poor Jacqui was terrified. We crouched under a

façade, next to a garage door … but after a while, we still got flooded there and had to climb up under a balcony. Then we fled as soon as the rain got less … and we took the tramway home, entirely drenched, and freezing.

August 13, 2019

It seems like yesterday was some kind of a blur. I got ready to have a car again, after the beloved "Chiqui", Bob's and my car, that we only had together for ten days. He then drove it only a few times …

I was listening closely inside, for worries … but I didn't feel any.

Today I picked it up. My new car. The name "Bobbi" keeps popping into my mind, so: Ford Focus C-Max Ambiente, light blue metallic. Mine and Bob's. My car's random license number is **W 86132 I**.

As I was driving away from the previous owner, a big red bus drove in the lane to my right, and its license plate was "… **481 UA**". And "Ua" is the blessing from heaven, from the Aumakua, a drizzling rain … and Bob knew that very well and used to say it often, after I told him, one day, in Ulupalakua. and of course the numbers 4 and 8 mean much to me.

This morning I found a very **dirty tag with a golden Moon-face** on it! I didn't have a phone with me for photos, and it was very dirty, so I only put it aside, hoping to see it again tomorrow and photograph it.

Then I found some kind of **band** with flowers and two butterflies …

The lady who rents out a small apartment under the roof of a former pension at the lake Ossiach called and offered to hold the apartment for me, if I was to come look at it this week. I'll totally take my new car and Jacqui to Carinthia this week.

It's like I blanked out the situation with Bob for hours, today and yesterday … and when it comes back … brr.

Rebecca wrote me to remind me that all that I'm thinking of "*is in the past*". I don't think so. That's exactly **not** what it is. *It can't be undone in our realm, but it's not in the past in Bob's realm.*

August 14, 2019

As I was browsing the book by F. David Peat about "Synchronicity" and how it connects the realms, and I found amazing sentences about "the bridge" it's building (but Peats doesn't deal with the "dead", I don't think) … immediately the number **132 I** (that I find somehow striking on my license plate) showed up, relating to the physicist who was majorly dealing with synchronicity, **Pauli**, and how he had dreamed of a world clock, and one aspect of that the hands always move, in a pulse on all three levels of that clock, by "**1/32**" (of the 32 fields, of course) … so there is the "132I" (very similar to 1/32)!

Pauli was famous for his dreams and visions and also for his weird effects on … stuff. He seems to have been a very strangely "energetic" person. And emotionally totally underdeveloped and broken, just like a certain beloved I once lived with and who is now a Disca … but is certainly with me a lot.

About the 1/32 = 132I … I was baffled speechless. Does it mean that my car is helping me move forward, like the hands of that clock in that Pauli-dream? Is *that* – oh! Crazy thought, just now! – the reason why I got the name "Paul" … in my first attempt of automatic writing and found it then on the wall on Danube Island (on July 30)?

So moving forward, in time, my own time, towards the total degeneration or destruction of my "pod", my body, my "shell"? Is it some comfort? Some sign, simply? A hint, that I'm supposed to take my time working "on the bridge", but that I'm guided?

And Pauli … I must find the peace to read about him … I'll see if the apartment in Carinthia is for me … although it pains me thinking of living this "sanctuary" here … maybe I can keep both apartments for a while … but I need to *get away*, out, away from this town, from the people, the dirt, all the foreigners who are so unfriendly and disrespectful … and where it's so dangerous for Jacqui …

The examples of synchronicities are quite cool. I'll keep reading, just for them.

The Austrian scientist Paul Kammerer has gathered hundreds of incidences, like I do. But I don't think that Kammerer or Pauli or Jung dealt with the realm of the "dead".

(*Note/edit: Okay, I missed the second "**Paul**" totally … Kammerer? Gonna read up on him.)*

August 14, 2019 **– Thumbs Up From Bob, the "Blue Stone?"**

Bob gave me a "thumbs-up". Literally: I found a **tiny yellow mouse- or dog- or rabbit-like figure with his left thumb up** – and with *exactly* the *facial expression Bob would pull doing a "thumbs-up".* Bob had a habit of pulling a ridiculous grimace, when photographed, and that little figure *has that grimace* on his little face!

Bob had a habit of being goofy to the point of being annoying … because sometimes I really wanted to talk seriously with him, but he would make fun of nearly everything. Early on in our relationship I realized

that he didn't want to confront pressing matters, or even just present matters, if they were of an emotional nature … or related to any kind of conflict or to decision making.

Most strikingly: I had found a tiny **figure** just when we had bought the car on Maui, for Bob and me, the white Toyota Echo. And the figurine was the same size like the yellow one of today, and it was kind of a tiny funny plastic **giraffe** (with striped clothes). Bob got such a kick out of that thing. It remained in the car, and I called it "*Chiqui*" and the car too.

So the little guy I found today is staying in my car from now on. (*Note/edit: Actually it's standing upright right in front of me when I'm driving, in front of the Tachometer.)* Is it **Bob** giving me the "**thumbs up**" for my car-purchase?

And: As I waited for public transport, a little **girl**, whose buggy was turned towards me, kept watching me with big eyes. Then she **pulled her toy out: a blue bunny**! I had told Bob yesterday and in the days before, that *the rabbit-challenge was ongoing*. I found it sweet that the bunny was blue, because my new car is blue.

Then, a little later when I was walking to run errands related to the car, I found a **blue gem**. Seriously. A blue mineral stone. on the street.

Some kind of quartz or something, but a blue gemstone on a white basis. I gasped, when I picked it up! So I got a blue stone to my blue car. Thank you, Mister Stone.

A blue stone … a *blue Stone* … could **Bob** be **sad**? Doesn't the stone look like a face with a white beard, from one angle … so much Bob in the end. (*Note/edit: Of course that's a big fetch, but why not? Bob and I loved the play on words … so a* ***blue Stone with a white beard*** *… that could be a greeting to me, and only I would "****get*** *it". Literally, too. See, another play on words: I got it, because I picked up that blue stone*.)

The blue eyes of his … I'm so much longing for them.

The gem stone is very small … but on the photographs it looks like a mountain, so mysterious, and yet so close and personal.

<u>August 14, 2019</u> **– Sailor**

This morning I ran car-related errands, parking permission, highway ticket, insurance … and then I took Jacqui to the dogpark on the way to picking up the car, that I had parked in a district that doesn't charge for parking.

At the tramway station that's close to the dog park, I faced a **woman**, and I stood, baffled – *knowing her.* I was about to walk up to her, but she didn't recognize me, and searched her purse while waiting for the tramway.

Her profile, her face … I could see her *in my memory*, how she was sitting there facing me directly, looking at me, dark hair, dark eyes, pale complexion … a very special beautiful face, and I liked her. My heart beat very fast. And I couldn't for the life of me recall who that was … where I had seen her or how I knew her.

I had to let go of the theme, because it felt like wringing my brain uselessly.

So we took a hike, got the car home … everything went so smoothly.

Then I started preparing dinner, and *as I was chatting with Bob*, suddenly the woman came back to my mind, and I saw her sitting there, talking directly – *to Bob's camera!* It was "Sailor", from Bob's film "Taylor Camp" (*note/edit: that was later renamed "The Edge of Paradise" and that cost Bob's life; maybe the name is spelled "Saylor".*)!

So now I was totally struck. No way that was really Sailor, but it was a Sailor Doppelgänger. She even made my heart beat and skip, when I saw that woman, that's how much she looked like her! In a way, now I realize it, she also resembles that one actress I like very much, Catherine Keener …

… but it was **Sailor** that I had seen in my memories, from Bob's film "Taylor Camp", later "The Edge of Paradise", the project that cost his life. Sailor had said, in her interview, about her time as young woman in the "Hippie"-commune "Taylor Camp" that she had to be "**always on guard**". From the men. (*Note/edit: I know because I watched and logged all the original interviews for the film and wrote and edited the first promo version of it.*)

It's clear in my memory, Sailor saying "You had to always be on guard …"

(*Note/edit: A heavy **crackling** in the window next to me right now – but note, I'm not in the same apartment anymore where I was when I wrote what I'm now editing.*)

One thing is for certain: That wasn't by "accident" that I "saw Sailor". Is that the message, that I must be "on guard". Or is it that Bob is aware of how unhappy I am with what has become of my and his original work …?

Is that it, Bob? It feels very plausible (**crackling**!) and true right now.

I'll be "on guard", Bob, I will be.

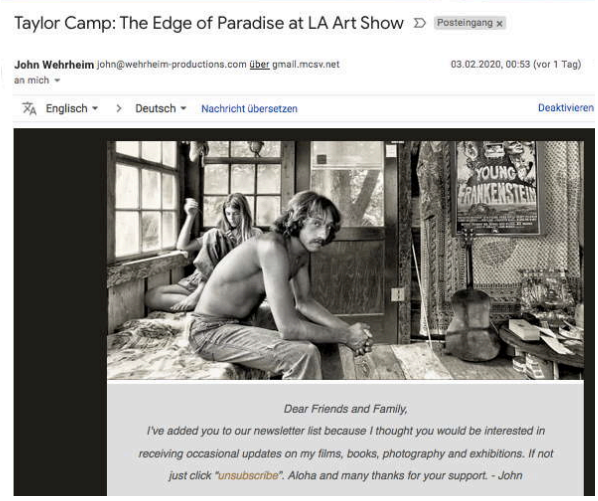
It scares me a bit, right now, and maybe I'm just making this up … but I can see Sailor right in front of my very eyes, saying it. Too bad they cut the film the way they did, later. It could have been a wonderful documentary film, in the original version. But John W. ruined the film and Bob's life. Maybe I'll have to write to John, after all?

Maybe it's not about me really having to be "on guard", because I feel I'm very safe, right now … and maybe it's about reminding me of the old version of "TC" and how great it was? My heart just made a big heavy jump, some kind of "bubble" seems to be blowing up in there … so that means, there is something about that thought. I didn't want Bob to work with John W., and when I saw him for the first time, my heart sank.

I must admit that I've been thinking about contacting John anyway … but I'm very scared of the impact, the horror, my own reaction to his response … and I don't know exactly what to write. But I've been having the urge … to … I don't know.

(Oh – BIG FUCKING CRACKLING RIGHT NOW. What, am I supposed do?)

I might send him a brief email. Three, four lines of what moves me. WHAT MOVES ME. Right? Because it also moves Bob.


Taylor Camp: The Edge of Paradise at LA Art Show
Posteingang
John Wehrheim john@wehrheim-productions.com über gmail.mcsv.net
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Englisch
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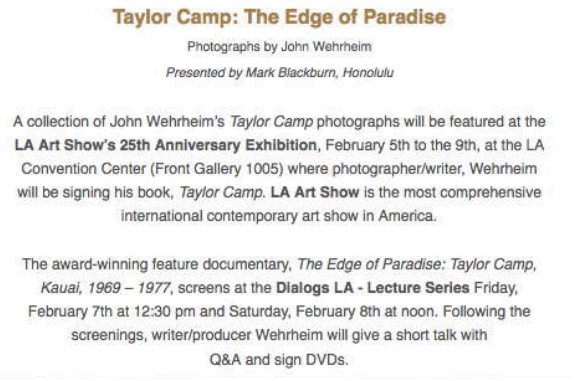
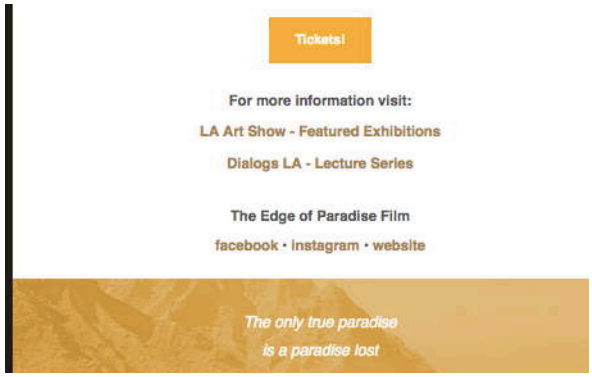
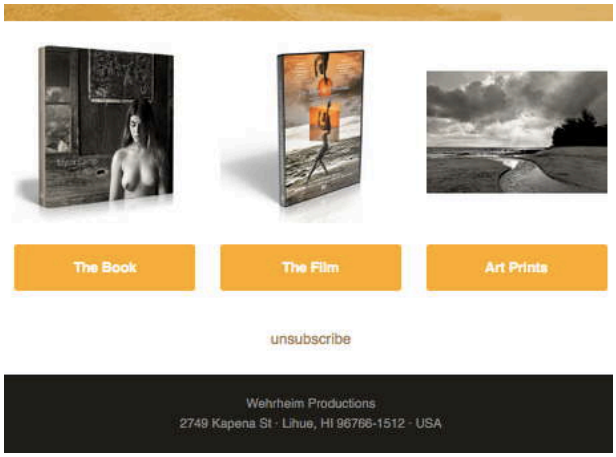
YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN
Dear Friends and Family,
I've added you to our newsletter list because I thought you would be interested in receiving occasional updates on my films, books, photography and exhibitions. If not just click "unsubscribe". Aloha and many thanks for your support. - John


Taylor Camp: The Edge of Paradise
Photographs by John Wehrheim
Presented by Mark Blackburn, Honolulu
A collection of John Wehrheim's Taylor Camp photographs will be featured at the LA Art Show's 25th Anniversary Exhibition, February 5th to the 9th, at the LA Convention Center (Front Gallery 1005) where photographer/writer, Wehrheim will be signing his book, Taylor Camp. LA Art Show is the most comprehensive international contemporary art show in America.
The award-winning feature documentary, The Edge of Paradise: Taylor Camp, Kauai, 1969 – 1977, screens at the Dialogs LA - Lecture Series Friday, February 7th at 12:30 pm and Saturday, February 8th at noon. Following the screenings, writer/producer Wehrheim will give a short talk with Q&A and sign DVDs.

(*Note/edit: Okay, here it is. Just **today** that I'm editing this, February 4, 2020, I received an email from John W., who has put me on a mailing list, and he is telling me about a screening of Bob's film … and **Bob's name** is nowhere, here it is:*


Tickets!
For more information visit:
LA Art Show - Featured Exhibitions
Dialogs LA - Lecture Series
The Edge of Paradise Film
facebook • instagram • website
The only true paradise
is a paradise lost

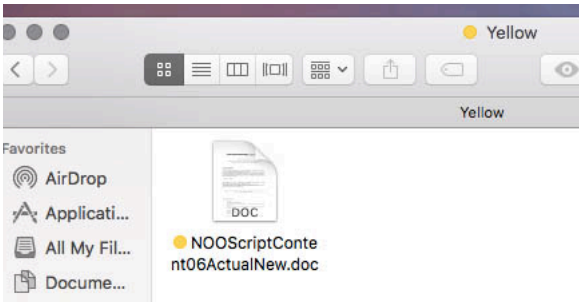


*There. Is that synchronicity or what? Today I'm editing this section, and just hours earlier I felt like vomiting reading that invitation to the screening of Bob's film! Okay, I just now realized that the film was renamed again, it's now "Taylor Camp: The Edge of Paradise". It's also interesting that I'm just today at this section describing me "meeting Sailor", because had I not procrastinated in editing this contact diary, I wouldn't be just in this spot right now as I received John's message! **Crackling**!)*

August 14, 2019 – **Mysterious Icon**

(6 min. before midnight) Just a few minutes ago … I had just finished up my editing work for the agency,

I happened to touch some **icon** … no idea, how, never did that in my life before! – and a **document-icon** showed up in a finder window, with my old Hawaii-project "Native Of Owhyhee", from 2006 (script content actual new). I haven't touched that in many, many years.



As mentioned, I had asked Bob to **use** what he'd been handling so well … **digital things, energies, frequencies, tech-stuff** … it's not the first time that I "do" something I'm not aware of, that I haven't done before …

First "Sailor" today, so closely related to Bob and my time in Hawaii, and then "NOO", a theme that was my life for so long … I'm almost afraid of opening my email-account that mainly contains Hawaii-related communication *… (Note/edit: see what I mean about time-lapsing synchronicity? As I have just received that kind of **Hawaii-related communicatio**n that makes me want to puke …)*

Not sure, where this is leading.

(Not only "not sure" but … not at all.)

I wanted to read Peat's book about synchronicity … but …

I'm finding that I don't have much interest in reading those old or even new "assumptions" about synchronicity and all kinds of other … scientific approaches to the "mysteries" of the mind … because they **leave out** the **communication** with the **discarnate** humans … the whole big matter of "consciousness" and what it really is.

My own never published book, "We Creators", is, in that respect, the most advanced writing I have ever read. I got to say. Even Lanza with his "Biocentrism" circles around the matter "does life end with death" in a way. He says it doesn't, but he shies back from acknowledging that individuals remain just that … themselves, in the "beyond" and that they are still here, not "suspended in space", but right where they were … only in a dimension of a different frequency.

I've had weird impressions, several times, when I imagined Bob standing right in front of me. Today, on the meadow on Red Mountain, I held a piece of **banana** up where his mouth would have been … and it felt like a *silly gesture*, but I did have the feeling that he did enjoy the banana, too, then … when I ate it "for him", half imagining being him and half being me "radiating" the experience of the texture and the taste and the smell to him.

I've been doing this. I think it's something they like. But I'm not entirely sure yet, whether or not they like me to … **hurl that energy out to them**. *It's my energy, and I'm a Disca too, but still connected to my body that makes me an Inca*. So I'm consciousness and related to everything everywhere, too.

August 15, 2019

Ended up browsing the book "Life Beyond Death" by Rev. Drayton Thomas …

I had closed my eyes and scrolled down blindly, asking Bob to let me know when to stop.

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT OUR FRIENDS IN THE NEXT LIFE KNOW ABOUT OUR SURROUNDINGS AND OUR THOUGHTS

PART 1. CONCERNING OUR SURROUNDINGS

DEATH implies separation. To some this separation seems complete: it is assumed that we can know nothing of our loved one's doings, and that he is possibly in a like ignorance of ours. The heart asks questions which neither Church nor Science can answer. We are free to hope, to imagine, to philosophies, but it is assumed that none can know.

I have written elsewhere on this question and shown that those in the life beyond death are able to come to us and inform themselves of our doings. (See chapter "Our Unseen Observers" in Life after Death: edited by Sir James Marchant. Cassell). The data at disposal may be briefly indicated as: -

1. That which is told us by those who, in their last hours, attain some degree of clairvoyance and who recognise deceased friends around them. The exercise of this clairvoyant faculty by other persons provides evidence supporting the reality of these visions seen by the dying.

2. The experience of trance mediumship and other methods of psychic

When I had the impulse and looked I was just at the beginning of "**What our friends in the next life know about our surroundings and our thoughts**" … well! That has been on my mind a lot. Very fascinating read. The whole book is a must for anyone interested in the beyond. So thorough. So personal. So honest.

August 15, 2019

Tonight in my **dream** I saw **Bob** again. And I saw him **disappear**, too.

I have the feeling that there was a whole long long story (after all, last night I read a few chapters of Rev. Drayton Thomas' "Life Beyond Death") … but when my memory kicks in, I'm walking on some kind of **shore**, maybe Hawaii, in a **group** of people, I think men, maybe four of them, and they surrounded me and talked to me. I looked around for Bob … but instead of him I happened to look *across the water*, and I saw the **pyramids of Gizeh**! I turned to the men, and yes, there was a woman, who I should know, can't remember and exclaimed that one can see the pyramids from there … and it seemed clear that the position I had was between Hawaii and Italy, unclear. And I pulled out my cell phone, that I always use for taking pictures, and I separated from the group and called out to **Bob, who was suddenly there!** His tall and smiling and clean shaven self, I think even with his famous jeans shirt, and slightly longer hair, no gray in the … and I was looking for a perfect spot between the walls of houses to photograph the pyramids.

I wanted **Bob** to **pose** in front of the sight, and he went there, facing me, **smiling at me**. At first, I framed too close and horizontally, and I cut him off at chest-level … but then I asked him to wait as I wanted to do it again, and I zoomed out and tilted the camera vertically, but I think I turned it again and took a horizontal picture … and Bob was there, smiling at me so happily, about to wave … *and in my dream I thought* something like "***Wow, you are happy given that you're being dead***" and ***"How can you smile knowing that you are dead and I'm not, and this is not going to last"*** … but somehow I myself was like *pulled backwards*, and the *distance between us increased …*

… and I woke up!

Can it be that this was a memory of tonight's **actual meeting and then good-bye**? It was so odd! It felt so real and normal … I felt pulled back! Like sucked! Out of my dream!

There is a huge part one to that dream … something really adventurous, and also somehow dangerous … related to some kind of crime, I think I was involved in …

Anyway.

I drove my new car, whose name is "Tubs", because when I named pictures this morning I abbreviated the yellow animal with Bob's grin and the thumb up and the blue gem stone "Tubs" for "**Tier und blauer Stein**" (Animal and blue stone) … so "**Abs**", too.

So I drove Tubs to **Danube Island** for the first time, it was sooo smooth and nice. Filled up gas, learned about the kind of motor oil I need …

… and on the way there, a car drove in front of me with the license plate number **W10910** … As I looked over, at the lane next to it, was a car with a **butterfly** sticker! Transition, no shit, huh!

Yes, the "910" that was Bob's license plate number (MEA 910) …

(Edited out the next rant about how everything went down when I was on the upward path.)

The **raven**, who has been coming every day now, sits right *next to me* in front of the window, gazing at me, quietly. Yesterday I fed him, like always, with dog's food, but he returned and kept sitting there next to me behind the window glass until after dark. I asked Bob today what he really is doing … I want to know.

And the **clouds** today … from "separation" to "penis" …!

August 16, 2019 **– Carinthia Signs**

Woke up with the memory of a horrible horrible **dream**:

I caught Zoltan, a remote friend and dog-owner in a huge room in a palace like setting, with a **junkie** woman, and as I opened the door, I found them having sex, and both looked at me with dead-like hollow faces and big dark burning drug-changed eyes … and Zoltan's two **dogs** Bonita and Vita were totally emaciated and nearly dead. They were running around, barely alive, Vita skeletal to the point of having the left part of her face only ligaments and muscle fibers, barely able to stand on her legs. There is the image on my mind that she stands there, her legs kind of spread like a young horse's … Someone, I don't know who, but some man showed up and gave her a blood transfusion from his own blood!

And the story has a side-plot … so unclear, something about some *celebrity* … or some *competition* or something …

In the night, the police searched for someone using *helicopter* … the noise was incredible … didn't get to sleep before 3 am. So I did drive to Carinthia, but only started at 11 am! Way too late.

The car did great. Jacqui was okay, and: I saw **at least five 910** license plate numbers! One even: "DL 910 DU", "du" meaning "you" … and also **two "808"** … it's so strange, to think about that here … about Hawaii, Bob, films and all … like I had hallucinated it all.

I don't like the distance of it … writing the contact diary feels out of place, here in an tiny apartment under the roof in Bodensdorf at lake Ossiach. I won't rent it. It's tiny and smelly. The beautiful scientist lady who owns the apartment, comes across as loud and overwhelmed, supersmart and always ahead of everything, but in a nice way. She has created some kind of "private village" here, on the hill … wow, way too close for me, all the people, looking out of the windows, and the settlement is kind of "glued" to the hill. She is a science celebrity, specialized in cryo technology and space technology and solar energy. Maybe I was meant to meet her to be reminded of my "dipper", my entire CineDip-endeavor? One more project that went nowhere … and I had been waiting for Bob to do his part in terms of communication and making connections to certain people I pointed out to him but only he could contact. Well, waiting in vain. For nothing. I relied on him way too much. (*Note/edit: And he couldn't handle this … but wouldn't ever say so.)*

I'm talking to Bob, sitting here … kind of moldy feeling, I feel a bit disgusted, but will spend the night. Of course she'll charge me … and I can't help but think how the hell I ended up in this place, from my Maui home with Bob … (*Note/edit: I'm quoting Bob here – "I think the Universe is fucking with me."*)

Tomorrow I'll visit my old friend Sylvia and stay at her place a night, on some camping bed. It's a crazy time. I feel so out of place here … The worst thing: I know my mother is close, just a few kilometers away, my father, too, but I'm not sure what to do about it. They don't want to see me. (*Note/edit: I always reminded them of each other, and their that's why.*)

Thank you Bob for the "910"-blessings … it made me feel like he really was with me the whole time. If Vienna wouldn't be such a shit place … I appreciate my apartment right now, totally. Also, that shore of lake Ossiach … barely anywhere dogs are allowed to go into the water to swim. What fucked up world is this?

Christina brought me and Jacqui to the lake … and we swam way too briefly. Because Jacqui was supposed to *wait* on the shore, but of course he had never been there, and I was swimming away, so he got spooked, came into the water and *swam way out to me.* I was going to swim longer … but couldn't. What a pity. Christina said it was a big deal "dog in the water", as it's not appreciated (for hygienic reasons). Geez. So not staying here.

In the evening, I went for a walk, and I found a free spot, actual access to the lake, but there is also a sign "No access for dogs". Geez! That sucks big time! What the hell am I doing here, anyway?

Tomorrow I'm taking Jacqui to lake Forstsee ("Forest lake") and lake Saissersee for swimming … all day.

<u>August 17, 2019</u> **– Morning in Paradise**

Lake Ossiach in the morning: Getting out to the parking lot … there was a car with the license plate number "**FE 911 BT**". Right next to mine!

(*Note/edit: And then the "avalanche" happened … one after the other: miracles of communication.)*

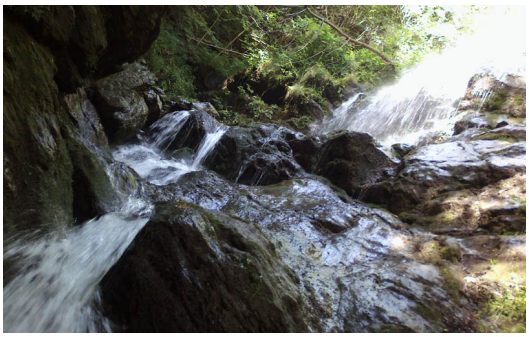
I took the next best path up towards the forest, right then, before breakfast and all … and Jacqui and I walked up the Gerlitzen Mountain … along some kind of creek. I thought that this place must be dangerous, when the creek leads high water … and sure enough, the sound of the water became louder – and I got to a *waterfall*! The scenario turned breathtakingly beautiful and sunny and so quiet, except for the insects. And suddenly I stood facing – a **sad face** with a **big stone** on his head on a "**sun**", *a yellow-orange-red cut-out sun!*

A stone! A sun! And as I was pondering … one single **butterfly** came and sat down right to me feet, I almost touched him. He allowed me to photograph him!

So then I saw that there is a pathway to the waterfall to the left, and the actual path where I was on, lead further up the mountain to the right. I thought I'd continue hiking a bit, maybe have a great view, and then check out the waterfall. So I turned right … and I barely trusted my eyes: There was a kind of sign, and it reads "**El Paradiso**".

Seriously. Paradiso. What are the odds? Remember, Bob's and my **Hawaii-TV-series** was entitled "**Paradise**"?! And check out the details …

A single **shoe**! A **butterfly**! **Sunflowers**! A turquois **star**! Bob and I had always laughed about *me finding single shoes!* Everywhere! And there was one, along with the "**Paradiso**"!
I was baffled shitless. It was quiet around me and in me … even when I walked along the narrow path to the waterfall … and there were … "*green rocks*"! Of course the "**Olivine"-rocks** of Kahakuloa are my ongoing theme, they symbolize perfectly all that Bob and I missed out on, to do together …



And as I just had spoken the words ***"Bob, did you bring me here?"*,** a **green leaf** dropped right in front of me. And I mean "dropped". As if it had mass, was heavy. It didn't "gently sail", it *plunged* in front of my feet. One single green leaf.

No other green leaves in the area on the ground, but that one, perfectly green, had dropped right in front of my nose like a stone. (Ah!)

And I picked it up and looked at it … and it spoke to me, as it had a bent in it's stem (Stengel), which could not obviously have been the cause of it dropping prematurely, but it must have been, although I couldn't figure out why. The photograph of that leaf will show why it's so "speaking" … also, the **entire small hiking-trip** there, up the hill, in the morning, was weirdly "vivid" and emotionally exciting, like Bob was proud to have found that to be able to show off his communication skills, and he did so well.

The **stone-man on the sun with the sad face** … "**paradiso**" … and more … the whole area was like a *shrine dedicated to Bob and me "talking".* And of course the **clouds** put the "dot on the i".

(*Note/edit: Some of the events now I don't remember exactly … but I remember walking with Jacqui along lake Ossiach, when I had the overwhelming urge to contact my* ***mother****. Who I hadn't seen for two years, and then only for an hour, and before that I hadn't seen her for six years*.)

I made up my mind and texted my mother that I wanted to see her. She **called** me.

Immediately I realized that had I contacted her in the past (even though she had asked me in writing to leave her alone forever!), *she might have always called me back* … but anyway, many things I didn't do in the past …

It was very emotional and shocking, and I remember standing near a rail-way crossing, looking at the lake, in the evening light … ***She sounded horrible***. My heart sank so deep. (*Note/edit: The many many dreams of her made sense now, she wasn't fine like she had wanted me to believe, she was not fine at all.)*

She forgot stuff as we were talking, made up stuff, sounded disoriented … it scared the shit out of me. Made me nauseous. Then helpless. She thought I had lived in a monastery for a while … I really need to see her, but **she doesn't want me to come.** She has a new car (!) and she said, and she isn't doing anything but shopping, and she is so exhausted and doesn't know why … I felt so sick. I worried so much about her. And at the same time I remembered everything … it had always been like that. I've always worried about my unstable mother.

It's very horrible.

I spent a pensive half day at **Saissersee**, and the last time I was there, had also been the last time I had talked to my mother, two years ago … then I had visited her, under the excuse of needing stuff that was stored in her apartment, and yes, she had been very feeble and thin, and I had been shocked … but she had sounded kind of okay. The next day she had again told me, inspite of our nice conversation, that she wanted me out of her life … and I had been so heartbroken back then, in 2017, because my dog had just almost died, and I so much wanted to travel to Bob and could not (*note/edit: and I hadn't known that he was already sick*) … that I did not go to see her again. Jesus, she has been in a deteriorating state for all this time …

And: She literally said stuff like what she had said to me two years ago, the exact same words … (*note/edit: and that's what Bob has also done, actually, at times, he had told me things, during our long phone conversations in the years we didn't see each other, that he had said to me months ago, verbatim, literally in the same words … but I had thought, oh, well, he is becoming forgetful.*) I had a sudden insight of "dementia" … My mother had decided to seclude herself.

I understand her, somehow, but this can't go on. I won't let her. (*Note/edit: Yet, I felt like paralyzed, I had no idea what to do … I realized that there was something similar to my and Bob's situation … I had not been with him either in the time of his deterioration … To this day, I could throw up thinking about all this*.)

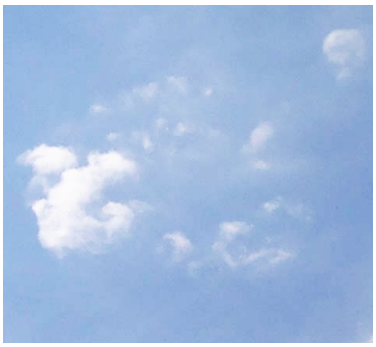
Wonderful strange **clouds** … as if they were trying to "**write**" something …

I visited my friend S., nice, but entirely oblivious of … well, life. Me. My pain. The tragedy. Her partner got his cancer cured, let's hope … she works and works and looks really worn out, but still pretty big blue eyed S..

Walking in the forest, *talking to Bob, my heart so heavy*, I found **heart** on the ground!

Not a pendant, but a **heart** made from pine cones and flowers. Touched me. I think I was lead there. *I never went that path before*, although I had visited S. often.
I'm not sure what to do.

August 18, 2019
Day in the forest … swimming, hiking … feeling trapped with mother-situation. I don't dare to call her again. I should just show up on her doorstep, but it scares me to the bones. I saw a tree with a big **tumor** in the forest … it was a greeting of sorts, too. And maybe the playful **cloud swirl** was meant to comfort me?



August 19, 2019 **– Robert Stone Memorial**
Just read from "C" – who returned from her US-holiday.

She went to *Franklin Canyon*, met a *filmcrew* there, thought about me and Bob and found a plaquette, **"in memory of Robert Lawrence Stone"** (whose body didn't even get to reach 40 years of functioning). (What are the odds, just that Bob was "Robert *Curtis* Stone"!) A message, it probably is one, but it feels like breaking my heart today.

I had the most horrible **dream** … part one wasn't so bad, I was **discussing** with people *(yes, in my dream!) how I managed to see, virtually* ***see Bob***, even though he is a **ghost**, and I did see him all the time, in his blue jeans-shirt … tall and sweet … *and during my dream I was aware that he was dead*, and I was **devastated**.

Then, I think I woke up and went to pee, I slept on, but with a horrible head-ache …

… and then it started: I was in a **group** of people, feels like on a **trainride** to some kind of meeting, and *I tried to tell people how horrible the loss of Bob felt* … how I was desperate, left with nothing, it totally reflected how I really feel … so sad, that I want to suffocate on it … I don't think I can bear it … but the people wouldn't get it. Just gawking. Dumb asses.

Maybe it has to do with having been in Carinthia and realizing that I can't just forget about my mother, even though she has asked me to, numerous times …

I had been so happy to get out of it all, when I met Bob in 2002, I had been traveling to Hawaii before that … and now, am I really thrown back to my painful roots … where I had to flee a horrible family life … now I'm ending up back here, with a mother that's barely conscious … in a narrow-minded rural environment, that has nothing in common with me, when I was about to make films with Bob and was ready for big things? We had it all set, it would have been wonderful …

I cried so hard in my dream, that *I almost threw up, in my dream* … but people wouldn't understand. I asked them "Don't you understand?" And there was **no answer**.

I realized, that even with my friend S. there can't be an exchange or understanding, ever, for the life I've lead. I'm supposed to got check out an apartment in Moosburg today, but my stomach almost turns at the thought of it. But what shall I do? I can't stand Wien anymore.

My pain and my loss are about to kill me. If it wasn't for my dog … I'd throw the towel.

It gets so much **worse** here … maybe it's the Carinthia feeling, my past that I thought I had escaped. Bob is dead. No more home on Maui … no place where I can look forward to travel to, and even in my full waking state I just can't believe it. It feels like a heavy rock in my stomach and in my heart … I can barely move. I don't have enough breath.

I don't know what to do.

How could this happen? How can Bob be dead?

Why isn't all this a dream … and in reality we are together in our beloved housie doing all our projects …? The crying and mourning I did in the dream … that's what really goes on inside.

Talking with S., I realized that she *barely registered* what happened … she has simply forgotten my drama. And how can I deal with this? It's so painful and ignorant. But I guess I have to simply be … I don't know, tolerant.

My mother … I asked her to call me today … heard nothing. (*Note/edit: A part of me knew that she had probably forgotten about me, again … and that had been a major insight about Bob, too: He may have been demented and for long stretches forgotten that I've existed*.)

How come I'm back exactly where I started … but twenty years ago?

I can't handle this anymore. I don't want to.

It was paradise, and I was working on sharing it with Bob again, and Bob was, too, but he was so broken … I never realized how much. Just yesterday I read an article on fear of success … and that describes Bob exactly. A very disabling condition … (*Note/edit: But who knows what else had been going on … just today I flashed back to the day I saw Bob for the first time … he appeared in the door of his and then our Pukalani house, like an "angel" … and as I lay eyes on him, I knew on a very deep level, that this was my destiny there, smiling at me … and my heart dropped and rose at the same time, and it was to be in that state of tension for years … and somehow it still is.)*

Now I look around, Carinthia, in summer, the sun, the warmth, the people, families, couple, and all I want to do is vomit.

August 20, 2019 **– License Plates Talk**

On the way to and from the apartment I was checking out, amazing license plate numbers came towards me: **910 DW, 222 BD, 808 DB, and 808 DJ** … and that within a few minutes. On the highway (I drove in the dark) then again 910 …

The place looks so cozy, unbelievable. Not sure if I can afford the rent. Must make a serious calculation. And the landlady said there were many spiders. Well … spiders were many on Maui, too.

The landlady came at me with a penis-shaped (well) **cucumber** in her hand. I'm very attracted to the penis theme, because of Bob's fate. And then, when I left she asked me if I wanted the veggie, and I took it. Okay, I got a penis handed to me … thanks, Bob.

How about talking to me directly?

So … should I go for it? Move to Carinthia? I'm very worried about my mother, very. But Carinthia is so bitter for me. But then, I can't stand Vienna. And especially the thought of the winter there … unbearable.

August 20, 2019

I talked a lot with Bob during the first phase of my 4 hours drive back to Vienna (then it got dark, and I had to focus on the other drivers totally).

I **told** him that he should use his *expertise as a digital wizard* and learn how to **down-convert his new voice** *to his old incarnate voice and speak to me that way!* And I'll learn how to hear him, I'm a receptor, I told him, entirely. I reminded him of the **48000 kHz** of the video-sound-signals … and asked him to use this number to **confirm** that he hears me and is working on our *voice-project.*

And the next will be the vision-project. (*Note/edit: I was very sassy, back then.)*

Because, I asked, if *they* are so advanced and if everything they were and did in incarnate life **is still there** "in essence", why shouldn't they be able to access that "essence" and use it to reach us, the Disca stuck in our mortal shells?

Maybe our ***intention***, as incarnate beings, is necessary to offer the ***impulse*** or help for the discarnates to work on the "bridge"? That was my thought while I was driving. It makes sense, also since just recently when I opened one of Betty's book and ended up with the "imagination" being some kind of super-powerful force, it dawned on me that maybe the connection between "the living" and "the dead" hasn't been fully realized yet because *not only* there was a lack of insight from the incarnate side **but** *at the same time* a lack of an understanding **partner** in the "beyond" to make it happen!? Maybe Bob and I can work on this together? And I'm supposed to train people during my time here … but hey, I was going to do that with my "Regents of Clouds" project …

… and the sorrow about losing Bob and Maui is so heavy right now … that I'm really struggling. Harder than before. (*Note/edit: Today, on February 5, as I'm editing this, I've reached a major insight, actually, about why it seemed to be more painful everytime I had encountered some kind of message or synchronicity as greeting, even though that should have given me relief and joy. Truly, I'd like you to keep reading this contact diary to arrive at the insight that I had today, with me … after going through all that I have …)*

So I'm **sitting in my Vienna apartment today**, and all feels kind of surreal and sad and weird. Maui was my home. Bob was my home. Now whatever image I recall from Maui, hurts like hell and wants to make me cry.
Not sure, what next … except for the **shark's mouth** … as I looked out of my window …

Just the thoughts I've been having of working with Bob on the bridge and first starting to *learn how to connect via voice* … like on the phone … that's a project that could help me, a bit.

At the same time … my mother seems to prepare to "transition", too. What she has been doing is winding down, maybe not consciously, but she has been living like a hermit for years, barely going out. I'm sure she looks a lot like Bob did, so weak and thin and pale and sick …

Fact is, that she can't be left alone anymore. She is beginning to be demented. *(Note/edit: At that time, I still hadn't seen her face to face.)* I can't really fathom if she dies … Like … me, here … on this planet, without Bob, without our film-plans …

I hope I'm doing the right things.

But now … **I want to hear Bob's voice**. His old real-life voice, because the essence of it, the patterns, are still there. And he *only* needs to find a way to get it to my reception-device, hearing-brain-interpretation … to actually hear him.

Weirdly, I realized, yesterday, while driving and thinking, that in my meetings with Bob in my dreams, *he never spoke*. At least I couldn't hear his **voice**. That's kind of … odd. Was that meant to be a hint at me? *To get me to want his voice?* To start thinking the way I'm thinking now? I remember *noticing* that he didn't speak, though … like in the office-dream …

I had another **dream of him** tonight, but I can't really remember … Oh, that would be the most wonderful thing in the world if we could learn to actually talk, so that I'd hear him directly …

Peter Rosen reminded me of the story of Seth and Jane Roberts. I guess I'll have to check on that, how they did that. (*Note/edit: I never told Peter in detail what I was doing, but I mentioned it, and he was surprisingly cool with it. I mean, we're talking about talking with the dead, here.*)

There is no coincidence …

Even my friend S. told me a story about how she "manifested" something (had teeth problems, nothing helped, then a customer at the store where she works turned out to be a doctor of Chinese medicine, and on a whim she asked him, he recommended coconut oil, and it helped) … so she told ***me*** (hahahahaha!) that there "is something" about our thinking that is powerful. Jesus fucking Christ, I thought, I've been talking about that for decades now, has she ever listened to me? No. Because *she didn't even know that I was with Bob last year …* although that was our main subject, months ago … after he had died. She never listens. Like my mother. Like so many. The only person who ever listened to me, was Bob.

August 20, 2019

Okay, just received a response from the lessors, that they have decided to rent out to students, only, and can't give me the apartment. Well, I had asked them questions to clarify the discrepancies to me about the rent-amount … Cool, then. No friendship with the landlady, who's a "human energetics" practitioner. (*Note/edit: Yeah, right, pissing off me of all people.*)

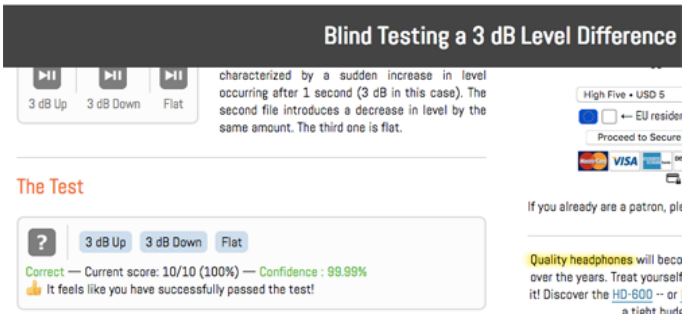
Onward with my search, then.

August 20, 2019

Something interesting happened.

First, I found a **frequency-testing** website, and I'm now testing the kind of *frequency* I can hear, so that Bob can down-convert his high frequency towards his old incarnate-frequency of voice and I can then really hear him. Not my own voice saying his words or his voice in my mind, no, *an actual voice I want* … somehow.

I think that's a good plan.


Blind Testing a 3 dB Level Difference
3 dB Up
3 dB Down
Flat
characterized by a sudden increase in level occurring after 1 second (3 dB in this case). The second file introduces a decrease in level by the same amount. The third one is flat.
The Test
3 dB Up
3 dB Down
Flat
Correct — Current score: 10/10 (100%) — Confidence : 99.99%
It feels like you have successfully passed the test!
High Five • USD 5
Proceed to Secure
If you already are a patron, pl
Quality headphones will beco
over the years. Treat yourself
it! Discover the HD-600 -- or

I then realized something:

I had been scratching my back in a very special spot, where I had been scratching my back never before. It's because of some tiny ***bump*** there, maybe from an underwear-tag … so as I was sitting at my computer, scratching myself there and sitting with my hand on the table … I suddenly realized *that I was exactly sitting like Bob*. And swoosh! I suddenly felt taller, wider, I "saw" the gray T-Shirt he has always worn, I could, on one hand*, visualize him in front of me* so closely, but at the same time I totally ***felt like him*** … I felt "being Bob" … and I also said that out loud. So I closed my eyes … and immediately I kind of "went" to Maui, into Bob's edit room … I felt myself sitting there, very lonely, working, scratching my back … *I was Bob.*

My body really felt like "not mine" … and then my dog, who had been lying at a distance, quietly, started *panting* and *came to me* … I heard him, because my eyes were closed, and he wouldn't go away. So I touched him and sort of hoped that Bob could feel the softness of his fur … and I opened my eyes, and Jacqui was looking at me really really weird, kind of surprised and confused … who did he see in me? I had to stop my "Bob-trance" and talk to him, poor guy was panting and *lifting his paw to me* and gazing at me and blinking …

So Bob was here, or is here, and I had that moment … of course at the moment I realized that I was "just like Bob", a loud ***crackling*** sounded next to me.

And when the episode was over, a soft breeze came through the window next to me.

The crackling has nothing to do with wind, it doesn't crackle now, and it's windy …

I feel so much longing for Maui and Bob, and I feel that I must totally discipline my thoughts and feelings to not fall into despair … my memories of last year are getting so overwhelming …

But I'm now dealing with the **frequency-project** for "the bridge" … there got to be something about that, something that Bob and I can actually do and are maybe meant to develop! The down-converting, the frequencies … I found out I can discern about **10.000 kHz** as noise, I keep testing myself …

It's strange how today I started dealing with that … it feels so … well, logic.

(*Note/edit: Just now, editing this, I realize that ever since the testing I've been having that recurring very extremely high-pitched sound in my ears, more, in my head, somehow. And it comes and goes. It's not like "tinnitus", it's some kind of … impact, like hearing something real would be, but the frequency is very high … and no, I did not spoil my hearing with the testing, I did it without head-phones, and it wasn't unpleasant.)*

When Bob was so "in me" … I felt that maybe he wanted to "say" something … but Jacqui interfered. I had a very strange sensation and self-feeling … really not "me" … I have the feeling that I can "be" Bob … maybe I can also "think like Bob", then. ***Crackling*** (right now).

Can you read my thoughts, Bob?

I asked him to give me a hint about the **48000 Hz for the video-work**, that he always reminded me of … and as I walked outside, earlier, promptly I saw a car-license plate with "**42800**", … so I told him, that kind of counts … if it's meant to count.

I also feel a strange new different desire for food … for different foods that I usually crave, somehow. Or no, not different food, but somehow a different quality of food … and less of it. That's a different feeling.

I'm also kind of lost as of what to do about my mother.

<u>August 21, 2019</u>

Most horrible **dream** … about me with a **car**, **uphill drive** with *someone next to me*, a woman, like H. or my mother, and I had to *pass by* some vehicle, but somehow I could barely see, and I must have **crashed** into it, because the owner called the **police** on me … and then I went into my apartment, there were already **two men taking my stuff**, for example **two stones** (!), **greenish-red**, about 12 cm high, cucumber size, one was horizontal and the other vertical, and I asked them why they'd take that, it barely had value … then I realized that they had also taken my **laptop**! The spot on the table was empty, and I started *crying and crying* and begged them to leave it, because I had to earn my living with that … but they were relentless.

I left, with my car, expecting to be judged to pay for the rest of my life … but some weird **rich guy** just entered the property, and he took me to his **garden house**. He had a **butler** or a servant, a **black guy**, who came with us, and who was *on the phone* the whole time. And that guy gave me some sort of advice or comfort … it was not personal, I was just being there and he talked to me. To me it was interesting to see *what one of those garden houses looked like from the inside …*

Then I left …

The **dream** had another part … something about … I want to say a ***competition***, but not sure.

It was a big (real life) storm in the night, and I woke up with a shout ***because of a loud voice*** in the room, but maybe I dreamed it and maybe it was only a *noise* due to the wind, but I saw a **reddish cloud** *hovering* in the room, and I said out loud, barely awake, but aware "You are here … I'm not scared" … Jacqui was fine … so maybe it was my imagination or some remnant of my dream?

Today I took Jacqui to "Red Mountain", for a short hike, nice cool weather, and I suggested that we pick a word as a testing-vehicle, and I asked Bob to give me one.

Then I had the thought that I should come up with one, and the first word that came to my mind was "Kaleilauhoku", the word that I "received" during my early days on Maui, but I think I already knew Bob then, and it appeared standing in front of my very eyes, finished, the whole word. An amazing "**puka lani**" showed up! One of those holes in the clouds that are uncanny, the way they appear.

So maybe that's the word we are supposed to use to further the evolution of mankind in terms of achieving a real audio-connection so that we can actually *speak* with each other, between the realm?

Why not? It's all frequency. Maybe only our beliefs, ours, the incarnates', prevent the connection from happening ***because the world is literally what we think it is***. And what if it's not even a big deal? What if Bob and I can make it happen?

I asked Bob to give me a sign that he agrees and is working on the audio-connection! ***He was the most famous voice-over on commercial TV, he always dealt with such anal perfection with sound and image frequencies …*** if someone can do it, then it's him. And me. Because I know of all that and I deem it entirely possible. More: I want it and need it. Otherwise, life has no meaning for me if I can't spend it with Bob.

August 22, 2019 **– Frequency Greeting**

… so excited about: **W 480 CY.**

Now, that seems like a random car license number. But it was a car parked exactly opposite behind me, on a nearly empty parking lot on **Danube Island**, where I went for a swim with Jacqui, using my new car Tubs aka Abs.

On the way there I had chatted aloud with Bob about the *frequency-challenge-project*, and that I'd like *him* to give me a hint that he "got it" and "is on it", and the code-word I suggested was ***48000***, for the frequency of sound in video production, Hz.

I talked about whether or not I'm imposing, he is hearing me and all that … I told him I was ready to let go if he doesn't want me to impose … and then, that license plate. What are the odds? Only so much fits on a license plate, so **480** of 48000 and CY of FREQUEN**CY** is kind of … well, obvious, "***480 CY***"!

(The parking lot, where it happened.)

I could kick my butt for not having photographed it … but the car's door was open, the *driver inside*, and I didn't want to explain myself why I'd photograph their car … they may have objected … it was so stunning, though, that I was a bit confused, *like, in the gut-area*. A bubble in there … kid of pressing and pushing, kind of slowing me down. It's a weirdly ***tingling*** kind of sensation when "something like that" happens. I mean … that would be so … prompt. Such a fast reaction. As if Bob was really right next to me and doing whatever I ask him right away. (*Note/edit: There is no "time" in the unobstructed phase of the Universe*.) He would have tried, in real life – ***anything*** that was in his abilities, he'd do right away. He wouldn't give up, ever, in terms of technical trouble shooting or figuring something out.

I miss him so much.

I read a bit more in the "Synchronicity"-book by F. David Peat … and it pains me that there is no mentioning of significance (I didn't find it, but might search) of the "discarnates" as sources of our "supernatural" experiences. But what I did realize again and clearer, is, that "time" is an illusion. So what's "first" – my idea about the voice, the sound and the code 48000, or the license plate number that was created and the weird chain of events that brought us together that very moment?

You got to ask, who was that person in that car, and how are we related? But that question is actually irrelevant – regarding all people that provide those synchronicity-events … except they themselves or something they do that we witness directly, is the actual synchronicity.

Like the ***puppy in the tree***: How come, they bought that toy, for whom, why, when and where … and how come they ended up in that Danube Island jungle, how come the toy puppy was torn right there so that of all people I would find him, with the thought "You're a very sick puppy" on my mind?

See. Time? Nope. Place? Nada. Not in the actual Cosmos beyond our illusion of the "material" world.

And yet!

I apologized for asking for more evidence.

And promptly I heard a ***very high pitch sound in my left ear*** – (*Note/edit: That was the first time ever that aforementioned sound occurred, it has been occurring ever since!*) … and yes, I've heard something that before, during my self-audio testing! So I immediately acknowledged hearing it, because *maybe it was **Bob** talking to me in his **actual voice** that he is working on down-converting truly **to below the 12 kHz*** I can pick up, according to the testing! Will test more!

It was no tinnitus … it was a *sound* over a distinct period of time with a kind of "*body*". It was *not like an interference*, it was a **purposeful sound**, like someone whistles or whines or howls or draws out a tone. So maybe that was Bob, and the frequency got to me because I was tuned in? It makes sense, doesn't it?

That **sound** that I heard, **it was from outside**, not from inside my head … it felt like "external", definitely so. It lasted maybe two seconds. And an ***image*** came with it: ***Bob, in profile***, from the right side, his face slightly lifted, not looking at me. (*Note/edit: And it's one of my most favorite pictures of him, in 2014, the first day I spent with him on Maui …)*

And then … my **dog**, sleeping on the back seat, **sat up and looked at *the air* next to him.** He was looking at "***somebody***" but there was "nobody" visible!

Bob was in the car with us, I'm sure. And we are "on".

It's like my heart and my brain are tuning down the excitement. It feels so … surreal, when I'm aware where I am … the people, the ignorance. But it would make me the happiest person on the planet if Bob and I could really talk.

Then I also saw very weird license plate numbers on the way home, and I had the impulse to always carry notepad and pen in reach in the future … I saw **BL 600 DD**, for example. So I wrote that down at a traffic light. And there were other strange license plate numbers. ***Crackling***. (*Note/edit: Oh, geez, I was in for a surprise … that I had no clue about, when I first wrote that!*)

I had an erotic dream of **Bud the birdman** tonight (*note/edit: one of Bob's friends, with whom he had an extremely troubled relationship, between abuse and actual companionship*), and Bud was trying to bring me some place … and I was the one horny for him, and he was younger and more handsome and smarter. So I asked Bob what that image is supposed to mean … not there yet.

I realized in my dream, that Bud was, in a way, crazy, but were he normal, I'd even visit him on Maui. I was baffled by my own thought. And he was trying to get me somewhere in my dream … so strange. Seems related to my car-dream from last time, though, the locale.

Also … on **Danube Island** (before I encountered "W 480 CY"), I found an artificial **white flower** … and I saw the most amazing **graffiti**!

Like green piles of rocks / stones, looking like a man who is connected with a black thread to something that looks like the sun! And more kind of "**beyond**" **landscape**, all about ***energetic connectedness***, in yellow, orange and green and black the entire graffiti, with mountains and patches and translucent spheres … it's like someone went right into Bob's and my brain and they made that artwork reflecting it … just freaking amazing. The message is … *we are both, from our side, working on communication*, but Bob's world is really … *strange*. To him, too, I'm guessing. But he is totally connected with me, and that deliberately.

(*Note/edit: May sound like wishful thinking, that interpretation, but I've learned to not doubt it … just as I was writing these last words, the high pitched sound was to be heard in my head, as if someone was "commenting" … and only since I've been editing this section have I become aware of how I've been responding to that high pitch sound … for months, every time it comes up … it's some kind of … I don't know, voice, even. Of course I want it to be Bob's voice, and maybe it is.*)

Don't know if that's relevant, but having finished my lonely swim, nobody else there in the wonderful clear fresh water, Jacqui enjoyed it too, I looked over – and I saw a **man on the ground**, his bike lying next to him, at a distance. *Other bicyclists just drove by him*. I went over, he had an injured knee, some Asian man, bleeding and swollen, getting blue already. So luckily I had some **Arnica**-disinfectant with me, and I treated him and left the Arnica with him. Even more luckily, he knew Arnica. It's about the best to have for that kind of accident. Geez. I was happy for the guy that he could at least do some first aid …

Other bicycle rides drove by as we were on the ground, not one asked if they could help. That's some kind of message, too?

Found that too, only a **tag** (and yes, Bob used to say, playfully "Tag, you're it!").

August 22, 2019 **– The Audio and the Cars**

Just for curiosity I googled **"600 DD**", as that **license plate number** struck me as weirdly relevant after Bob's 48 kH frequency code appearance … and: It has to do with **sound**. With audio. No kidding. Those are speakers! The 600-series from DD Audio.

Ultrasonic sensor microsonic mic+600/DD/TC | Automation24
https://www.automation24.biz › … › Position sensors › Ultrasonic sensors
Ultrasonic sensor microsonic mic+600/DD/TC order now online at unbeatably low prices from Automation24 – in stock for a fast delivery!

600 Series - DD Audio
ddaudio.com › products › subwoofers › redline-series › 600
The 600 Series is a great entry point for a higher performance system design that keeps the vehicle as close to stock as possible. These subs will perform like a …

mic+600/DD/TC - Sensor Partners
https://www.sensorpartners.com › microsonic-mic600-dd-tc
mic+600/DD/TC is an ultrasonic sensor in M30 housing with LED-display and a range of 600 to 8.000 mm and 2 x PNP switching output.

Okay. Now I know that I'm on to something, as I picked up that license plate number. The BL before the 600 DD seems to mean something with "Bob" …

It's getting very exciting, because … upon googling further: There is also a "Mic+600/DD/TC" which is an **ultrasonic sensor** from a **Microsonic** MIC Series!

Geez! Bob is working on it. Right?

Remember, it was a license plate number I saw that has been triggering that research of mine! Now get that: "**Ultrasonic sensor microsonic mic+600/DD/TC**

(Quoting: "The mic+600/DD/TC M30 cylindrical ultrasonic sensor from microsonic with a transducer frequency of 80 kHz and a PNP switching output that is programmable as NCC or NOC has an operating range of 600-6,000 mm …(…) Its high class of protection IP67 and the M12 connector make use in many industrial areas possible such as for positioning of products, presence detection of objects, people detection."

People detection!

Wow. That's kind of … direct. **It's for the highest frequency** (as the lowest such sensor starts at mic+25/DD/TC, https://www.automation24.biz/ultrasonic-sensor-microsonic-mic-600-dd-tc)

Seriously. Gotta google what an ***ultrasonic sensor*** is. Maybe Bob wants me to get one?

2.2.4.1 Working Principle

The sensors shoot a beam of sound that travels until it hits an object. The sound wave then bounces back and returns to the sensor. The sensor then measures the time it takes the sound wave to travel and calculates the distance between the sensor and the object. The received ultrasonic energy is converted into electrical energy that is analyzed by signal processing electronics that are either collocated with the transducer or placed in a roadside controller. Ultrasonic sensors may be used in conjunction with other sensor technologies to enhance presence and queue detection, vehicle counting, and height and distance discrimination.

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Sign in

Figure 2

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… whatever the technical relevance of this content for other people, for me it’s just striking to read this, because I had noticed a strange license plate number which has prompted me to look up that very number … only to find that it has to do with complex audio and transmission technology … on a day that has been, like several days before, dedicated to my wish to **communicate with Bob … via audio.**

Reflection mode: In reflection mode, an ultrasonic transmitter emits a short burst of sound in a particular direction. The pulse bounces off a target and returns to the receiver after a time interval. The receiver records the length of this time interval and calculates the distance traveled based on the speed of sound. The distance of the target is calculated by making half of this distance. Using proper coordination, a single transducer can be used for both emitting the pulse and receiving the echo.

Now, if you think that’s “coincidence” … nobody can help you.

Pulsed versus continuous measurement: Pulsed measurement or time-of-flight-based sensing requires emitting a pulse and waiting for it to return. These waiting times limit the speed of successive measurements and increase confusion in taking readings. However,

Yeah, “waiting for it to return” … I know it can’t be done or accomplished over night. I’ll wait for it alright.

2.4.1.2.3 Ultrasonic Sensors

Ultrasonic sensors transmit acoustic waves of a frequency between 25 and 50 kHz, always above the human hearing range. A typical positioning scheme can be seen in the Fig. 2.25 with an example of installation above the pavement and at its side (Fig. 2.24).

Ultrasonic sensor microsonic mic+600/DD/TC

The mic+600/DD/TC M30 cylindrical ultrasonic sensor from microsonic with a transducer frequency of 80 kHz and a PNP switching output that is programmable as NCC or NOC has an operating range of 600-6,000 mm. By means of the digital display and the numeric configuration via TouchControl and the easy teach-in setting of the detect point, the mic+600/DD/TC ultrasonic sensor can easily be put into operation. Its high class of protection IP67 and the M12 connector make use in many industrial areas possible such as for positioning of products, presence detection of objects, people detection.

And the findings feel like I'm supposed to realize that there are, just like here, in the obstructed realm, where Bob worked so intensely on all things audio for video, many *variables and steps and processes* that need to be completed accurately in order to achieve … ***audible communication.***

And yes, the **image of the car** reminds me totally *of me sitting in my new car and hearing that strange **sound** right in my ear*, so full and clear. Like some **alien** had said something, but I didn't have a decoder on me to understand it.

2.2.4 Ultrasonic Sensor

An ultrasonic sensor transmits pressure waves of sound energy at frequencies between 25 and 50 KHz, which is above the human audible range. Most of the ultrasonic sensors operate with pulse waveforms, which detect the presence of a vehicle and measure its speed. These also measure the distance of the vehicle from the sensor by detecting the portion of the transmitted energy that is reflected towards the sensor from an area defined by the transmitter's beam width (www.SensorWiki.org/doku.php/sensors /ultrasound).

Reflection mode: In reflection mode, an ultrasonic transmitter emi a short burst of sound in a particular direction. The pulse bounce off a target and returns to the receiver after a time interval. The receiver records the length of this time interval and calculates the distance traveled based on the speed of sound. The distance of th target is calculated by making half of this distance. Using proper coordination, a single transducer can be used for both emitting tl pulse and receiving the echo.

Direct measurement mode: In this mode of operation, the transmit

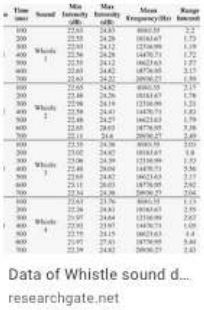
So, now you may say that I, after all, picked that information from the internet, where there is so much more information available, so I "made" the "message" I'm seeing in it? It doesn't work like that. If you do something "from your gut" you make choices based on "input" that you don't consciously judge or determine. And what you get is … a message. From yourself, your own body-spirit, or from some discarnate folks who speak to you through your body-spirit.

So there I "read" that it will depend on me, whether or not the communication will work.

*Note/edit: It may be of no relevance, but reading this, my eye caught the word "**packet**", because just today, a few hours earlier (it's February 6, 2020), when I edited a text for a job, I added the word "packet" in it's German form "Paket" into a text, it was a very strange decision of mine … and I have hardly before, I think, even written the word "Paket" anywhere … so here it is again, the overlapping time-frames of synchronicity-events …)*

Dolphin - DD-600 - Data Loggers - Data …
environmental-expert.com

DD-600
optinst.com



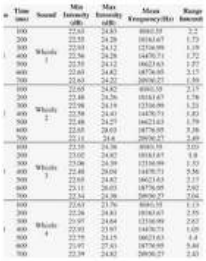
Data of Whistle sound d…
researchgate.net

SailorDolphin - Main Dolphin Page
sailordolphin.com

The other way around – **DD 600** = there is flooring and something like "Data-Dolphin Model 600", "data loggers" … interesting, too.

Dolphin - DD-600 - Data Loggers - Data ...
environmental-expert.com

DD-600
optinst.com



Data of Whistle sound d...
researchgate.net

SailorDolphin - Main Dolphin Page
sailordolphin.com

Spati
resea

*(Note/edit: I put the image in only now, the original entry didn't have this image … and look closely, what I randomly picked, after googling "Data-Dolphin Model 600": "Sailor Dolphin". Remember "**Sailor**" from a few pages earlier? This happened. I did not look for it.)*

Interestingly, just yesterday I thought intensely about my former "partner", heroin addict and … well, let's not talk about this, but S. (!) and how his last years were dedicated to his business of sensors in terms *of supervision of property and detecting people trespassing* … I even said out loud what his partner, S., had written as a caption to a picture of a bird right next to a video-camera: *"Amsel, video-überwacht". "Amsel (a bird), video-observed."*

Maybe the two guys are working together now?

Now, I'm not sure if I'm supposed to do something about the finding, or if it's "just" a "**message**" *answering my question* of whether it's a good and valuable insight of me to think about working on developing the *possibility of speaking directly with each other*, Bob and I, as a real "*audio bridge*" between the realms …

(*Note/edit: I've come to believe that some "messages" are truly "merely" meant to signal to me that Bob or that "they" are aware of what I'm thinking and doing and dealing with; and maybe that all that will become relevant later, but I must first complete "the basics", and that's documenting the events that this c. d. describes … and maybe write other stuff. Then I'll be in cue for the actual "doing" and the "experimenting" … fine by me.*)

I read in the **manual** of the sensors … about **transmission**. That's a term I'm supposed to learn and realize.

Also, while walking my dog I had the thought, suddenly, that maybe the connectedness and working on such a concrete project like the **frequency-down-converting** *only works when inca and disca focus on it **simultaneously***. Today, in the car, as I was baffled, thinking about the license plate message, and as I suddenly *heard that loud high pitched definite sound in my left ear* … a sound over a distinct period of time with a kind of "body", not like an interference, it was a purposeful sound, … it felt like "external", definitely

so. And: I had the feeling that I could have "**done" something about it** … but I didn't know what. It lasted a few seconds …

(*Note/edit: Now that I think about it, that high pitched noise that keeps appearing in my ears, is not always the same. Sometimes it drags longer, sometimes it's just short like a sound bite … as Bob would call it. A **sound bite**. Actually, that's cool.)*

Or there are other aspects to it … but I'm only at the beginning.

(*Note/edit: I think I just have to mention that today, as I walked in the area where I'm living now, I had the feeling that "the **clouds were fucking with me**" … that's how weird they were. I'm in a very angry mood today, I'm in a certain kind of physical pain … just wait up and read on, until you come to February 2020, but here, I'd like to share those clouds with you, ahead of time … it does, weirdly fit to this editing session, right now, as I'm **forcing** myself to read through this c. d. and edit it for content and length and throwing out too personal and too lengthy stuff. Seeing the "Sailor" in a random screenpage I photographed gives me a kind of nudge … and I need that.*)

I'm a very impatient mind, I'm finding, I'm so stunned and so excited, but I don't even take the time for myself to savor my own bafflement, or to think about accomplishments or dreams or messages long enough … maybe I'll be able to do so once I'm away from Vienna? (*Note/edit: Nope.)*

I can't stand it here anymore. *(Note/edit: In Vienna.)* Looking for an apartment actively. In Carinthia, mostly. And then, yes, I must figure out what to do about my mother.

Yesterday I read a short note about the physicist Werner Heisenberg who had **major insights during swimming and hiking** … just like me! Today, while swimming, I thought of that man. I saw clouds that looked totally like attempted letters!

So … the 48 message, the sound that I heard and the 600 DD sensor seem to form a package of message, don't they? Heisenberg? Bob, Sigi? Anyone?

August 23, 2019 **– Sun, Penis and Tumor**

No, I'm not thinking about the same time last year … when Bob and I had started to count the weeks … as I had only five and a half … no. I can't.

Just kept googling and read: (screenshot)

"Ultrasonic transducer

Description

Ultrasonic transducers or ultrasonic sensors are a type of acoustic sensor divided into three broad categories: transmitters, receivers and transceivers."

Okay. That sounds like a message or a hint … about the relationships that Betty and Stewart talked about a kind of "team", consisting of an invisible, a medium and a sitter. Three components. Bob and I are only two. Maybe he has another person involved, in his realm? Or he wants me to get back to mine, A., the medium? I have been asking him to tell me if he wants to speak through her.

(*Note/edit: Of course – an I'm not making this up – I had an impulse triggered by those weird clouds today, that I should contact Dr. A. and ask her to be open for messages from Bob … I kid you not. And sure I'm going to do it.)*

More: "Ultrasonic sensors transmit acoustic waves of a frequency between 25 and 50 kHz, always above the human hearing range." (https://www.sciencedirect.com)

There we have it. It's Bob, relating to my thoughts and elaborations! (Let's remember, that the reason that I'm dealing with this now is that I saw a license plate number that attracted my attention … *so that I*

learned it by heart and promised myself to always have a notepad and pen within reach, in the car, too, for the future.

Bob was the absolute expert on sound things, often he tried to explain something to me, how sound works, he was anal about his sound-work on video … so to send me into this topic is definitely a greeting from him.

One of the last things he ever did in regards to production was clean up and enhance the sound of some parts of my new movie, with a program called "Audition" … and he spent probably years in his edit-room dealing with sound-clean up, as he used to do a lot of music shows … and I don't even start with "Taylor Camp" …

So getting me to read on that kind of specialized sound-stuff … is just the perfect evidence!

(*Note/edit: I can't believe I just put that photograph in; but the way I do it, is, that I kind of "look by it", yes, it's Bob … and my inner world feels a garbled looking at him, because he is alive to me … but I can't see or feel him anymore, and that's fucked up. And that place isn't waiting for me anymore, and that body is no more … But it is the man, the being, the consciousness "Bob" that I'm looking at … and I do know that one can live in the past and in one's memory … if the other option is killing oneself in one or the other way.)*

Now, as I read about the operational modes of ultrasonic sensors, I may be guided to a deeper understanding of the relations between incas and discas in terms of frequencies … and what the needs are. But I'm not sure I'm able to understand it.

Of course, I can read a lot out of (or into)something like this:

"Reflection mode: In reflection mode, an **ultrasonic transmitter emits a short burst of sound in a particular direction**. The pulse bounces off a target and returns to the receiver after a time interval. The receiver records the length of this time interval and calculates the distance traveled based on the speed of sound. The distance of the target is calculated by making half of this distance. Using proper coordination, a single transducer can be used for both emitting the pulse and receiving the echo."

And:

"Direct measurement mode: In this mode of operation, the transmitter and receiver are **two separate units that move relative to each other."**

And:

"Pulsed versus continuous measurement: Pulsed measurement or time-of-flight-based sensing requires emitting a pulse and waiting for it to return."

(I'm very excited, very deep inside. But I'm also a bit numb. Because this is Bob I'm dealing with, and Bob is dead.)

This seems relevant:

"The transmitter broadcasts a **trigger radio packet** just before it emits a series of ultrasonic pulses. Upon receiving the radio trigger, the sensors listen for the ultrasonic pulses and determine the distance to the transmitter based on the time of flight of the pulse."

It seems to talk about the necessary kind of **simultaneous focus** on the … well, *the idea of communication*. Or on the **intention** to be in contact, to communicate, to be together. And it talks about the "heads up" he may be giving me before connection. Or that I should give a heads up?

(*Note/edit: A "trigger radio packet … ultrasonic pulses" … makes me think of the bursts of high pitched sound I've been hearing exactly since that time of that writing … and I've been addressing them everytime I hear them, or mostly, "Here I'm hearing it again", this or something similar I keep telling Bob. Does that have to do with my headaches and heat flashes … which can also be post-menopausal?)*

I feel … like I'm in a vacuum. With who could I possibly share all of this?

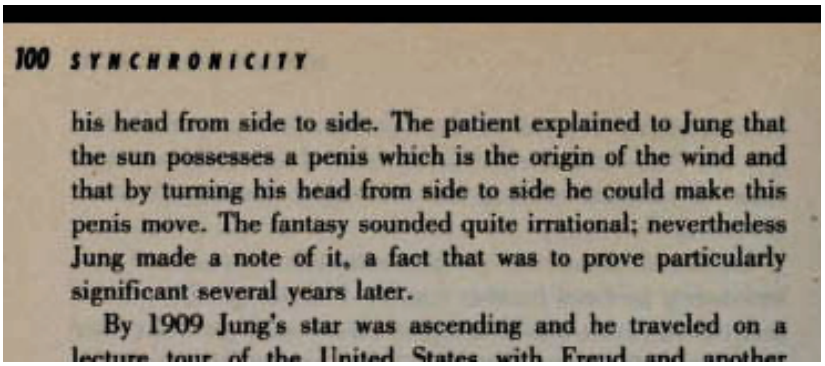
Also found this: "Ultrasonic sensing is one of the best ways to sense proximity and detect levels with high reliability." (https://www.maxbotix.com)

I think that maybe I myself must become a sensor.

I just got reminded of my dream about Bud the birdman, last night.

In real life, Bud was often such a nuisance to Bob, and he knew it but he didn't care and used Bob for so many years, for his crazy projects, for taking showers, for using Bob's house for storage and even his fridge … and sometimes he'd even come to use the bathroom, because Bud had no regular living situation for a long time, and then lived in a container on his bird sanctuary grounds, that had been donated to him by somebody … and Bud didn't respect Bob or his time properly (*note/edit: but that he shared with other people who took advantage of Bob's goodheartedness and his inability to stand up for himself),* and Bob got crazy over him (*but he'd take it out on me*) … but was Bob who should have changed the situation and stood up to Bud, which he never did. So somehow I'm surprised to find Bud in my **dream** … trying to **get me somewhere**, to show me something and he and I trying to have sex. (Geez, yuck.)

Last night, in the book by F. David Peat in the internet archive, I stumbled across a section about a Swiss patient of Carl Jung who said he saw that "**the sun had a penis**".



100 SYNCHRONICITY

his head from side to side. The patient explained to Jung that the sun possesses a penis which is the origin of the wind and that by turning his head from side to side he could make this penis move. The fantasy sounded quite irrational; nevertheless Jung made a note of it, a fact that was to prove particularly significant several years later.

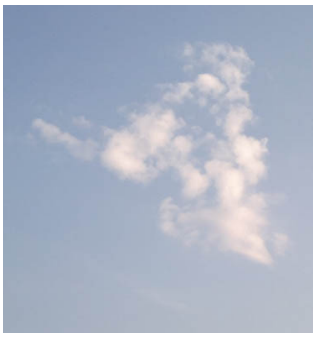
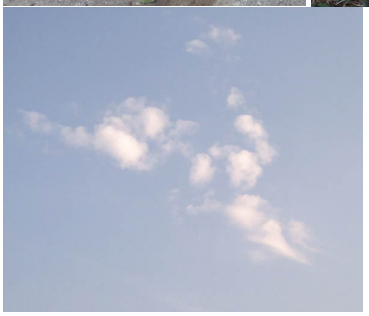
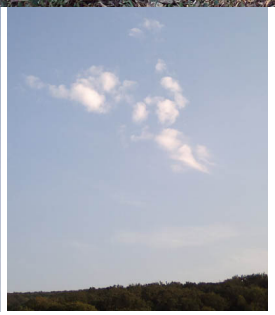
By 1909 Jung's star was ascending and he traveled on a

Now, me, the "**sun**" and my story with Bob's penis tumor … an interesting hint, I thought. But the story goes that there are *ancient myths about the sun having a penis* … Didn't I just see that?

Just very strange, how things are playing off each other …

The graffiti, that I saw yesterday, somehow also plays into all of it, from the sun with the penis to the frequency thing and Bob's and my new relationship …

Walked along the Wien river … and again, very "telling" **finds** (see the tumor-like mushrooms?) and **clouds** …

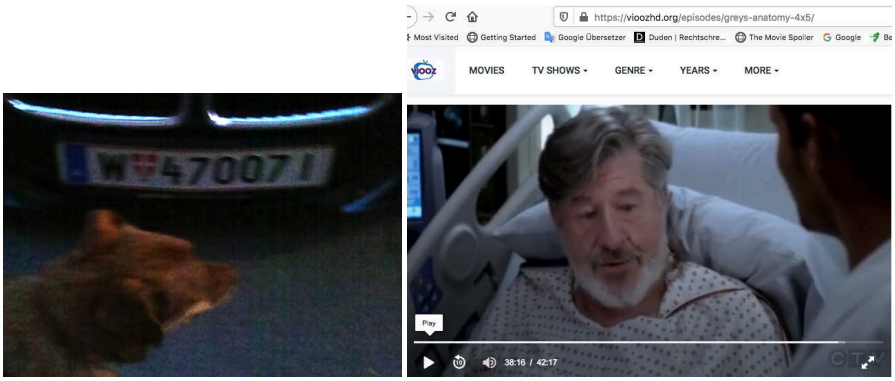
Also, walking the dog at night I met an **acquaintance**, a nice lady and dog owner who was very sick with aneurysm and nearly died, and she said to me that she found me beautiful (which I found baffling, because it was me who always thought of how beautiful that woman was, she lives in the neighborhood) and that I should leave Vienna, it would be good for me. I don't even know her name, but her dog's (a hyperactive little guy) name is **Sammy**. It belonged to the few nice things in Vienna in the last months to cross paths with her …

August 23, 2019 **– Close to 48000**

Very bad **dream**, something about being at a dentist and realizing that my front **tooth** was split … but *in the dream I was aware that Bob was dead and I thought that I shouldn't have to handle this shit.* There was a woman, and something about a .. I want to say *competition* or some project … also in my dream I thought about the good (!) feeling I'd have when submitting my screenplays to the ISA-producers. *(Note/edit: International screenwriters association, and it's strange, because ISA has been a source of great frustration for me, because I paid membership fees, and I never even get as much as a response to my submissions …but of course I'm aware that there are many screenwriters submitting. Still, at InkTip at least one gets a "pass"-note once in a while.)*

Bob used to call me "his writer" and he thought I was a genius and that my films should be big. Maybe I'll have to stick to this. But I have to leave my current living situation and figure out what to do about my mother.

This **morning**, thinking about the amazing things of last night about the sound and frequency, a car was parked at my dog-walking route, with the license plate number "W 41007 U". That's very close to 48000, I feel. It had a sticker about a **helicopter** maintenance company … strangely I've been thinking of Bob's former friend "**Mary-Beth**" who was a ***helicopter pilot.*** I and Joyce contacted her (being a nurse) for help right when Bob died. Then she couldn't help Joyce more, because she got very sick, herself. I kept thinking of contacting her. Maybe I will.



(*Note/edit: Oh, geez!* ***Believe it or not*** *… just earlier* ***today*** *I've written about a "****Mary-Beth****" in my current day c.-d.-entry … it's a name that came up in an episode of the TV-show "Grey's Anatomy", in a very special context. I kid you not! And the real Mary-Beth was a big deal in Bob's last year, a lot of misunderstandings between him and her, which haunted him, but he hadn't told her how sick he was, and this lead to a falling out when he did not react the way she had expected him to … Quote from my February 6, 2020 entry:* The character "Norman" then went on to break down … and recovering he told the doctor that he thinks the reason why he chose to become the world's oldest intern in surgery was, that "**Mary-Beth**", his dead (!) wife had wanted him to be surrounded by the best team of surgeons if he should suffer the massive stroke that was in store for him. Made me think of Bob's friend Mary-Beth …" (*Quote end.)*

Get it? What are the odds, that today, when I come across this "Mary-Beth"-entry I watch a TV-episode online where a "Mary-Beth", who is dead and communicates with her husband, is mentioned? No odds, exactly. And it's a whole big story ***why I'm watching this TV-series****, at all … and what I've found there. You'll get to it.)*

August 23, 2019 **– Bob's Hometown Anza in Vienna**

Bob is from Anza, California, and previously Whittier, San Fernando Valley. His parents had his cremains delivered back to Anza. The last thing I heard (from J.) was that they were in his parents' bedroom. And I've been chatting with him about what he his doing right now and how he could clarify for me and prove, that it's "him" to give me all those amazing events and insights …

And today … look at the car I just drove by: "**Anza** Builders" … written on a van that was parked near my apartment when I returned (by car) from a walk with Jacqui along the Wien river …

Anza. Seriously. Anza. That means so much to me … in Vienna, right where I live?

I had asked *Bob to show himself to me* … in **some** way. And then! Anza! Where Bob grew up, and where Bob's remains are right now, with is parents. Where Joyce lives. Where I visited several times. Anza … the

place Bob chose to go when I was supposed to be with him in late spring 2018 … so that I had to postpone until August.

He *did* show himself to me, didn't he?

I didn't take a picture right away because I was driving by, and there was traffic behind me, and the encounter happened in a curve. But I went back there …

Today … I actually *sang* songs from our beloved and totally doomed project "**Music Across America**" to Bob (*note/edit: yes, at a time when I couldn't bear to even hear the slightest big of music …*) … and a **penis cloud** turned into a thumbs-up cloud, the only cloud around, with the thumb on the other side.

(*Note/edit: Just now it occurred to me that "Anzabau" being a building or construction company, it totally does fit to "Bob the master builder" that I found the other day, on August 10*!) And then I saw a license plate number, close to Bob's phone-number (*note/edit: and it's a "challenge" similar to the "rabbit-challenge!*), **250 8030.** Anza, Bob, Anza-boy – thank you.

August 23, 2019 **– Greeting From Hawaii**

Evening walk to retrieve photographs from my cell-phone at the call shop. (*Note/edit: Funnily, later I figured out that it was easy to do that on my laptop …*) On the way there, a small **cat** was **running after us**, and I was so scared for her, as she crossed the big John Street. As Jacqui and I walked on, we walked right by a second **smaller cat** (the first a tiger-cat, the other a black and white checkered cat). Weird, somehow. Then, around a corner, car license plate with a Hawaii greeting: "**HA 901 HI**". It struck me, again. It was on a road where I normally don't go …

I think I cried when I saw this one … the odds are slim that this showed up on my path by accident …

(*Note/edit: I had actually gone to photograph the Anza-car, and that lead me to the Hawaii-license-plate … "Ha" is the "breath of life" like in "Aloha", and "HI" is the Hawaii-State-Tag, and "901" is of course "910", Bob's license plate number … and yes, you can say that I "read that into it", and that's what I'm actually doing. But that's what it all is about. And I got to tell you; There are situations, like when you photograph the name of your dead loved one's home, Anza, and then you see "HA 901 HI" after you'd lived in Hawaii so long and given the history of "910", and you simply "know" … deep in your breathless and aching and sizzling soul … And yet, there is no way to describe the kind of feeling that comes with an experience like that.)*

Then: The first **film** I looked into had a line about "**Silent Bob**", and that struck me. I watched a lot of trailers, also "Heaven is for Real", and I remember the hype about that true story of a near-death-experience of a small boy who met real people in the beyond … and how it was later taken back as "all invented". I felt the strong urge to make a documentary project about the White-books. I'll write Dr. A..

There were other outstandingly interesting license plates … and they gave me the shivers … like "**W 48818 U**" and "**ME 60 PO**". Does the latter one have to do something with entering the "beyond" … the "Po", in Hawaiian? It does mean something, I know that. Because a strange license plate like that, with me speaking a lot of Hawaiian, and "Po" being the place where Bob is now, **as "Po" is "the realm of the dead" or "of Aumakua" or "the dreamworld" in Hawaiian.** It doesn't show up for nothing right in my path.

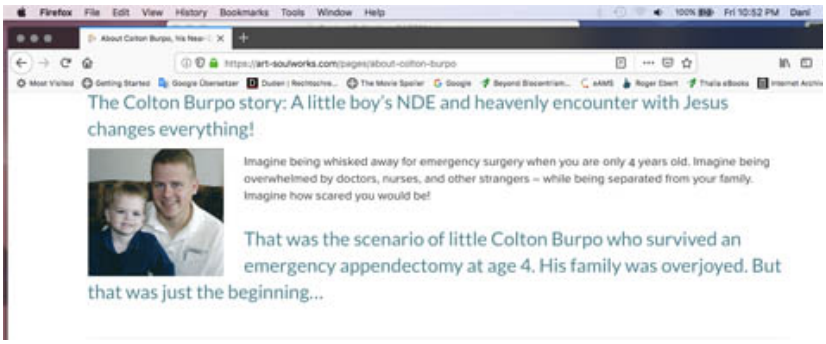
Does that mean that I'll die at 60? Or that there will be some special event relating to "the Bridge" … or …?

Something else very interesting happened … and at first, I didn't write it down, because I somehow didn't deem it, well, significant, but I've seen several cars, recently, with "**COLT**" or "**BOLT**" written on them. I thought, well, some kind of advertising. "Bolt" I saw maybe three times, "Colt" more often, and "Bolt" was an animation film about a **dog** that Bob and I once watched, and we liked it very much. I kept thinking about that. And "COLT" … well, I had a Mitsubishi Colt once, that came to my mind, but nothing else.

And just now, as I googled the movie "**Heaven is for Real**" (*note/edit: yes, I consciously purposefully googled it, in contrast to the many other things that I "just do", without thinking about them.*) I read that it's based on the **true** story of a boy named "COLTON BURPO".

It did baffle me, because the name immediately reminded me of the car-writings, of course.

Colton Burpo was the boy who told people at the age of four about his experiences in the "beyond" during a near-death-experience …


The Colton Burpo story: A little boy's NDE and heavenly encounter with Jesus changes everything!
Imagine being whisked away for emergency surgery when you are only 4 years old. Imagine being overwhelmed by doctors, nurses, and other strangers – while being separated from your family. Imagine how scared you would be!
That was the scenario of little Colton Burpo who survived an emergency appendectomy at age 4. His family was overjoyed. But that was just the beginning…

Heaven Is for Real is the true story of Colton Burpo, the four-year old son of a small tow
consciousness and enters heaven. He survives and begins talking about being able to l
waiting room. Colton said he met his miscarried sister, whom no one had told him abo
born, then shared impossible-to-know details about each. Told by his father, but often
real place, Jesus really loves children, and be ready, there is a coming last battle.

<u>August 24, 2019</u> **– Beetles, my Friends**

I realized today that it does take a sharp mind to deal with "the bridge", because realizations and interpretations don't come automatically, and often way behind. If they come.

Last night, I heard a rustling sound behind me. I thought, no, can't be, something must have slipped, a paper or something. I kept writing. Rustling again – this time stronger and with some tiny "thumping"-sound. And as I looked – a big **black beetle** was crawling on my stuff! And **just last night** I had told a dog-owner acquaintance of mine about the "**pet**" I used to have on Maui, a **cockroach** (as she had told me about her cricket she kept feeding in her apartment, that had flown in, through the window). And I had totally flashed back to our beloved housie, with not only the cockroaches, but also certain **black beetles**

(very similar to the one from last night) had come to me, at feeding time. The black beetles were so smart, they came out from their home under the lamp next to me when I was preparing dinner, and they would sit on the side of a cutting board or a plate, ***not*** venturing out further, and they'd wait until I put a bit of food in front of them. Then they would eat it, right there or take it with them! They trusted me, we had an understanding. Somehow those critters knew that I was no danger to them, but on the contrary, that I liked them.

And the **cockroaches** were even smarter. I would feed a special one I'd named "Georgie" by hand, for years. He learned to show up at exactly the same time every night at exactly the same spot to be fed, a drop of water, a piece of tomato, some break and preferably meat or fish. Later he brought his wife! (I recognized her by the egg-packet she had been carrying!) They'd run around freely when Bob and I were home, knowing that we were careful and watchful, and they'd cross the kitchen floor in front of us or sit and look, but as soon as a client or visitor was there, they'd remain hidden or only run along the edges of the cupboards. The learned to take food from me directly, yes, I fed them by hand. And where often I could see them hang out after a contact in some corner on the counter and clean their antennas for a long time. They are beautiful.

I introduced "Georgie" to my niece when she came visiting from Austria, and he learned to take food from her hand, too. It's a very special feeling, *that soft but strong pull when a cockroach grabs his food*, just the instant before you let go. It's a fascinating inter-species relation … also letting "Georgie" touch my finger and lick it to get to know me.

Oh I miss the time on Maui so much, so much. It hurts like hell thinking about it.

So that black beetle from last night … as I looked at him, I scared him away and he hid out for a while, but *then it came back out several times, rustlin*g und checking out my stuff. And I talked to him, and he didn't flee anymore …

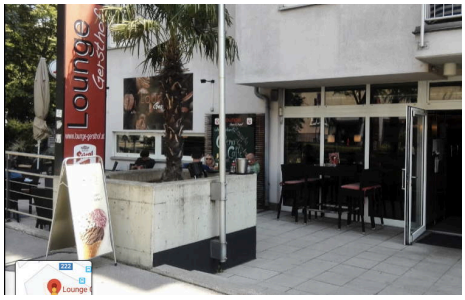
Also I found a **tiny striped cat** … not sure what that's about …

August 24, 2019 **– The Body-Snatching**

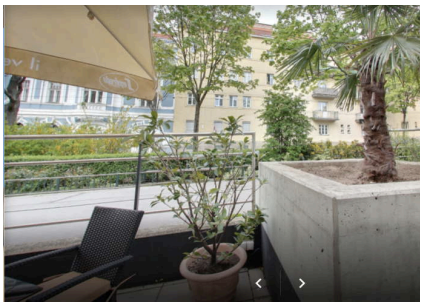
I was talking to Bob aloud on my way to **Danube Island** for the intended swim and hike with Jacqui … as I was *driving* with my new car, how I want him to find a way to show himself. The usual. I imagined him … and I felt the horrible impression of facts that I somehow can't really fathom … and I said to him "*I know you have a different body now, but you also can access your old, mortal one, because it's there in essence … so*

*can't you down-convert that to and show me that **body** …*" And I swear in that very moment, a car drives by, and I see the license plate number "**W 84 BDY**". Of course I picked up the "BDY" as "body", because I ***read*** it at the same time that I actually ***said*** it out loud while talking to Bob! I was struck! It took me a few seconds to realize the entire meaning: Spelled out it's "**W EIGHT FOUR BDY**" or, if you only hear it: "**Wait for body**". Geez! I was stunned shitless in my car … it happened right here, on this street (at Gersthof, Vienna):

Two minutes later, I drive by a café (Lounge Gersthof) at a corner just before a sharp right turn.



And there sat a younger Bob! The long brown hair, the gray T-Shirt, and he had head-phones on! Of course it was not Bob, but some guy sitting there by himself in a cafe garden, in front of an open *laptop*, ***looking into nothingness, his face turned towards me***, and he was Bob's twin, of the time when I had met Bob in 2002!



"Wait for body" and three minutes later: Bob "as a body" for me to see … oh how many times have I seen him like that, in his studio, the head-phones on, gazing …

I don't know how to even describe how that felt. It was … so mesmerizing, I literally shut up entirely for a while, barely breathing … as I sat in that car like in a cage, a strange, alien animal with experiences like that …

I'm getting the hots and the colds, when I think about that.

I thought, at first, for an instant, after seeing "W 84 BDY", that the license plate means that I shall wait a little and that Bob is working on it, *for me to see him*. Or that I'll die soon enough and then see him …

But then, it all took an entirely new turn! A manifestation of a perfect flesh-and-blood-image of Bob. Not just similar, but the posture, the gray T-shirt (I had thought and written about it just a few days ago!), the long sideburns, the hairstyle, the fine, handsome face … and head-phones! ***Head-phones***! While Bob and I are in a communication about the **48kHz-project!** ***Sound! Voice! Audio! Communication!***

On Danube Island, later, I was like … dumbfounded … and then I kept talking to Bob, like, frantically … about the **barrier** between the realms, otherwise it would be easy to just get to an **audio frequency** from their side by *down-converting their old "sound files"* (Bob sure gets a kick out of this) to our frequency and send it over. But then, "hearing" got to happen through our human organs and senses, and that requires the *presence* of the conscious mind. Mediums enter some kind of trance state, bypassing their subconscious-consciousness barrier that way … but the "voices" are in their own heads.

So I was thinking maybe it's even easier to go for a ***purely mechanical*** kind of "frequency"-bridge … and if someone can do that, it's Bob. He was always into sound, he was anal about it. Our last project was "Love to Hear Again" for a Maui-ear-doctor, and Bob's last job on my project ***"Making of Barricades"*** *(Ha! Also interesting, that title, but it originally relates to problems in communication)* was cleaning up some sound with a program called "Audition".

(*Note/edit: Okay, I just now* ***realize*** *that my* ***film's*** *title, "Making of* ***Barricades****" is actually relevant and poignant in so many ways … it's* ***about two people****, a home-invader and the woman who lives in that home who don't speak each other's languages and* ***try to communicate, but can't understand each other even though they are right next to each other*** *…WOW, actually.*

WOW. And she "captures" him by wrapping him in … veils. Geez. What was I doing …? I had no idea that Bob was sick while I wrote and made that film and named it …)

So Bob would be the (!) expert in the beyond to deal with the sound-frequency-aspect of "the bridge". Weirdly, I keep seeing cars with versions **of 83.420** .. and that was the license plate number of my **uncle Karli,** who was found dead in his car in a reservoir lake (in Carinthia) many years ago, in the 1990s, and nobody knows what happened to him. He was an electrician and a technician, too. His VW beetle car had the license plate number 83.420, and just in two days I've seen 83.720, 83.020 and more … very strange.

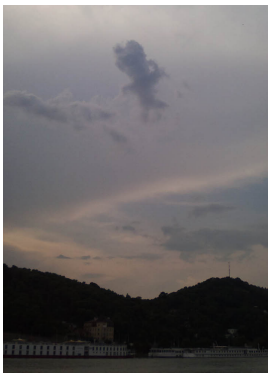
Since he was an electrician, I asked him today if he is in contact with Bob, but as far as I know uncle Karli didn't speak English.

Anyway … I was asking for hints about what word we should work on (*note/edit: audio-wise*)… will Bob give me a **word**, or do I have to suggest one? Will it be **syllables** … can he just start with giving me some **frequency** I can pick up kind of sound, as a "sound-check"? How often have I heard Bob record voice-overs! How often have I heard him say "*check, check" or "testing" …*

I *know that it's Bob's and my path* to work on the verbal bridge via audio frequencies … just not sure yet how to interpret all that's coming my may.

And the "**wait for body**" today … priceless. I had to laugh. I'm sure Bob got a kick out of it. (*Note/edit: What it actually mean … to this day I'm frantically **documenting**, I simply don't have time to go into all these things in detail, it feels like it's more important to just write it all down first … as Bob said, I'm "his **writer**". There. I do it.)*

And then – the **clouds** on Danube Island! Talk about "clouds are thoughts", something that I said 1000 times to Bob! Penis! Pukalani! Connectedness! A shark! Dog! Bird! Layers … yes, it all consists of layers … They were speaking so loudly. About the excitement, the immense power behind … emotions, intentions, imagination …



And then, something else happened:

As several times before I had to think of John f*cking W. and "Taylor Camp" now "The Edge of Paradise". Sometimes I have the feeling Bob wants me to contact him, but … saying what? So I was thinking exactly that … literally, "Bob, do you want me to do something about that, and …" And a car drove by with the license plate number "**BS 100**". I don't remember what else was there, but that. *Bob Stone 100*. Okay. And what does that mean? (*Note/edit: beside the "digital hint", you know, computer-language, with 1 and 0/1*)

That Bob thinks it's all complete and done? Or that Bob agrees to my thinking? Or ..

Just too suiting to then find a **candle** like this, with the *heart-theme*, in the shrubs …

August 25, 2019 **– Dream of a Million Answers**

I saw a car today, with the license plate number "**W SM 3**", and "SM" was always Bob's signature for "**Stoneman**" in his emails and everywhere (*"Peace and Blessings, SM")* I call him mostly "Stoneman", not "Bob", have done that while he was in his body, too.

But before that … geez, I may have had the weirdest **dream** ever.

Something else is happening: I'm getting more aware of how we are "vessels", and how our bodies are really "machines", made for a purpose with an expiry-date. (*Note/edit: In the weeks after Bob's death, directly afterward, I gulped down lots of books about the physical human, by Dr. Sherwin B. Nuland, for example, the legendary and famous basic "How We Die", and I can only recommend it to everyone; I had been stunned by myself why I needed to read that kind of stuff, the interest in the survival of consciousness came much later.)*

I don't even see people anymore as "people" relating to their bodies. I find it so odd now, that the general belief, perception and behavior goes along the lines that ***the person is the body,*** with a little bit of mind and emotions and subconscious, but basically, when people say that they want to preserve their life they only think about their body and what happens to that body!

That's just so wrong.

I have found last night, when I went through a lot of my paperwork, throwing out a lot, that right now *I don't even feel that Bob is dead anymore, really*. I can't access that kind of thought, for some reason. I mean, I can, rationally, but … I can mourn for his body, but I can't mourn for him, because he is alive.

When we look at the development and life-span of our body, it's so obvious that it's some kind of section of a program that us, as living entities, are ***passing through*** (a song that Bob and I made a music video about, once upon a time, for his beloved doomed project "*Music Across America*") right now … but having a

body and trying to maintain it for a while but being unable (***crackling***!) to stop its decline … that's just so obvious not "life" as a whole.

The sound bite incident … "*dream*"

In tonight's **dream** I was with my **brother** in some kind of **hotel** in a remote **exotic** place, mostly inside of that hotel. My **mother** and my **father** (!) were there too, but they sort of did their own thing. Even my brother didn't care much about doing things with me, and I sort of had to *run after him*. There was something about walking or **climbing** about an immensely dangerous kind of ledge or **ridge** … and then …!

The **hotel** was some kind of *settlement*, though, much ***glass***, like a hotel with apartments spread out on some area and with a main house. It looked like a mix between these following two.

That had kind of glass walls and windows … so that we could see from partially inside what happened outside. I was somehow *exactly* in the ***doorway***. And people were all upset, because all of a sudden, there was ***a loud screeching and sizzling and roaring sound in the air***! And a **square kind of thing** showed up: It looked like a **component part of a computer**, some kind of **electronic piece** where all the tiny stations, platines and contacts and wire-connections are welded on to … those small green cards with the colorful little parts on it … but the whole thing also was *transparent*, and it was **hovering** and **moving in the sky**, like a **Hologram**! It also looked like the kind of vision a "Predator" or "**Terminator**" would have in front of their artificial eyes, with codes and numbers, running … or just being there and changing …

… being the "*alien ship*" that was approaching and threatening! And the weirdest thing, that I realize just now: It was **Bob's horror** in his last weeks, the "**running numbers**". It was something he dreaded, that numbers would start running in front of his inner eye. I was there with him in the car when that happened early in September, and he said it had happened before. I didn't recognize this as a sign of a stroke, a TIA (transient ischemic attack), I thought that his brain was calibrating of a kind … but for Bob it was mere horror.

Wait. Bob had told his sister, while he was actively dying, that "*he didn't want to become an operating system*", she told me that, how strange and heartbreaking that was, but he told her about the numbers …

and that was my Bob, who had spent *decades glued to his computer* … for editing and fixing sound and video … a trouble shooter for all kinds of technical things, everyone would come to him, even companies from the mainland hired him. And then, when ***he was dying, he refused to even touch a computer or a laptop!***

So … there … I see … I've been asking Bob if he was **willing** to work on the **sound-connection** between us due to and based on his expertise in mortal life … (*note/edit: and about trying to get a direct audio "feed" …!)*

… and then that dream. But I must finish the dream first, … even though: Now I see the dream differently. It was mere horror for me in my dream to see that numbers and digital stuff "space ship", definitely a "thing from another world" **hover** there, so **loud**, so **buzzing**, so **threatening**, moving and blinking and being just a **huge, mysterious thing** … and as I looked up, ***I had the feeling that it was there for me!*** So people were running inside the hotel, for shelter, which consisted of so much glass! … and I followed along, when – ***BOOM***!

Like a superspeed mega-power bomb **a meteorite kind of thing hit the ground just behind me** … ***and it hurt my arm and my hand!*** (*Note/edit: Isn't it weird, that since about two weeks, the feeling in my left hand has changed, and it's partially weak, at times?*)

The meteorite kind of thing **hit** with such **speed and force**, that I get a pounding heart only thinking about it!

So was that a **warning** from Bob ***that it isn't so easy to play around with the frequencies?*** I think so. It feels like it. (*Note/edit: That's the thought that simply popped up after the dream event.*) I had to say it out loud just now. I didn't deal with the dream at all, not during the day … just as I sat down to write, I suddenly have to deal with it. And it feels like a direct communication with Bob.

(Note/edit: This is the entry of March 18, 2020: ***Glowing Stone Hitting Earth***

Hey, I think Bob just helped me find a picture I needed for this contact diary!

I've had several dreams of glowing stones or meteorite hitting the ground … but it's kind of hard finding them online, I tried, just three days ago, found a few, but …

And today, I totally needed to watch a few "Honest Trailers", I think Bob likes them too … I mean, the "epic voice guy" (Jon Bailey) just named a movie "Encounter of the Turd Kind" (for "Venom") … that's so totally Bob's humor … so I watched the "Venom"-Honest-Trailer, even though I'm not even interested in that movie … and there it was! The scene with the actually perfect depiction of what happened in several of my dreams! That's what I saw in my dreams! Yes! That's it. I didn't know where to find it. But somebody knew. And lead me right there. Coincidence, you say? No you don't.

To this entry I'd like to add that since the entry of this date that you're reading right now and March 2020, the communications between Bob and me have become freaking baffling … and they often relate to films and movies, you'll see …)

Yes, the movie-scene-kind of setting … maybe he tells me that he was there with me when I watched the *movie* "Chaos in the Method" (about actors) and when the line came up in the movie, about "**silent Bob**" … so then, he used my early-morning half-sleep stage, when I needed to pee but wouldn't want to stop sleeping and dreaming … to give me something drastic. That space thing hitting with an enormous noise and power. My **hand** (I think the right one?) was sliced and black from burning and it was **bleeding**, but the blood was also like molten lava in a black lava field … is that a Hawaii-reference? (*Note/edit: I used to deal with the mirroring of attributes and meanings by body-parts, and of course Bob was always aware of that … so the right hand is the symbol of "active doing" … was I warned to "back off", "step back", "let this go" or "don't touch this"?*)

So it didn't hurt, but I realized that ***I was badly hurt,*** after all. And as I looked outside, I **knew** that the **hovering computer-part-module hologram-style** that was moving up there, had ***sent*** that ***projectile*** *that had almost killed me.* It **could have hit me**, I felt**, it could have hit the hotel altogether** … but it was like the *hovering module*-thing was looking down at me, checking out my reaction.

Weird. (*Note/edit: Not so weird. I had such intense connection with Bob, so him having always been a "computer and tech wizard" to my eyes and in my experience with him, it may have been **Bob himself**, that hovering computer-module thing, he played on my knowing about his thoughts of him becoming an operating system! It was, of course, my subconscious mind that interpreted an actual meeting with Bob or an actual connection with him according to what was the closest to that in my mortal experience and memories about Bob – a giant computer-module!? And he got my attention by letting that meteorite hit right next to me and injuring me badly! What I did think, later and what I think now, though, is, that I must have had a **lot of influence back then**, I must have "reached" very far in my insistence on "playing" Bob, and that it was a **warning** that if I kept going on like that without proper training or protection, I might get really hurt … and that would be of no use to anyone. I did back off, you see. I realized that I was … not ready.*)

In the dream itself, again, I had times when ***I thought about Bob being dead*** (*note/edit: yes, I was lucid, too …*) and also about ***my brother being dead***, and yet I was with him. **Bob**, however, the way I knew him, was **nowhere** in the dream. I think, the dream itself was Bob, somehow. And it was so powerful and strong and directly related to my "**tech-talk" from yesterday's Danube Island hike**, that it does entirely feel like an answer …

So …

In the **dream** … then I found myself running inside the empty hotel, with it's dark brown wooden floors and walls … and I was looking for my brother and mother and father, … but **they had left**. Something was there about some kind of … I don't know, ***outdoor*** path … some plane or I don't know … somehow my mother and father took a *vehicle* to *escape*, and maybe my brother, too? He wasn't there anymore, that was for sure.

I just had a tiny memory glimpse of another **dream** that was related to that one, but it only flashed up, like an emotion, and it's gone now ….

Then, it was like *my mother and my father had fled that scene*, on a **train** maybe or on a plane … and when I looked into my brother's room, who was gone too, … strange, seeing the emptiness … and yet, I had felt *so close to him*, but where had he gone … I knew ***he was supposed to wait for me.*** I opened some kind of sliding door at a closet or board, and there was a zipped sports-bag, and something moved inside … I realize that I may have seen that scene in a movie previous, I think … but not sure? Maybe that was my own dream?

It was so strange … and I don't know how it ended. There was some kind of ***thing that belonged to my mother***, I think, ***that I picked up***. And then I was by myself, feeling so lonely and lost … but I ignored my injured arm, I sort of even forgot it.

I simply was awake suddenly.

But the impression of the soaring "matrix-module", that huge horrible danger and then the force with which that thing ***hit*** just next to me … it felt very real. *And it had been coming for me.* That was the most strange aspect of it. And yet – I was **safe** in that house with those **glass** facades and windows. Does it stand for my body, as a sheltering "pod"? I did realize yesterday that just a few times of swimming make me look younger right away … and I'm quite healthy, I got to say.

(Note/edit: Oh, geez, I suddenly realized, editing this and putting pictures into this dream, that I have actually found such a "computer part" in December 2019, at a lake, while hiking with my dog … but you still have a little while to go until then, just … her it is, the thing I found in winter in the middle of nowhere, far from any garbage disposal, in nature …)

(Yeah, looks like the hovering spaceship … but it only occurred to me right now, February 7, 2020.)

So it must have something to do with the tech-talk between Bob and me. It feels like that **the dream was "tech-talk".** Via my subconscious. And Bob may either really warn me that I could get hurt … or he is simply telling me that the powers I'm assuming are in his realm are so way way more different and strong than I am naively imagining and based on those naive ideas I'm making my suggestions. I just had a clear thought "while writing" that "**There is a reason why there are mediums**" … meaning that it does take some training of a certain kind to be able to handle the communication with the Discarnates … just because of the powers that are at play. Bob must learn how to handle them too … otherwise I may be hit like it almost happens in my dream. But I'm safe in my body? That's what it feels like it's supposed to mean. So I should stick to my worldly (***crackling***!) ways and be patient … not expecting to have my family be with me visibly, but they are still in my life. *That idea just struck me.* Spiritually and energetically always.

Maybe it's also a hint *at me being able to have effects on that powerful realm* and that I could, with the power of my thoughts, get hell to break loose. Nah. But I could cause something to happen before I'm ready.

Is that want it's supposed to mean?

Well. That's the most obvious interpretation given my regular human mortal Inca attitude and belief-system. But … it can also mean something entirely different, because my subconscious likely won't translate directly … The hovering "module" with the computer-parts and the transparent numbers and how threatening it was … maybe it's in information from Bob how much his mind was really … affected, so that he couldn't have possible gotten his body to survive longer?

And that the attack … maybe it really means "attack", "transient ischemic attack", something that hits you and hurts you and drives you into hiding and shelter but that you ignore and forget? And the danger and the loneliness and the abandonment simply go on … I just wrote that the way it fell into my mind. Maybe it was not warning, it was just Bob saying "Hi". (I'm suddenly in tears with an emotional surge.)

He is here, I think.

I just turned my head, for no reason, and there is a **raven** on the roof opposite my window and *looking at me* … Okay, gotta feed him. Go away, tears. (*Note/edit: The raven had been coming to visit me for years … just for him I was sad to leave the apartment, a few months later.*)

I think I'm on to something, right?

Just need to figure out if it's Bob simply communicating to prove his presence, using my memories and beliefs, or if he is really warning me of something? I tend to the former. The running numbers and the operating-system are so clear in the holographic translucent kind of computer-part-module of my dream … that's "Bob". That's so personal between us.

The impact of that projectile that came with that speed … it didn't "just miss" me, it hit on purpose just behind me.

The aspect of my parents and my brother being somewhere in the picture but away from me … is haunting, kind of painful, mysterious.

Yes, I know, it all has it's reasons and meanings.

May the module in the sky that appeared threatening, ***needs my help***? I look at it, in my memory, and it speaks to me, but I don't understand it. Could that be just a reflection of what Bob and I have right now?

So what I did after getting hurt by that projectile – nothing. Nothing about it. I noticed my injuries, but that was it. They seem to have gone away on their own. I only went on in my search in the hotel … I had to pick *up stuff to take on my trip*! Yes. That's what it was. We were all four there, like on a holiday, on our last day. But the other three were gone, and me … still looking for … what? Exactly?

Yes, my subconscious may just bring it up for … whatever internal reasons.

But I talked about the sound-project yesterday, intensely. I don't think it's "just" my subconscious. And the "Wait for body" comes back to mind, too.

Okay, the raven is now directly on the window-sill, gazing at me …

I will get more hints as how to interpret that dream. But one thing is for sure: Bob is alive.

That wart I got on Maui last year, between ring and middle finger, sometimes acts up a bit. But it doesn't grow. It itches now and then, and I put Thuja-tincture (homemade) on, and it stops.

So the dream **… the high-tech "assault" from the sky** and then a very old-fashioned kind of piece of **meteorite** hitting the ground … but with what speed and violent force! Strange!

What in the worlds does that mean? Intended: "What in the worlds …" Funny misspelling, huh.

Also, today I had a very close impression of "Sigi" … why? Because a car drove by with the license plate number "**Dunst 4**" (not sure about the number, but quite) … and "Dunst" (vapor, fog, steam) is the title of the book that I wrote about my life with Sigi (who was a drug addict).

August 25, 2019 Sunday

The dream took on a new dimension … as I took an evening walk with Jacqui to the callshop to zap through some movies.

But thoughts flooded me, about the dream, as I was walking:

So suddenly … it felt so clear. I realized that I can totally take the images literal: The thing that hit the ground just behind me, was a **meteorite**. And what's the special thing about meteorites? They have to *pass through the atmosphere*! It's a **barrier** to them, and only if they make it and dissolve while bursting into embers and glowing during the contact with the atmosphere and the oxygen in it, *then the get to reach Earth and hit the ground*. And there they can cause damage***. So what if Bob wanted to tell me exactly that?***

The "**analogue**" way of communicating through actual sounds from the mortal plane, as accessible by Disca via the essence of the old mortal frequencies and down-converting it for our hearing, as much down-converted they may be, includes of the sound-waves or whatever energetic emissions they'd be coming from the Beyond, would have to pass a barrier! There is a barrier, of course, Betty has talked about it a lot. And if they could pass that barrier …

And here it comes!

Virtually as I was thinking that and babbling in my usual quiet talking with Bob**, a man rode his bicycle by me**, and it's **the same man** who resembles Bob who I saw first in winter and who I met in public transport just when I went to see Dr. A., the medium, and who had walked by her door, just as I was about to enter …

Wait for it:

And that man rode by me just as I was discussing the dream with Bob, and he said the sentence (to someone on the ***phone***!) "Es liegt alles im Bereich des Möglichen", "**It's all within the realm of the possible**"! And probably because I gazed at him like a moron, he turned his head and looked straight at me, a hat on, a gray beard, very much a Bob-type. And I finished my sentence, baffled by the eavesdropping,

"… but once the frequency is through the barrier, it can hurt you … even if it misses you". And it might scare people! So me seeking shelter in that fragile hotel-house, is really the message that it is safer to deal with the communication from within the body, so, via the subconsciousness and the mind, like mediums do it.

(*Note/edit: !?)*

That seems to be the point Bob was trying to make with that module hovering in the sky, translucent, and the comet-meteorite-like projectile that hit the ground just next to me, did ***not*** really come from that module. It was also some kind of *earthy thing*, like ***a big rock*** or a cluster of dry, hard soil. So it may have represented the "analogue" (***crackling***!) things, like real sound to be really heard by my ears.

(*Note/edit: Okay … I was just trying to find an image of a suiting "stone" for illustrating the above sentence, when I realized that in my time, now February 2020, I have just found what I'm looking for … a golden stone … check it out … wow! Right?)*

(Side-note: I just browsed the internet archive for books about life after death, and in the book by Tom Harpur, "Life After Death" from 1992, I found a witness account of a woman who had heard her husband's voice on the phone after his death … and she asked him where he was, and he said that she knew where he was, and that he was okay!)

But back to my dream … and the sight of the computer-card (***maybe a "sound-card"***) and the kind of see-through-module with writings and electronic parts and numbers and lines on it, mostly in green and black and silver, the whole impression … *it's so typical Bob … so intimately our's, that scenario.* I'm not entirely sure that I'm interpreting it properly, yet. But it will come, the information, whether I'm right or not.

(Note/edit: Okay, it may mean nothing, but I got to add here that last night, February 6, 2020, before I began to edit this section, I had found … this, and I won't comment on it further. You be the judge … after having read about that ***round thing*** *hitting the ground right behind me like a "meteorite" … it has a different meaning in the time where I'm now than it has for the time that I'm dealing with while editing … wow, this is getting really really fancy …)*

And that the man rode by saying that sentence ***"It's all within the realm of the possible" …*** Wow! Bob, you're a master-communicator now.

Yes, I get it, there must be a strong barrier between the dimensions … and I can imagine that it's not the first time that someone thought about down-converting the old soundfiles - hey, Bob could use actual samples of stuff he in fact said before and get them to me. This means, his own memories of his phase as a Incarnate are with him, they are parts of him, so he can anytime choose a sample where he, for instance, says "Where Magic Happens", because that was a slogan of a client, or he could say "I love you, Dani" or "Aloha!" … and he could make it a frequency that I could hear. Yes. But getting it to me – okay, insight, as I'm writing this! – is the challenge. The barrier. Of … energies. Frequencies. You can't get waterdrops through a blanket of ice. It takes some preparation and some tricks for that … and once the ice is broken, if

you, say, make the waterdrops warm or cut a hole into the ice, what's hit with them underneath will either swallow them up, or maybe it's a microorganism that gets hit and can't survive the warm temperature! So … I see. It's not as easy as I want tit to be.

But … as I said yesterday, clearly, on Danube Island, to Bob, *I refuse to accept what other people have deemed possible or impossible* … I respect their opinions and experiences … but I don't have to buy into "truths" that weren't experienced by me. And Bob may have taken that as some kind of danger for me and sent me that drastic dream? Telling me:

"Dani – there are energetic and natural facts that can make our project-endeavors very dangerous."

And **another** thing just hit me:

Why did he warn me? Why not just **not** do it? ***It can only mean that I do have influence or effect on … well, the realm of the disca?!*** Is it, that my imagination can "make" him do things? If that is so, I do want to know that, Bob.

I have been having the idea that the mortal imagination is truly one of the greatest powers in the universe. (*Note/edit: Well, I wrote an insomma thousands of pages long never published book about it, with the title "We Creators of the World", including many years of research …*)

So what I'm cooking up and imagining and with my previous knowledge and practice from many years … I might be very powerful. And Bob has to warn me and ask me, pretty much, to back off, so that I won't get hurt, but also that he won't be ***forced*** into stuff and that could *jeopardize the project "the bridge" altogether.*

So Bob gave me, likely, with that dream, a hint that I must be ***careful what I wish for.***

"**We must always keep our thoughts right",** that's a line **I wrote** for my Hawaii-documentary. A lot of knowledge of old Hawaii that I'd research, way more than I could pack into my documentary, has an entirely new significance for me now.

And the more I get into the factual area of communicating with Disca-Bob, the more I realize what an important business it actually is. Talk about survival of mankind … in the beyond and how it's entirely connected with what we do here and what kind of energies we're able to create here to then be part of us and our existence in the unobstructed realm! It's entirely related to our survival in the mortal material realm and therefore with our environment, with the food, the poisons, the air ….

The dream … the holographic module-screen-with-lines-and-graphics and how it hovered there, like a modern painting, rectangular, looking at me in a way **… that's Bob**. And how he took my memory of the "operating system" and the "running numbers". He was communicating from "high above" (*note/edit: meaning "far away" in terms of my mortal means of perception*.), not able to come closer himself … and there were those **heavy intense sounds** to that imagery … *buzzing* and *screeching* and *roaring* in a way …. yes, it did relate to our "sound"-project! And I had asked him **distinctly** (mustering up a lot of imagination and thought power) while walking on Danube Island, that I ***needed to know what he thinks about it.***

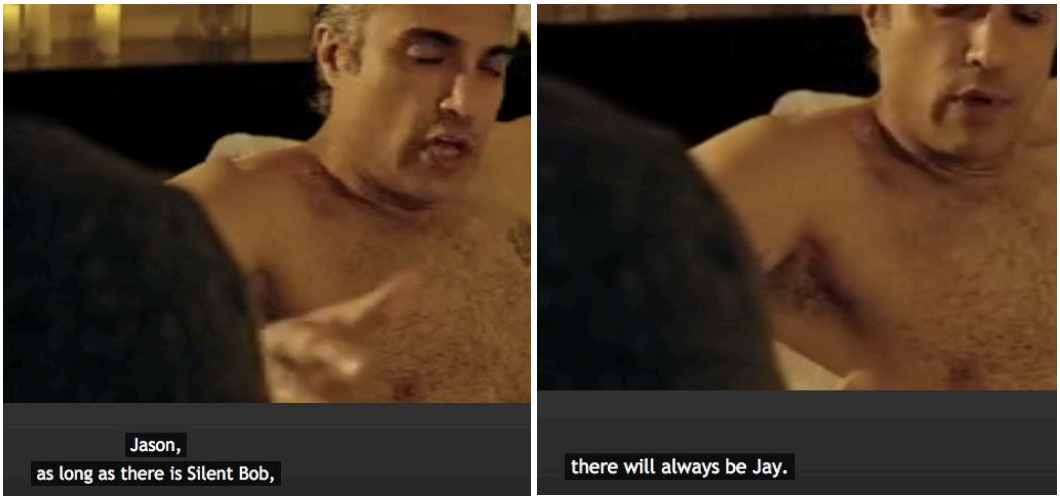
He thinks it's doable, but I must be careful with my imagination and what I'm doing. I must be … patient, possibly, and ***work on myself.*** I need to be stronger, mentally and emotionally, possibly, to handle my role. That's a thought.

What else came to my awareness, through hearing that sentence, as the man rode by, "It's all in the realm of the possible" is, that it is indeed possible, and one can work on it. But I can and I **should** possibly learn to "receive" Bob directly in my mind. That should be the practice of choice right now. (*Note/edit: And I tried to prioritize it, but it has been standing back behind my documenting work of all this, I must make it all accessible to general audiences, first, then I can … progress. I think. Why else would I be working and writing on it like a crazy person …?*)

And as I looked at the situation itself, it became so clear and so baffling to me, how well we ***are*** actually communicating! And then I hadn't found the car-seat-**cover** yet!

So I went to the internet-café respectively callshop (*note/edit: Where I always watch movies online, my dog with me* …) and zapped through the movie "**Madness in the Method**" about an actor who tries method-acting to be successful …

In the movie "**Madness in the Method**" there is a line, *"As long as you are with Silent Bob, you're always just Jay".* Now. I'm "J", "Jo". So is that message for me?



How did I even get to a movie about a character "Jay" who keeps standing in the shadow of the character "Silent Bob", and that in terms of filmmaking? The title isn't enticing, I guess I only watched the trailer. There I heard "Silent Bob". Then I zapped today through the film on an online platform, and found the above line.

Bob and I are filmmakers. Of course he'd speak to me through films.

And even further thoughts came up to me, actually while movie-watching: If **mankind** gets erased or erases themselves, that would have detrimental effects on the **evolution** of the eternal energetic creatures we are … when we're all Discarnates, and no more mortal phases to develop individuality and enhance quantity of our quality of consciousness!

(*Note/edit: Would we need to find another planet to develop … creatures to serve our need to inhibit a "material" realm and material body for a while … Is that the reason why humans are obsessed with "aliens" coming to take over our planet because theirs is destroyed?)*

Because when there is no world anymore for a material phase for consciousness, **our soul is missing out on an important stage** of development of being kind of in a sheltered situation for a while and getting equipped with a lot of energetic substance and able to develop essence … and all that is needed to build the *world* of the Discarnates! And it's needed for consciousness as part of our soul to have a phase where energetic impacts or influences of nature can be dealt with differently while "being material". Take **thunderstorms**, or **cosmic radiation**. Human **bodies** are dealing differently with all kinds of dangers and challenges like cold and heat and storm and radiation than a Discarnate's energetic "essence body" without a material component can.

So … save the incarnate version of mankind to keep the discarnate version of mankind prospering? Yes, actually. Just plausible. There would be so much to say about that …

(*Note/edit: I was kind of "**ranting**" in the phases of my "insights" … it was like an adrenalin-high, and it helped me to forget my loss … for hours at a time … and even though, on one hand, it made me realize even*

*more clearly that Bob was gone "forever" in the mortal realm, I had a method to help me imagine that he wasn't … and snippets from the **books** I was reading, helped, like below, from "The Seven Purposes: …)*

She told him they had not been happy enough to play.

"You will be happier now. Tell Dad few men are as near their sons as he is to me. He and all of you have only to learn to recognize me, when I am trying to tell you I am there."

We spoke of her desire to receive his communications through her own pencil and he said that if she would "keep on trying and believing," he could talk directly to her before long, as he has since demonstrated.

"It is difficult for us to overcome doubt in a messenger," he said. "Faith is a positive force. It helps us reach you. Doubt, being negative, hampers us."

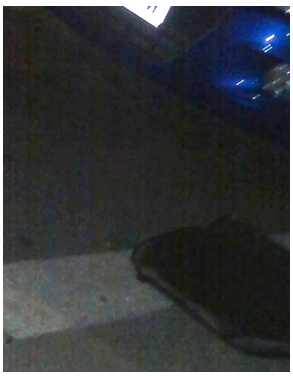
It was so clear to me right now how important it is to **preserve** our material **environment** … it's our **sheltering hub** for the mortal phase, in which we can deal with energetic phenomena in different ways than as entities without a mortal body can, and we can have more shelter and protection in some ways and other ways and opportunities to develop – certainly in close connection with energies that are in plants and animals and minerals and in the water, thus in food and all the materials we create and use … and the development of the brain and the mind of homo sapiens has been a huge step in the evolution, yes. But not really only on a material mortal level, because all that we do as mortal, enters the beyond in it's own essence, in a frequency that we can't pick up as mortals.

And my dream sort of broke those insights loose.

August 25, 2019 Sunday **– Seat Cover On the Pavement**

Also: I had been thinking about getting **seat-covers** for my car. I have scarfs and blankets over the seats right now, usually I have T-shirts. But I've been thinking just today, when driving with a sweaty back, that I want to get **real seat-covers.**

And what do I find on the way to the callshop on the pavement next to a row of cars? A **seatcover**! Wow. I did photograph it on my way back. What are the odds?

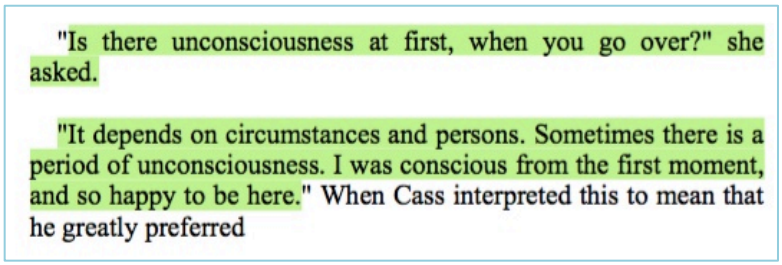


(*The photograph isn't very good, but there were people around when I walked by the seatcover, and I didn't want to explain why I needed to photograph a seatcover on the ground, so I did it secretly … that's why I got it only in part. The other picture shows "Deadly Nightshade".)*

And I had another thought … about Sigi. I wouldn't be surprised if he and Bob would work together. Sigi was very underused during his life-time, I feel. He was very talented and smart, but his drug-addict-time in

his youth changed him forever … the fact that I saw the word "**Dunst**" on a car, *the title of my book about him and me*, seems to indicate that he is greeting me. I've had dreams where *Bob and Sigi were kind of a merged person*, but that has been going on for years. Sigi died in 2016, of liver cancer, and me finding out was connected to very strange circumstances too … because not knowing that he lay dying, I found my way to the very place in a forest where we had taken our very first walk together, so many years ago … an ancient ruin … and I ended up there without having realized were I was!

(*Note/edit: In those days I'd been thinking about connecting with him all the time … but when I did google him, weeks later, I only found his* ***obituary****. On the day that I had ended up in that* ***forest*** *at the* ***ruins*** *of the ancient castle, he had still been alive. A few days later, he died. I remember walking through that forest and finding a whole lot of "****Belladonna****" **berries**, "Deadly Nightshade", and I thought of Sigi and how fascinated with drugs he had been … how they fucked up him and our relationship … and how tragic everything ended … for me. For him … maybe, but I can't put those private details into this book.)*



"Is there unconsciousness at first, when you go over?" she asked.

"It depends on circumstances and persons. Sometimes there is a period of unconsciousness. I was conscious from the first moment, and so happy to be here." When Cass interpreted this to mean that he greatly preferred

August 27, 2019 **– Bob's and My Last Job & A Queen**

What a day. ***Crackling*** as soon as I started to write about it (no crackling while I was working or doing other things at all!) …

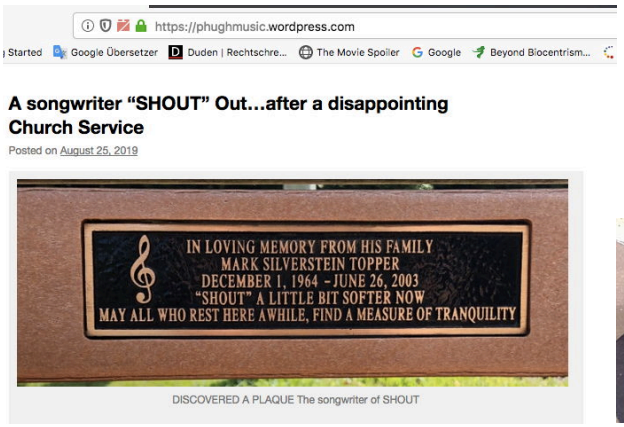
It's, from a number-point-of-view, a very special day, with the **numbers 2, 7 and 8** that have been so significant for me ever since my dog Kimba died on August 7, 2001, 18 years ago, and that brought me to Maui, where I met Bob.

And today … well … I shouldn't be surprised, but I am, not just surprised, even shocked, and I had a full-blow-tears-break-down just earlier. I had started to write down what I had thought was an unbelievable collection of signs on just one day … when I felt the urge to check out **Peter Rosen's blog** … and I did and was directed to another of his blogs (music), that I previously hadn't known about … So I ended up at an entry by *Peter from August 25 (the day of the crazy dream)* – he had found a **plaquette** *related to the lyrics of the song "***Shout**!" And that brought me to tears … and I told Bob out loud that I now really see that he is around and he does respond all the time.

"**Shout**" … I see Bob sitting in his **edit room** at his computer trying to compile shots from a Maui-Hula-festival to the song … *"Shout" (a little bit slower now … a little bit faster now).* It was the last of Bob's projects that I helped him with *editing*, for the MACC … just a year ago, actually, really about this time a year ago … We'd go through the edit many times, and I listened to the clips from the song "Shout!" to feature the different hula-positions … so "a little bit louder" now was the score to the more vivid hula-snippets etc. … (*note/edit: makes me want to cry even reading this …*)

I see Bob sitting there, next to me, I can feel him, so emaciated he was, so thin, in so much pain, his tumor covered by a towel, and he asked me to take a look at his selection of "Hula"-clips and how he should arrange them to fit with the lyrics of "Shout!"

And today … there it was, "Shout!", on Peter Rosen's blog.


https://phughmusic.wordpress.com
Started
Google Übersetzer
Duden | Rechtschre...
The Movie Spoiler
Google
Beyond Biocentrism...
A songwriter "SHOUT" Out…after a disappointing Church Service
Posted on August 25, 2019
IN LOVING MEMORY FROM HIS FAMILY
MARK SILVERSTEIN TOPPER
DECEMBER 1, 1964 - JUNE 26, 2003
"SHOUT" A LITTLE BIT SOFTER NOW
MAY ALL WHO REST HERE AWHILE, FIND A MEASURE OF TRANQUILITY
DISCOVERED A PLAQUE The songwriter of SHOUT

But from the beginning:

It started with me taking Jacqui around the block for his pee before we'd head to Danube Island in our new old car Tubs. I had firmly intended to get Jacqui to the dog-tooth-doctor today, but somehow suddenly I dropped the plan, although I had totally prepared for it, and I went to Danube Island. In fact, I go there only on certain days when I absolutely feel about it, and today I was pulled there.

So around the corner is a car parked with the license plate "**W AUDI 8**".

Of course it's the car (Audi by VW), but never ever ever was that car in the area before, and of course "Audi" I read as "***Audio***", because "audi" does mean "listen"! And the number 8 is just the vertical eternity symbol! So I was struck by that … Bob is listening, and I've been asking him literally "Are you listening? Are you here? You must prove that to me, you must keep communication with me, I need that … I depend on it!" And then "Audi 8" around my corner. When we're in the middle of "discussing" the topic "communication via sound".

So sweet, Bob. So troubling and exciting and numbing and stirring up and much more for my poor heart. I was happy, though. I felt it was a message.

(*Note/edit: I'm aware how all that must sound to you, like an insane woman, stricken by grief … and that I was … and I've been aware of this all along the way, still, evidence speaks for itself, and this whole book is a report about "synchronicity as the possible means of the discarnates to communicate with us, the mortal incarnates."*)

So then …

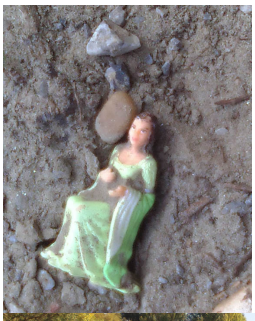
on the way to DI I met a car with the lp# **W 911 A**. Yes, 911, the tragic number, the last day I saw Bob alive, the day I left Maui in 2018 to never see Bob again.

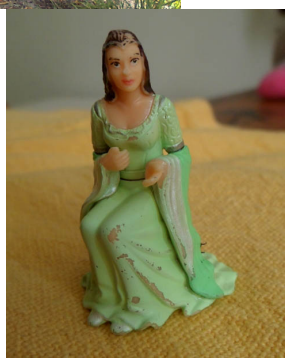
I asked Bob (CRACKLING WINDOW NEXT TO ME RIGHT NOW, WILDLY) if he was/is sad, too, and I think he is.

Then I wanted to take Jacqui to the "jungle" first (*note/edit: the area where I had found the "very sick puppy"),* but somehow again decided against my plan and just went down to the dog-zone. Lovely **dolphin-cloud** …

Jacqui took an absolutely unusual interest in the dogs there, walking back and forth *in the sand* between them all the time, greeting everyone, whilst usually he just sniffs here and there and walks through quickly. So I though "Well, today is his social day", and I stepped into the shade. Right then*, I looked to my feet* (there is sand, a kind of dune on the dog-beach on Danube shore, and "Toes in the Sand" is Bob's and my hymn, *note/edit: and it's the last greeting from him, too, as he had his sister take a picture of his toes in the sand on Ohukai beach, when she was out with him for the last time of his life, and had her send this picture to me*) … and something tiny green and shiny is just barely sticking out of the sand. I pick it up – it's a **queen**.

Yup. A **Queen-figurine**. In the sand of the dog-zone on Danube Island.





One of the Disney-princesses, probably, or queens, I saw it as "Queen" right away … and, well, I took it person. It flashed into my mind right away, some kind of "voice" (just more some kind of content) that "*You rule, Dani*", and that I'm that queen, lonely on my throne, powerful. *Powerful*? I had so many thoughts of what it means to find a queen …

Of course I had found another **queen** (of *spades*) just a few days ago, a card, just right to the **king** (of *hearts*). So I was joking to myself that I wouldn't be surprised to find a king, too … but then I told Bob that of course ***he'll always be my king***. And maybe the queen is supposed to somehow relate to all the powerful females "in the beyond" that are supporting me. I've been thinking of my grandmothers, or Raylene, of Dr. Thiering … and of other women. But just yesterday I found that *for the life of me I can't make the "Rigani"-symbol anymore* … the symbol with my hands that express "as above so below" and that came to me on the train in 2011 in a book about female power in ancient history and about Rigani, the Celtic mother-spirit and queen of all women … (*Note/edit: I went on to look it up, and then I could do it again*.)

Okay! I just saw someone else in the queen. That is "**Rigani**". It's actually a ***Celtic looking figurine-queen***, from the dress and the hair-style. Can be a "**Morgaine**" … (Avalon) and that, of course, that is Rigani's other name (according to Celtic lore, where "Rigani" is the all-embracing female spirit, the "***mother energy of all females***", so to speak.

Wow. This makes sense now. I didn't think of that just an hour ago … still can't figure out how to make the "Rigani"-symbol, I'll have to look it up! The figurine also gestures, somehow, pointing the fingers of her

right hand right at her breast-bone, and the left hand somewhat turned outward, between **questioning** and **receiving** … how interesting is that. ***It's what I've been doing in the past months.***

She has hip-long dark hair and silver-chains as head-gear-type-of-jewelry, a light green dress with long wide pointy sleeves with silver outline, and silver shoes, and she sits on a chair (without backrest) of brown wood-carving with a red cushion. It's plastic and about 3,5 cm high …

So I took Queenie with me … and I was thinking how that is supposed to be empowering and maybe answering my question if it's true that what happens below and what Bob does depends a bit on my imagination and the power in it. So I have power? That's what I asked him the last two days, relating to my dream of warning.

One more aspects: It's also the beginning of my spiritual sci-fi-epic "**Regents of Clouds**": Heroine "**Amarin**" talking with a "*Yoda*"-figurine (***double crackling!)***.

OH-KAY. There she is, in my hand. Dark serious eyes. Red lips. Pointed nose. ***Nose***! I even looked intensely at some women's very interesting noses recently! In movies, for examples. I swear! Now Queenie has the most delicate nose, of course. If I could be any woman I wanted to be – Queenie and her looks, expression and aura and all*, that would be me.*

I realize that it's a very great symbol of power and of loneliness, of heritage and of responsibility. One "professional" medium, by the way, I discovered yesterday (*upon googling, just for the heck of it*) looks just like "Queenie". Extremely beautiful. She lives in Carinthia. I admired her nose and her beauty last night.

So then … I walked, baffled about Queenie … talking to Bob again how I insist on our relationship and the direct talking … And on the way to the swimming spot, a very handsome darkhaired man came walking towards us, with his dog, and the man had a **big sun tattooed** on the right side of his upper chest!

We swam … The water was wonderful. I saw a **cloud** … like two people kissing … and I had the thought that … about the clouds … it may be really up to us, the mortal incarnates, to decide *what way* we want to communicate! So if I keep watching out for cloud-pattern, will that ***lead*** to "them" using cloud-pattern to communicate with me? Betty White wrote that any impulse and momentum must come from us … "impetus", that is.

The force that carries you along they called impetus. Impetus you originate within yourself. It is based on desire.

You get nowhere at all unless you desire. You do not move your little finger unless you have a definite wish to do so; you do not swallow, look, shift position, speak, understand, perform any activity whatever, physical or mental, unless you have first sent out from within yourself a self-originated impulse that starts the machinery. The force used, the mechanism employed may be altogether an outside thing. It is possible for a child's hand on a lever to accomplish mighty results. But the origin of it all is DESIRE for something, on the part of one man or many. That is the thing that is born within the human being, mysteriously, out of nothing.

Now according to this philosophy every desire, when it is a definite outgoing desire, produces an impetus. This is true whether or not that desire produces any apparent effect. Before it can result in action it may be inhibited, or it may encounter opposing forces that nullify it. But in the substance of thought-an idea we have examined-an impetus is produced-that proceeds on in its own direction and according to its own laws until its force is exhausted or until it is destroyed or deflected

On the way back to the car … through the dog-zone again … I found myself stopping and staring on a big rounded **green stone** (!) right on my path! Bob and I and green stones - we never made it to the Olivine rocks! This is a big big deal for me. And the stone wasn't there when I went the other direction a little more than an hour before!

And (this occurred to me only while I was writing this down, not on site!) last night, I had screenshot the part of a "medium's" website where she writes about "stones on the path" … and there it was. A **green stone** … very unusual. (*Note/edit: Remember Bob's and my Olivine-rock history?*) Why would a stone like that lie on a path, anyway? Someone put it there, of course. But why? They'd put it there driven by some kind of "unconscious" impulse … out of the water, and placed it right there, where I'd walk right afterwards.

I was so touched and baffled … that I was close to tears …

Each person has his own individual spiritual impetus which he makes from whatever genuine aspirations and desires he may possess. "The will" they told us, trying to define this out-reaching desire that results in impetus, "is separate from either the mind or the brain. It is the driving force of the being, that makes you decide for of against. It is what you build with. It is the conscious part of your soul. Will is a poor name for it, but we have no better. You measure growth against it as you measure a child backed against a door. It is like a number you are labeled with, what you amount to, your measure." By this inner and individual thing, that is yours personally and can be set in motion by no one else, you build your personal impetus. "You get yourself a certain individual power formula: it produces a certain result. That is impetus. Unless something happens to stop that impetus or deflect it, it will carry you along its appointed route until its force is spent."

Driving home … I suddenly realized that I had made a film in my early days with Bob, about him shooting of an indie-underground project (with Bud, one of those projects that cost Bob nerves and brought nothing else) with Bud being "Benjamin Franklin", and I'd made a short-film of that making-of and called it "***Voice from the Past*** – The Eternal Patriot". So it all comes together so weirdly.

I drove through town, in thoughts and stopped at a red light and turn my head– and I look right at a **King's face!** Geez! There it was! *The king to the queen!*

A few hundred meters further, the **car** with the lp# **911 HO** literally crossed my path (not a W though, I think a SL, but not sure) …

Yes, Bob, 911, our last time seeing each other in the flesh … and the "HO"? Maybe "housie over"? Or something with "out" … brought me to tears.

I drove further, in tears and reminisced on everything I had seen and about Queenie … when I came by a new advertising poster on a billboard, and it features an **infinity-sign** in the middle of a **piece of tree** (the year rings)! There it was! I had just a few minutes earlier realized (not on site, but just while driving home!) that the "8" in the "Audi" could actually be interpreted as *an eternity-infinity-symbol*, only vertical. And there it was!

Geez!

I was almost exhausted … crying and driving and dealing with all that.

(Not sure what that means, but a fat car with the lp# 699 DJ was parked in front of the door to the house where I still live in.)

So at home, I got something to eat, did some editing and suddenly … felt totally compelled ***to check Peter's blog*** … and that's were I suddenly sat facing **"Shout!"** And that finally undid me. (*Note/edit: I considered it Bob's masterpiece, in communication, so far*.)

Probably most people won't notice it, but here in New Jersey's Van Saun Park, is a Bench that bears this plaque commemorating a songwriter you probably never heard of – neither have I!

Perhaps some of you have seen the clip of the Isley brothers in their rendition of this hit song, "SHOUT"! A song that many of us in the 60s; the baby boomers, grew up with. Do you know this song? https://youtu.be/nEjLFpU2pJ4 .

Just yesterday ***I'd been flashing back*** to me being somewhere in our ***Pukalani house*** and Bob working in the edit room and *me hearing the music of the project he was working on …* that was my daily impression in our beloved housie at Haulani Street 222 in Pukalani … and I couldn't clearly hear any score … it was like a preparation of what I got to experience today, when "Shout!" exploded right into my face! Now I hear it. And – hey Bob, you are a genius! – it totally relates to our sound-audio-direct-communication-project and my constant nagging about it.

Bob told me "*Yes, Dani, I hear you, I'm on it, I'm aware, and I want us to work together*." He proved it.

Yes, and Peter is in his service, too. Peter was a bit of an ass towards Bob in his last year, so he might as well be "used". That said, they must have some odd "connection" for Peter to be so ready a "messenger" without knowing it …

I want to be with Bob the man in our house on Maui working on our film … I told him, though that yes, I accept having maybe a job to do here … but why did it have to be this way?

Why can't I be with Bob the man on Maui anymore? And can we be there, again, one day? Can we do the olivine rocks together?

I'm getting all hot and fevery at such thoughts …

And on the plaquette … note the "stone" in the name, Silverstein ("Silverstone")?

See … it's all in the service of "the Bridge". *Why else would I start reading Peter's blog …?* Except I'm a bit sorry for him, too. He is such an artist and so hard to get along with … he was nice to me a lot, and an asshole a lot, too. And he kept coming on to me a lot, and it was totally uncalled for.

I want to be that influencer and "queen" that I could be – with "Regents of Clouds". That way I'll have the greatest influence in teaching people about "the beyond" and "the bridge".

I've got my conditions. I can't do anything being a sad mourning fart in a dirty violent city environment with dumb people. I don't have friends that I deem even remotely able to grasp what I'm dealing with … except for "C", but she is so young and we don't know each other really, it's just about the subject. I like her a lot, but she isn't supposed to communicate with me, and I don't want to cause her troubles. If I had a lot of money and would work in the movie-biz, I'd totally hire her, if she'd want to be involved in "The Bridge".

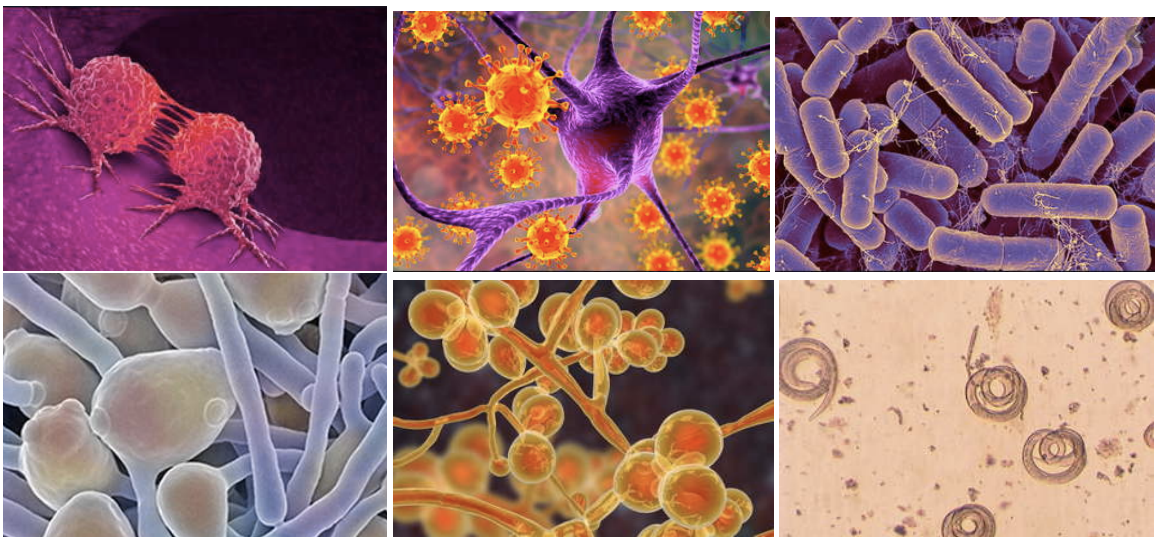
Bob is prepping things, that's what it feels like, to me, … he is really communicating … I told him that this is only fair because him not communicating has ruined our lives. Plus he didn't like me, in a way. Does he "see" me now, who I really am, also who I was, with him? Does he regret not having different care of his mind and body, during his mortal phase? Does he regret not getting to make the movies we were preparing with me and fucking up my life so badly?

I saw him turning from a strong handsome juicy man into a wreck of a material scare-crow … and it dawned on me on Danube Island today, that **cancer** has just that effect: Suck people's material components out from under their ass, so to speak, ruining the body so fast that they can turn into "discarnates" easily as the body has given up all his energetic substance … just: What are suffering and pain and loss and fear and dread in their essence used for in the beyond?

Why does a human being have to suffer like that? Why is the body dissolved that way by cancer? The cancer dies with the body and …

But wait … I just had an insight!

The **cancer-tumors** with their *ingenious ways* (reading up on what cancer-cells are able to do in terms of manipulation makes one really admire the suckers, they are more powerful than even bacteria!) they also die, but they also keep existing in the "beyond" in all their glory! So are they really – I don't dare to say it (just had a coughing spell!) - **creatures**? Even living in some kind of "symbiosis" with mortal humans, like all other death- and illness-causing "agent", like viruses and bacteria, worms and fungi and … hell knows what else?



And what role do these creatures have in the beyond, as entities? And in what ways are they and do they remain connected with us?

Bob's **tumor**, who we named "**Bobo**" and who we observed … (*note/edit: oh, I'm dying to show you pictures of it!*) got burned with Bob's body, or what became of it. *The tumor used Bob's body to thrive* … well, that thriving attitude was kind of inhibited by – me. And my will and incentives. *The tumor and therefore "cancer" as a "creature" won*, though … due to a whole network of energetic incidents and developments that had begun to prepare Bob's death years ago, maybe even before I even met him.

(*Note/edit: I spare you another rant about what Bob and I did to help him recover and how it worked and how the hospital stint killed him still.*)

Well … the "Shout"-thing really undid me … and I had to think of his family and sister again and the family and Bob's and my "friends" on Maui. Not one of them has ever contacted me and asked how I was doing … not Joyce either.

So, well, back to the **basics**, *to what matters:*

I've kept asking Bob to **prove** to me that he is around, and then I got all that I got just today and in the weeks before today … and yes, ***"Shout!"*** totally relates to our last mortal days together and to our sound-project, and it's a very poignant memory of our work together … he asked me for a advice to pick the right clips to fit with the "Shout"-sequences. The re-occurrence of "Shout!" and the fact that it evokes these memories, does say "Dani, you were precious to me", and I hope, I still am.

And I've been thinking over and over about how often and how long Bob must have been sitting there, in his edit room alone, working, struggling …

Earlier today, in the car I told him how sorry I am knowing how much he must have suffered … and that he didn't share. And that it has always been our problem, him excluding me for his life, from our life, even when we'd lived together … many times in those years he'd simply tell me something he had decided or arranged and that totally affected me … but it hadn't occurred to him to ask me or discuss it with me. It was very frustrating. A lot of times. And I regret and always will, that I didn't stand up against this. It would have caused a bit blow up, maybe the end of our time being together even many years ago … but we both would have gone entirely different paths, and maybe Bob would have never gotten sick like that …

How successful would we have been with "TC", had he not shut me out … why did he shut me out? That's something I'd like to know. There would be so much to say about this …

And now he is so good at communicating, a master. ***Crackling*** distinctly while I'm writing this, at certain spots on the window next to me.

I said that ***I insist on our direct audio communication*** … and then I get "***Shout***"! Also about the various levels or sound and audio and voice … louder, softer, stronger, longer, shorter … it's all in "Shout!", just because of the *circumstances* around it and what Bob and I were dealing with, in real life, when "Shout!" was the theme of the day: What "Hula"-clip where, how long, cut in what way to the music … Yes, it's perfect communication.

It's so multi-faceted, that message … even just a greeting and ***"Hi, Dani, we're on!"***

It is even kind of funny, which makes me cry even more. It's so Bob, so smart and talented and on top of things *… only he can come up with something like that.*

It's like a ***shock***, in a way … receiving this … I'm kind of bursting with wanting to share … but with who?

Crackling all through my crying.

(*Note/edit: As I'm editing this part, February 9, 2020, **I feel Bob so close**, and just now that typical **high-pitched sound** happened in my ears … it hadn't been there for a while, but I had just spoken to Bob, and I've got the feeling that he used my quiet focused working on editing this section to "**say something**" … and that was that very high pitched sound … it's gone now, it just had a duration for … say, five seconds, as if someone really had said a few words to me.)*

Can't believe that he didn't stay with me on this mortal plane. Just read about a horrible car-accident again … with an idiot uneducated driver without driver's license crashing into a car of a mom with her 14 years old son, the only one who survived. There are so many fatal accidents today, cause by dumb reckless people … and I totally refuse to deem all humans "equal". They aren't. Dumb, violent and reckless people are not equal to smart, good and caring ones! Fuck no!

The number?

Just remembered … yesterday evening, while researching the mediums in Austria … I was in a relaxed state, and suddenly I **saw *a small writing in front of my inner eyes*** … even though my eyes were *open*, it sort of simply *emerged*, small, kind of **red and black and silver**, like a **pendant**, really, just a centimeter long, and I noticed it right away, as it felt so different from imagining or recalling something. It came out of … well, like you cook something, and there is foam and cream, … and something floats to the surface and simply appears. It was "**18 FÖ**". Which is strange, means nothing to me. First I thought it was "18 Feb", but then I realized, I disciplined myself to not put something there that was not only because it could make more sense, so. It was "**18 FÖ**".

Will see what will come from that.

(*Note/edit: The only thing that comes to mind right now is that it's now 18 years that I've known Bob, me, the mortal incarnate that I still am*.)

I've been asking to be able to *do as mediums do*: "**receive**" in my mind (only because Bob told me it's too early for the analogue sound talking).

And I will contact all the mediums I researched last night for my project: I want a group of people to read all 11 books and "The Afterlife Experiments" and then discuss with Non-believers. (*Note/edit: That endeavor brought nothing, I haven't been able to get even one "expert" to read the "White"-books, all people are too busy … well, that's a learning in its own right, but it will come up later in this book*.)

I can't believe that I'm writing about Bob … who doesn't live in this world anymore. I'm so very lonely. Like the queen.

August 27, 2019 **– The Cheesecake Connection**

I got a disappointment today, but it points me in a certain direction.

I had asked Dr. A. to help me find the right people for my documentary film project. She didn't even mention anything except that it was a very "big" project or what she could do to announce it to people. She wrote that due to her health challenges (!) she needed all her resources for her work and can't "help me". Now, what does that have to do with her helping me get the information to people? I'm not asking her to participate!

I felt rejected and *appalled*, somehow. But then it did dawn on me that this is a message of sorts, too. Does it mean that I have to learn the things, at least to some extent, that DR. A. can do? Receiving messages, being open to messages. Or is it about the documentation work – is that the priority right now?

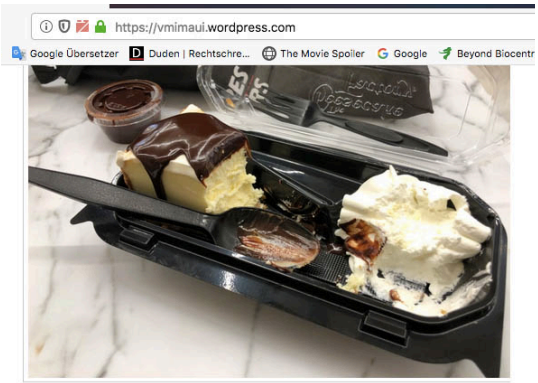
I also feel like there is some kind of *barrier* in my conscious mind … keeping me from mourning. But a part of me is totally mourning.

I met an acquaintance with a dog today, I know him from a dog park, I think his name is Milo or such, and he is from Montenegro, and his dog's name is Leon, a 14 years old Jack Russel Terrier … He told me tat Leon gets epileptic episodes when he misses him and gets overexcited when he comes back. Just now I have the thought that this was one of Bob's problems, too … not just on a spiritual level, but on a chemical-physical level that affected his brain, that he couldn't handle his emotions which are, after all, forces. "Emovere" – moving out from. It's in my book "We Creators" … Bob himself had said many times that his emotions where *the big challenge of his life* …

I hope they aren't in his discarnate life.

I said to Milo today that I'd love to be so very old, so that I could count on this mortal phase being over soon. Dreadful … our time together, our future … wiped out. Yesterday, though, when I felt stings in my heart, and normally I take Hawthorne, then, I knew that I won't do any dying to Jacqui. Of course not.

So … I went to read Peter Rosen's blog again (it's just about his everyday life, and he complains daily about being lonely). And there it was: A picture of a **cheesecake** he ate.



I decided to treat myself today to an $11 piece of Cheesecake (I'll save some for mom – to go with the yams I made to share with her for my dinner) since a check came in for almost $3K from a stock transaction that's taken years to mature.

And "**cheesecake**" is a theme for Bob and me. We loved to eat it together. Bought it at Costco. If found my old Costco-card the day before yesterday, when going through my stuff. I keep it as a keepsake. So when I was in Austria in September, sending Bob meds all the time, ***he told me proudly that he had been at Costco and bought chicken and cheesecake*** and lots of food … he was so proud for being so much better, and I was so so so happy. And the next day, he was at the hospital, because of what he'd always called a "brainfart".

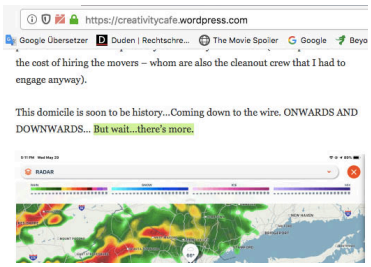
And later, when I had realized that there was a mix of imagination and reality in the hospital-situation, I doubted if he had really bought the cheesecake. But Joyce later found the receipt from Costco … broke my heart. Again. Yes, Bob had bought and probably eaten cheesecake. And then … likely confusion due to TIA, and he went to the hospital … antibiotics shock, heavy cough, spirit broken, death. I'll never get over this. Never.

And today … *Peter* doing the **cheesecake** of all things and *posting a picture of it* … I felt **nudged**, by **Bob**. But I wasn't sure. So I scrolled further, and there Peter wrote about one of his house-mates as "**Silent Anna**". Just a day after I had written about "**Silent Bob**" the line from that movie.

I found an apartment, in the small town of Griffen in Carinthia … I'll have to check it out, but the owners aren't in a hurry to rent it out, so I might be the one getting it … (*note/edit: It's about 70 kilometers from where my mother lives … but at least, I'll be out of Vienna, in the countryside and closer to my mother if she needs me, I thought when considering the apartment …*)

I'm doing a test now, I hope that's okay for you.

The street where I might move in Griffen, Carinthia, is called "***Rakounigstraße***", very similar and probably deriving from "***Raccoon*** Street", same pronunciation. So I wonder if Bob can give me some ***"raccoon"-message*** proving that he his here. (*Note/edit: Like the "rabbit"-challenge, … it felt kind of … I don't know, meaningful, to have the chance to move to "raccoon street".*)


https://creativitycafe.wordpress.com
the cost of hiring the movers – whom are also the cleanout crew that I had to engage anyway).
This domicile is soon to be history...Coming down to the wire. ONWARDS AND DOWNWARDS... But wait...there's more.
RADAR

I also ended up, following a link, in some other blog of Peter's, and it's really like Bob spoke to me: I'd always ramble about my ideas and stuff, and he'd get a kick out of it. Then he thought I was done, and he'd say "*Great, that's great, Dani*", and I'd always come after him and say (***crackling***!) something like *"Hey, and you know what else"* … and he'd smirk and say **"But wait, there's more!"** And that **line** I found on Peter's blog. I didn't even really read it in my own voice, it was immediately right in Bob's voice.

Just realized the address I'm likely to move to: Rakounig Straße 44, 9112 Griffen. (*Note/edit: Yes, the numbers are striking. "911", the day I left Bob, and from them on, we'd never be "2" again.*)

August 28, 2019

Horribly sad **dream** about **Bob** and **Hawaii***, woke up crying.*

I found myself in some foggy autumn-landscape longing to be in Hawaii and ***knowing*** (in my dream) that Bob was dead and my home on Maui gone. I went to see my **mother** and *tried*, under tears, *to explain to her, why I was so sad* …

Strangely, two other plot-threads intermingled …

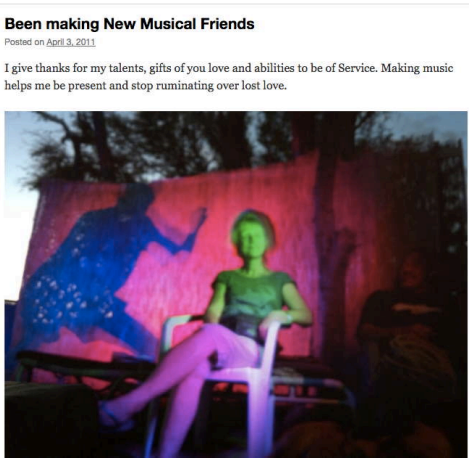
In one I drove a **tractor** into some kind of **shop** (strangely, in a place that reminds me of the site of a butcher's shop in Velden, Goritschnig, near a church) where a man and a woman were, but I don't remember what I had to do with them, I think it was something health-wise, and they wanted to take away the **big red tractor.** I went for some kind of examination or talk, and when I got out, the tractor was parked inside some middle thing between garage and home … and I was allowed to climb onto it and drive it away (it was like *"If you can manage, you're free".*

Then the scenario changed to me being again in **Velden**, near the Römerschlucht (a hiking path in a kind of gorge, with a creek and rocks), where a school comrade of mine, S. Sch., used to lived, an area that was always very spooky to me, but enticing, somehow … so I walked towards Velden there (… and I just remember a real life incident where I narrowly escaped being raped close to that place, when I was about 20 years old, and I and ran back home, for kilometers, but my parents were fighting and didn't even notice me, bloody and exhausted and hysterical …) and I was crying so hard …

At the same time I was talking to my mother, saying "Now it would be the time where I'd think of going to Hawaii" and **Hawaii**-scenarios showed up that I had experienced with Bob (tears coming up right now) … and I felt so desperate and sad …

But in the Römerschlucht, ***I suddenly heard some Hawaiian singing!*** And as I walked closer, there, in a bed of a creek or river (didn't see water) was a **Hawaii-festival** going on, that locals put on, with *real Hawaiians*, some of who, especially one woman, wore strange non-Hawaiian head-jewelry, like a tiara or *crown* … and they were marching and chanting in Hawaiian. In the dream, I did recognize the *chant* … but can't remember it.

I was even more devastated (last night, I'd closed my work looking at Peter's blog, and I went all the way to 2011, remembering that Peter and I knew each other then, and I found a picture of me, modeling for his "*spirit body photography*" … and the last thing I read was "**Aloha**" … it moved me right then).


Been making New Musical Friends
Posted on April 3, 2011
I give thanks for my talents, gifts of you love and abilities to be of Service. Making music helps me be present and stop ruminating over lost love.

So I started crying so hard … and I woke up crying.

The day (morning) felt horrible, like I really hadn't been honest to myself about how devastated I really am.

But in a way, I do know better, and that dream is of other significance, just can't figure it out right now.

Of course, there is also my subconscious working out stuff I'm going through …

My **mother**, for example, I fear what's possibly coming, with her being maybe demented … but I have to clarify it, of course. (*Note/edit: The thought scared the crap out of me.*)

Yesterday, it just occurred to me, I had a **dream** about riding a **motorcycle** (I used to own one, a *Suzuki 350 Chopper*) *on a very very dangerous road*, one of the scenarios where I'd almost slip down a **steep** steep **hill** or **slope** or mountain side … and it was about driving very very fast to escape … and I was taking ***a man with me***, he felt a bit like Bob, but not sure who it was.

Okay, right now, as I picked out the screenshot of me as Peter's spirit body model, this aspect gains significance, really**. Spirit body!** Hello! And how weird, that I'd find that picture! **A spirit body photograph** *that Peter Rosen had taken* **of me during my time with Bob.** I found. Today. On Peter's blog. Where I had been "randomly" browsing.

There.

August 28, 2019 **– Sponge-Bob?**

Just realized, that a phone-number I researched yesterday, SVA Wien, is "050 808 808" (for insurance cases)

Found a **yellow sponge** on my path … in my alley, just freshly fallen out of a window. "*Sponge-Bob*" greeting?

I'm just very very sad today. Very.

Also I realized that my own Aumakua or Higher Self may be speaking to me in my dreams, warning me and / or confronting me with some truths, as of my emotional condition. It's not good. I'm trying to work it, but I'm really, kind of, devastated. I feel that. I feel so lost, so betrayed, so abandoned.

August 28, 2019 **– Bobo, Boki and Hawaii Again**

Went to dog's dentist to have Jacqui's teeth checked, where there had always been three problem teeth (he might have to extract them, need blood work for J, sheesh) …

and on the way back: Company van with "**Bobo and partners**".

Bobo. That's the name of Bob's tumor. Plus a significant **808-license-plate-number** …

… and "**Boki**", that's a very important character in my Hawaii-documentary, a *Hawaiian chief* and one of the first Christians in the islands.

Then I came across a doorway with a **sunflower-inlay**, a few doors away from the doctor … Jacqui liked the doctor, that's important.

August 29, 2019

Horrible horrible dream, **crying** and ***crying more in the dream***, as I was mourning Bob! I was in some kind of … situation, with my **grandmother** Maria being there, and I tried to explain to her why I was so devastated that Bob was no more …

Since yesterday, I've been in some kind of "space" that made me feel *like just yesterday, someone had **told** me that Bob was no more* … I totally expect to be with him on Maui any moment again, then reality hits … My Bob can't be dead.

Maybe that's an effect of dealing with the "spirit Bob" so much? My very mind and emotional hub is confused right now. Very.

At the same time I flashed back so intensely, yes, ***in the dream (!)*** I was aware that Bob was dead and that I had lost everything, and I remembered *in my dream* how he had always received those typical **US-mail envelops** of cardboard and how he'd open them in the office … I flashed back so *intensely* as I wouldn't do in real life, when I was thinking of him. In real life I'm actually keeping myself from reminiscing too much, it hurts too much …

But that dream … there was also an aspect of me ***floating***, somehow, there was **water**, and my **grandmother**, and – now I see it! I was on some kind of **workshop** or retreat ground, facing some lake or ocean **shore**, with brown and **sandy** ground, and I was supposed to do something, and somehow I was in the Maui-house and Bob was no longer there. But I was supposed to *accomplish* some kind of task, with my *maternal grandmother*, strangely, and I was constantly ***hindered*** by those violent boots of mourning, when I cried so hard (in the dream!) … and I had something with me, maybe one of those weird envelops … and I knew that I was somehow so connected to Bob but didn't know how to fulfill my longing …

I so much wanted to turn back time …

And there was some other **woman** I didn't know … a **teacher** of sorts, and I also found myself kind of ***curled up in some hiding or resting place***, like in a tree …

So, just earlier when I had opened an email from a lady from "Divine spirit" (a center for mediumship in Vienna, where I'm intending to do a workshop) and pondered upon taking the introductory class … the two windows ***crackled*** one after the other. I addressed it and said, after the first crackling, "Yes, you think I should attend?" And the second one, next to me, crackled. Nothing had crackled the entire day yet!

So, okay, I'll do the introduction course … it's very close to where I live … Maybe something cool I'll experience there. It will be the first of that kind.

The **dream** is like "stuck" in me, so sore, so sad … there was something about a **thing** I *had or was supposed to get*, related to my time with Bob …

Last night, after working … I wanted to go to bed, but I opened the internet-archive and searched for "life after death"-books … and I found an amazing book about Near-Death-experiences … and what the people described, wow … very much like what Betty described.

August 29, 2019

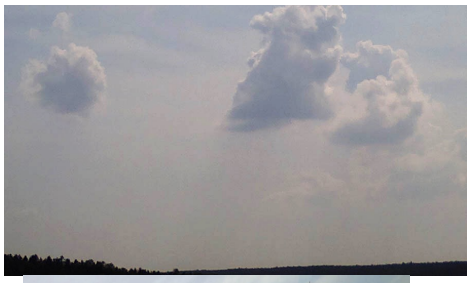
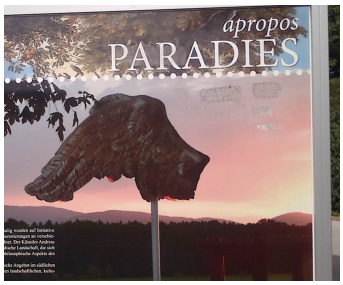
The pain is with me, today, always.

I just had the crazy thought that in a very advanced stage of evolution, the Disca could, perhaps, recreate their physical-material identity out of the essence of it all, by will … if it was possible to "reach" the obstructed realm after "death".

Oh yeah. What a thought. But … why not? Let's start with the analogue audio, shall we?

August 31, 2019 **– Angel Wings & Paradise**

On the way to Velden … it's some **artist** installation at a highway resting station. How suiting. It has been there for a long time, I knew it decades ago. I took Jacqui for a walk in that area, and we saw amazing clouds … it was scorching hot … but a joy, driving my new car.

Sometimes I feel like everything around me speaks to me. Sure looks like it does, doesn't it … exciting me enough to take a picture while driving!

Later … on the highway I looked over to the Wörthersee lake – and in the background, there was a ***volcano***, spitting smoke! It really looked like a big smoke plume was rising from the mountain top! I couldn't stop, as I was driving on the highway when I saw it. I stopped a little later, but it wasn't as impressive anymore … but still … Somehow it felt like a … I don't know, sign, or greeting?

September 1, 2019 **– Meeting My Mother**

Saw my **mother** again after more than two years … a deja vu. Like Bob. Totally malnourished, emaciated … shock. Her mind … struggling. Forgets things instantly … but can remember stuff from way back. Repeats the same things over and over … when I saw her, standing there, I thought I'd collapse. She is just a tiny little emaciated old woman … pale and with chafed skin, so thin, so thin … I can't really describe how it was … only that I had to fight back tears all the time … and inside of me, some kind of quiet emptiness spread.

We sat down in her apartment, that looks exactly like two years ago and like seven years ago, and fifteen years ago … exactly the same. She bites nails. She is only bones and skin. She is alone, all the time. But still in February she had told me via letter that she was fine and wanted me to leave her alone forever. She is not fine. She is demented and entirely malnourished.

The little pieces of my heart are broken more now. This is my mother. She is like a shadow of herself, frail and feeble … she is without hatred now. Even looks kindly at me. With soft eyes I have never seen on her … Her eyes, yes, they look different. Withdrawn is her glance somehow, in a way "kind", but when she speaks, it becomes entirely clear that she simply is "off" somewhere with her thoughts …

She swears she is fine. But she isn't. I don't know what to do. I don't remember what I said when I left … but I had told her I'd move to Carinthia … and I knew I had to move like … the next day. If possible.

(*Note/edit: In the coming months I would discuss the matter with a dementia expert and with a psychologist, and I was advised to have her institutionalized, but the only way that could have been done would have been via police and ambulance … but I couldn't do that to her. She told me that she was fine and so happy about being independent … and her dementia wasn't so bad, when I saw her first, that she'd be oblivious … she'd only slip in and out of momentary awareness … but that may also have been nervousness … she asked me to leave her be, and I said I'd do that … but right away, at my next visits, I brought her nutrition and vitamins and special elixirs for the mind and the brain … and right away, she got better. Now, that I'm writing this, February 9, 2020, she is so much better, has gained weight, her mind is so much better, although she clearly is slightly demented, but we "caught" this degeneration before it could totally disable her … and I don't know how it will go on, but for now, she is sort of fine. Given the circumstances.*)

I don't know what is in store for us … I must stay close. Must move to Kärnten. Will go check out that apartment at Griffen, about 70 kilometers from her. (*Note/edit: I was staying with my friend S., just a few kilometers away from my mother … and I was in shock for a while, after seeing my mother.*)

It's all so very sad. I don't even know how I feel. I can do nothing but trust, in a way, that everything will be alright. That my mother will hold out some longer, so that I can bring her … I don't know, help of some kind.

A car with this license plate number … parked *close to my mother's place*. Bob's license plate number, "910", the last day we spent together, and my initials. It gave me hope.

I was sitting in Silvia's garden, thinking that my mother is alone just a few kilometers West … so sad … when this **penis** cloud showed up. And then … a "**dolphin"** floated by.

… when it started sprinkling … a car drove by with "**ua**" on the license plate for … "the blessing from heaven" … and then a huge huge **rainbow** showed up.

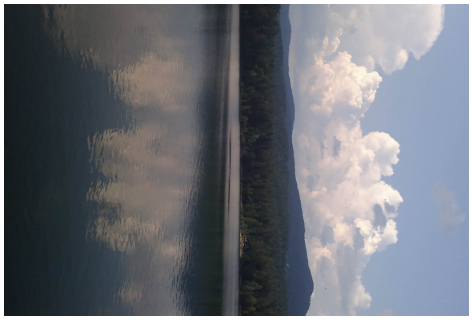
A rainbow. I felt greeted.

I did. I've been thinking how far my Hawaii-persona is … I really don't even remember myself … even the Vienna-myself. It all feels so … numbing, overwhelming.

Close to where Silvia lives and where I stayed overnight, I found a big **Kane**-stone! Yes, an erect stone, typical like the Kane-stones in Hawaii!

I didn't dare to photograph it too directly, because the people were closeby, but I did it secretly. Also, S.'s neighbor across the street has the weirdest little **angel-bird-figure**!

Spent time in the forest at **Forest lake ("Forstsee")**, a reservoir lake for the electricity plant closeby) with Jacqui … it was good for the both of us. And we swam.



September 2, 2019 **– Bob's Colors at My New Home**
I don't even want to think of the time a year ago … with Bob …

Visited **mother again** … so sad, so very very sad to see her like that. I wasn't necessary. Like Bob, she kind of oversaw how she lost weight. And the malnutrition affected her brain already, I can tell. I'll bring her nutrition, tomorrow, then I'll return to Vienna … and then I'll move to Carinthia.

(Raccoon street.)

I went to see the apartment at **Griffen**, on "raccoon street 44". So very nice. Will rent it.

On the way to the viewing appointment, after parking the car a little away from the address, I walked by a beautiful **mandala** in a window – in **Bob's colors tile and purple** … and one of the last things he had shown me were sand-mandalas …

I also found a tiny "**wedding bunch**" in Vienna, I can't remember when, though, but I put it here, so not to forget it. It somehow seems to fit. It meant much to me, at that point …

<u>September 3, 2019</u>

Got read to leave Velden for Vienna … I went by my **mother's** again, and I was devastated realizing how bad she is, so emaciated, so confused … I brought her way too much stuff upsetting instead of inspiring her … and it was so clear to me that she won't likely ever be herself again, the way I knew her. I lost her on the way, while I stayed away from her as she had demanded. The worst part is, that she doesn't realize the condition she is in. She'd starve herself to death if I don't intervene. And her mind is already suffering and will suffer more. I know she is close to shutting me out again, but fact is, I can't allow that.

So I brought her the **nutrition** bottles (*note/edit: Resource, Fortimel*) I had ordered at the pharmacy … *and I could see how she was debating with herself, unwilling and unable to even fully grasp what I want her to do.* She did try some of what I brought her yesterday, some mind-medicine, too, which gives me hope. She had forgotten that I was going to stop by and was just out of the bath, but she wanted me to come in, anyway, and I saw her half-naked body. And I saw Bob … unbelievable, that I have to go through this now … I'm like numbed when I look at my mother. It's not necessary for her to be in that shape …

… and I've thought about it a lot in the past two days, it's like she chose to cut herself off from life, when she was totally in her right mind and strong and allowed herself to sink into her misery until it took over and she stopped eating … she is taking care of herself, though, is clean, the apartment is impeccably clean and neat … but she is only 75! Maybe she has had some kind of TIA, too … that suddenly she declined. I know that if there isn't an intervention now, I'm going to lose her to dementia and everything else.

It feels like … *just like Bob she chose to get rid of her body*, somehow … it's barely there anymore. And the malnutrition of course harms the mind. It's so horribly tragic … really, I'm not sure what to actually think about it.

(*Note/edit: I could only trust that she'd accept the nutrition I brought her*.)

Later I returned to bring her the remainder of the ordered nutrition bottles …

I also wondered how other people see her, being so frail and so nervous, and fumbling at her mouth and nose the whole time … she has nervous tics, and she keeps repeating the same sentences over and over … and then she is *driving* a car. I don't know how to … I don't know, deal with it. How can she drive and go shopping, when she can barely talk with me? How can she drive when she is so frail? She does walk normally, though, I thought. I watched her, as she accompanied me to my car, on the parking lot, she seemed to walk normally …

(*Note/edit: Later I was told by a dementia expert that it's common for people to be good and reliable doing things that go on autopilot like driving. And I can't stop her, it would require me to call the police on her, but if there is no reason, they wouldn't do anything. And I can't have her admitted to a hospital, because she doesn't think there is something wrong with her, and she is conscious and aware, mostly, and if I'd do anything against her will, that would be the end of her trust in me.*)

Sometimes I'm wondering how my own heart and mind can stand all of this. I do feel a little bit confused sometimes and forget things … but they come back quickly. And my heart hurts, sometimes, then I take Hawthorne. Thinking of Maui could kill me, that's for sure.

September 4, 2019 **– Angel Wings on my Path**

A lot of crying on my way to Vienna, I asked Bob to take on the "***raccoon-challenge***" (*crackling*!), to prove to me that he is around and approving, even if that should be annoying to him and to "them", but after my experiences with my mother, I'm so through the wind, and even though the subject life after life is even more important right now, I feel very weak and sore inside and confused … and when I think of Maui it's like I'm going to be torn apart inside.

And the **clouds** again … like **angel wings**, dissolving …

This morning, I took Jacqui for a walk and *spontaneously I took a turn*, which hadn't been my intention, to cross the street.

Right there – a pair of **silver angel wings** (!) with *small gem-stones* on one side waited for me on the **pavement**, a pendant that someone had lost!

Angel wings! On my path! Have they shown up on your path …? No? See.

Oh … I wish and hope … But I don't even know what to say or think about the angel wings … just look at the clouds … the angel wings were "announced" to me.

September 5, 2019 **– The Voice Said "Back"**

Very dramatic **dream**, with me going after a man with who there was some kind of very dangerous scary situation before, something even with me being pursued by criminals, and the man was somebody like **Eric** … but later he turned into a mix of **Bob** and **Sigi**.

And I think I threw E-B-S out for his misbehavior … there were several dream plots intermingling … and later I had to get on top of a **very high building**, like a mountain, and there were *no security walls* or a railing on top, and the same time it felt like being on a mountain or a tower, yes, a tower … and there I met E-B-S again, and he had ***changed***. His hair was very long on the left side, and we **hugged** and schmoozed and kissed, and then I discovered that his hair was actually *shaved* short on the left side, and I told him that his hair was so soft and reminded me of Sigi … or similar.

I was sad because I knew that the man E-B-S wasn't for me to be with, though, and *that we'd part.*

Oh! Now I remember something! In the night, after going to bed!

The voice!

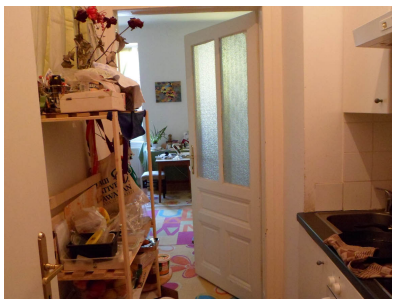
I was about to doze off, lying in bed, patting my dog, when suddenly **Bob's voice sounded in my head**, and it said one word: "**Back**".

I remember distinctly, "***Back***". and it was ***Bob's voice***, but it was as if he was talking with a serious face and a little muffled, like he did, at times.

(*Note/edit: Immediately I flashed back to the evening when I left him to never see him again, and he'd look at me from his bed, as I was about to leave the room, and he asked "**But you'll be back, right?**" And I said that of course I would … And Bob himself had often said "I'll be back!" playing on Schwarzenegger's famous line …*)

Just yesterday I had intensely asked Bob to keep communicating and that I ***need*** to hear him, fine with me, if it was only in my head, but ***his voice***, I need his voice, *not me imagining his …* that's what I emphasized.

And that word "back" *floated* in my mind, with some kind of recollection of **Bob's profile**, as he was saying it!



And before that …

… as I was working on editing texts (my online day job, for a content agency), earlier, ***I suddenly felt urged to close my eyes, and there was Bob***. He was bigger and fuller and so healthy looking, with big sideburns and long hair and bright eyes, with his blue cotton jeans-shirt that he loved so much. And ***he hovered in front of me, smiling***, and I *thought* to him, not said, thought that he looked so good, and if that's what he is like now, the way he wants to be, in the beyond, *then it's more than fine with me, and I'm happy for him*. It was strange, the way **he looked at me directly, smiling, his face fresh**. Not talking, just like presenting himself, standing tall and calm, a little bit as if he couldn't really move or wouldn't, because the situation, of him appearing, was precarious and could be terminated any moment.

(*Note/edit: Of course, I was aware and I am now that it was some kind of "**impression**", and that I was sitting there with my eyes closed and not moving, simply stricken by that sudden impression … but I've never ever experienced something like that.)*

He knows that I'm not very patient, and I'm not trained, able or willing to maintain a "meditative state" for long time, but I was in *different **space*** because of the very strenuous editing work!

So I saw Bob and I heard him! It's always written – like Betty, for example – and it's the most important aspect of mediumistic work – that the mind must be, in a way, "unconscious" of itself, meaning, entirely f*ocused* on something in the here and now, not pondering, just doing or observing or experiencing … and *that's when the subconscious has a chance to come up and deal with "subtle" message*s, input … just anything energetic from the beyond and the energetic realms of the mortal world.

So I was entirely "in the here and now", and I didn't put any conscious thoughts in the way of "discarnates" approaching me. Getting to me. ***Bob got to me***. And now I need the proof that it was "him" through me, but still directly him. I'm very curious of what's gonna come to proof that to me.

The "raccoon-challenge" is on, too.

Last night, though, I found a **baby girl's shoe** on the pavement, in the dark. A **girl-unicorn** and the writing ***"Be happy"!*** I used to find single shoes all the time, and Bob used to be so amused about it, because he never finds shoes.

In the last days, I did find several single shoes, now that I think about it.

And: Last year I had found something like a "**raccoon**", just realizing ... But that was way before I even knew Bob was sick …

So the journey continues.

<u>September 5, 2019</u>

"Back", he said, "**back**". It keeps going round and round in my mind. Does he want to come back? Can he come back? Is he back? Does he wish to turn back time? Am I supposed to go back to something, to … I don't know what?

I just asked Bob to give me a "*spirit-kiss*", closed my eyes, puckered up, filled with sudden emotional surge, joy, that I had heard his voice! And then I took the coffee cup and took a sip, thinking that it was the temperature Bob would have liked, not too hot. And it immediately ***crackled*** next to me.

And I saw him. (*Note/edit: In my mind, maybe imagination, but it didn't happen randomly or all the time, but only in distinct moments, and it felt "different" everytime … but I feel it's futile trying to explain. I was considering to* ***learn*** *how to be a* ***medium*** *for my own use.)*

September 5, 2019

Walking along Wien river, I was finally able to grasp the majority of the events that I had indeed heard Bob, *the real Bob in my head*! And it was not a memory, nothing I recalled, it appeared "by itself", and it became a memory, that word "**Back**", and Bob saying it. If it had been wishful thinking, why the word "back" … Why not "aloha" or "love" or my name? Just that one word. Very clear. Distinct. Nothing else. No "voices", no "whispering" …

It was *him speaking*, not me recalling him speaking. The tone, the mood, the vision that came with it, ***Bob being in some kind of "frame", like in a window, from his left side, slightly turned towards me, blurry, as though seen through some brown-gray foggy … air … that was Bob talking to me and appearing to me.*** And my subconscious made the most of it.

Just like his "apparition" … I realized that he gave me the *optimal image* of himself. It had been a question, and I had asked it just yesterday, what kind of "Bob" I should relate to when I'd send him energetic "projections" or "radiation". I tried out several *recollections* I have of him, but they seemed to slip through my mind. I couldn't really recall any image properly … I think it was because it would make me so sad. So he … showed up.

As then, when I was in that special space … entirely not trying to feel or imagine or pick up something, being entirely in the here and now … then ***my consciousness was able to "perceive" Bob.*** And then, I was just before falling asleep, kind of exhausted – after editing so much for hours, that I was again in some kind of "unconscious" trance and not in my usual state of mind, and Bob would use that kind of frequency and appear to me. (*Note/edit: That's what I took out of the events, at least.*) That way he gave me **a new memory of him.** Because this wasn't an image of him I had made up in my mind, I hadn't thought of him at all, … and I do not have a memory of Bob like that.

He showed up in my mind just exactly *the way I'd love to see him most*, so well-off, well-nourished, smiling, with his full head of hair, his huge sideburns, and I loved his sideburns so much, and tall and broad and strong … in his jeans-shirt … Yes, a new memory for me. **Bob, yesterday.**

I hope that is what he intended … or at least that it's okay that I take it that way. It sure feels absolutely right. Mahalo … and I'm very inspired and hopeful.

"**Back**"? Did it mean, he appeared and spoke once and will do it again? Or will we be back together, one day? Or am I supposed to "go back" somewhere"? Again: It felt different than any memory or recollection.

I believe that by sharing physical experiences as mortals with the Disca, we supply them with additional energetic substance!

September 5, 2019

It's very interesting … I just tried *sharing* my food – banana milk and ginger bread – using the new "image" I have of Bob from his appearance yesterday, and I found out I don't have to "share", I can *actually slip into being him* according to that image right away, and I can drink and eat "instead of him", like "***as him***". I can feel being him entirely closely, and the projecting goes totally easily. It's like I can split "him as me" and "me projecting on him", and it feels like a very successful emanation of energy that I want to direct to him … and that it reaches him.

(*Note/edit: It was an exciting thing to do, but somehow, I soon got … **distracted** from continuing this; And this has been the case with most of the exciting practical things I've been discovering, it's like I'm forced to keep documenting and writing instead of actively doing stuff … and that, of course, reminds me of **Stewart** White, who seems to have been just like that, too. Especially after Betty died.)*

It feels easy and smooth and natural to be connected like that. I can even close my eyes and imagine being him writing, with the big sideburns, the wavy hair, the broad shoulders and the blue jeans shirt, sitting like he always did, in his edit room … his face so tense … so focused … I can connect with him better, somehow, like a door opened. That's, at least, my impression right now.

As a mortal, I miss you like crazy. That's a song, too.

I don't dare calling my mother today, as I had severe palpitations earlier, thinking of her.

And the angel wings that I found … not sure what they mean.

I'm so curious about the **raccoon challenge** … I mean, a ***raccoon*** in Vienna, in whatever form, that would be something. Actually, kind of impossible to see any kind of raccoon hereabouts, it's not an animal that's popular around here, actually, not even known that well. (*Note/edit: Yeah, that was at a time when I didn't realize that there are always ways to connect. That's why humans have developed **civilization**, right? In order to connect … and not only among mortals, incarnates, if you know what I mean.*)

September 5, 2019 **– The Last Queen of the World**

I was just working on cleaning up the pictures I shot of the evidence, messages, finds … and I looked at the green "Queen" I had found in the sand on Danube Island … and suddenly it dawned on me, that it was "**Alexis**" or "**Namaka**", **the major character from "Regents of Clouds".** Now – one of my main topics of talking to Bob while walking on Danube Island is always that I see it as my life's purpose to bring "Regents of Clouds" about, and that I must find the right path towards that and want Bob to help me make the right connections.

"**Namaka Alexis**" (the sister of the original Alexis) is the last "regent" of the world, but in a way the most powerful of them all.

Keeping an eye on the bridge (that she is aiming at), Nora moves casually, ignoring people, eager on her way.

INT. ROYAL HOME / NAMAKA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Queen Namaka is visited by Hillmoon in her room.

Lost in thoughts, Queen Namaka enters her room, takes off her scarf and sits down on her bed. Her glance wanders to a photograph of herself, Chanda and Cosima that's in a frame on the table.

She notices the shadow of a man as a reflection on the photograph - and she winces, surprised.

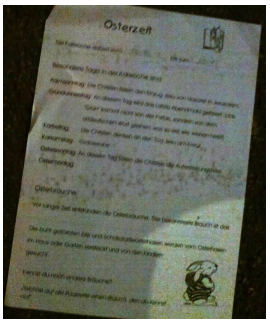
So that answer wasn't entirely the answer I thought … yes, I'm "ruling", and yes I found the cards with the king and the queen, and I saw the king's image right after I had found "Queenie" … but it may all relate to "Regents of Clouds", the story about "kings and queens" that was so dear to Bob's heart, too. And that's my reason to live. Apart from living creatures.

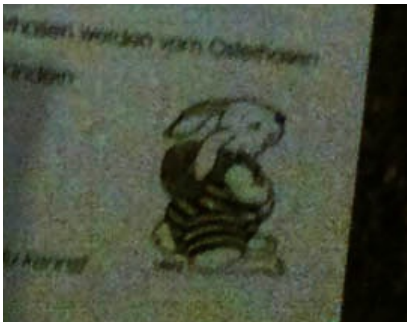
So, there. I'm not able to deduct meaning immediately, necessarily, from the things that come into my path.

September 5, 2019 **– Another Rabbit, in a Raccoon-T-Shirt!**

On my way to the internet cafe … a stunning message.

Someone had lost loose **sheets of paper**, and I read, in walking by, it was likely something for school classes or courses and had to do with history and culture. And I saw a **bunny** printed in the corner of one of the sheets, wearing a **striped shirt**.





I walked on a few steps, then it hit me!

A bunny with a striped shirt. The rabbit challenge is still on! *And*: A **raccoon** has a striped tail, so is that a mix of both challenges?

Also … brings to mind the **striped cat** I found in August …

On the way back to Vienna, while driving on the highway, I noticed several **striped cloud formations**, I mean, that the clouds and the sky in between the bands of clouds formed stripes, and the general form was lengthy, ***so it looked like striped tails***! *And that after I had been talking about the raccoon challenge to Bob! (Note/edit: I didn't get to take pics in time, as I had to drive to a parking lot, first.)*

And today I found a rabbit with a striped shirt!

Of course I took a photograph … and it was, in a way, so startling and stunning, that I had to tell Bob that I understand now the meaning of *stun-gun*, and I had to ask him, how he does it that fast? But then … ***time*** isn't what we think it is.

I think, the striped rabbit in front of my feet right on my path is a very very clear message.

He is telling me "I'm working on it", "I'm always on it" … right?

(Yes, the blue shark is also a find, from several years ago, Bob knew the guy personally …)

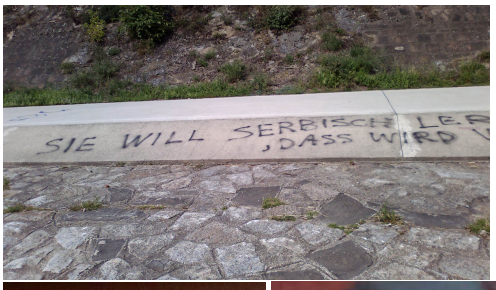
I feel so sad about my mother. Really don't know what to think. Or do. Seeing her standing there, so feeble, old and alone … broke the small pieces my heart consists of now into even smaller ones. (*Note/edit: What I actually did, was tell Bob and his folks to help me help my mother, because I need her to be alive if my own life is meant to go on. I can't handle another loss. I want my mother to not have irreversible dementia and I need her to recover by taking very simple mind-helping elixirs and high-calorie nutrition, because she is so malnourished that that alone could help her regain some of her mental capacities …*)

Met G. today, with her dog Gizmo, and she told me of her mother, who was an alcoholic, also lived alone and refused to get help, until she broke down one day and couldn't refuse the help anymore. The other option is, in Austria, to involve the police if someone is a danger for themselves or others, and then they'll be admitted to a hospital for mental evaluation … but usually that's the ultimate breakup, then. I don't want my mother in a hospital or facility. I want to help her to be and remain independent. I must talk to her on the phone tomorrow. I tried to call her today, but I was too scared of a bad response or no response. I'm a coward.

The **rabbit in stripes** kind of … I don't know, made me feel less alone.

<u>September 6, 2019</u> **– A Hint About Communication & Disca**

I had just decided to do workshops on mediality … when I came across a new writing along Wien river, which struck me as poignant, because as I'm about to *try to learn to "speak" the "language" of the Disca*, that writing talks *about someone learning* "**Serbian**": (**crackling**!) *"Sie will Serbisch lernen, das wird was Ernstes."* It means "She wants to learn the Serbian language, that's going to be something serious." It means that *the relationship* is meant to be "serious". ***Because "she" is about to learn "his" language!*** Signed: "**SM**". That was always Bob's signature: **StoneMan**.



Remember the **one single babygirl's shoe** that I found on the street, the other night.

It's a little white "**unicorn**", with a pink and white horn and a brown mane!

*(**<u>Note</u>**: I'm editing this for font and image size now, March 5, 2022, and just today I came across an image I had just taken from the West window of my new home, and I didn't know what to do with it. Now I know … as it's a **<u>unicorn</u>** In a window!)*

Yesterday I went for some *carpet shopping* at Möbelix, and I wanted to by a **bag** like the one on display. The cashier reached under the counter, though, and pulled out an entirely different pink bag with black print on it, and it features: a **unicorn**! With the writing "**Born to Be A Unicorn**".

Well. A unicorn, huh. That's something beloved and powerful and mysterious. So not like me. But **two unicorns** in a few days. I felt kind of weird with that huge bag and the writing, but funny, too. And then, of course … me, dealing with "**discarnates**" all the time, I, of all people, find "**disc**" with an **upward arrow** written on a fence! Not on a wall, on a fence! A barrier! A wire fence! **"disc … upwards"!** How often have you seen something like this?

September 6, 2019

On the way to my washing-job today, a woman sat down opposite me in the underground, with **a big sun** with a face as a **necklace pendant** over a **white-black-striped T-shirt** … I had to think of ***raccoon*** right away … and the sun, very rare piece. I was alert!

Later, on the way home, in the underground passage **a lady-tourists-group** walked towards me – and one had a big (!) **furry animal face** on her **T-shirt** over her bosom, in the front! It did look like a *raccoon*, but I'm not sure, might have been something else … but very similar. *Just that I haven't ever seen a big furry animal face like that on anyone before,* on a t-shirt, except for wolves. But that was some raccoony-kind-of animal! I was stunned. I stopped and turned back to the ladies, but they took off so fast that I had no chance to ask them to let me look at the animal!

Then I walk out side, and a child with a huge **bunny** (!) walks towards me, and just a few minutes later, another child had a big blue **bunny** in her cart.

And sometimes you don't see any bunnies like … ever!

Okay, the game is on.

But I did ***not*** have the guts to call my feeble mom today to ask how she is doing and whether or not she is taking the nutrition and all … I was too scared of what I'd hear.

September 6, 2019 **– Real Life Message By A Friend**

"Ha!"-experience, big time!

I was washing my hair and thinking about a dog-owner, W., I had met in the park just a few hours earlier. He had adopted his female dog Violetta about the time I had adopted Jacqui, … a lovely guy, and he told me about a friend who had developed a remedy against allergies (that W. and his partner had used successfully when they had developed an allergy against dog's hairs) and who had died suddenly, at the age of 60. *And W. said "It looks like that he had to fulfill his task in life and then go*." Yes, that reminded me of Bob … and how interesting, that after all those years I met W. today.

So only just now, washing my hair, as my thoughts wandered to W., I suddenly realized, that his last name is "Himmel". Which means "sky" or – heaven! And it dawned on me, that the **message** was for me: One is on Earth to fulfill a certain task. W. had said it out loud.

That was not a coincidence! His name is "heaven/sky". And I hadn't seen him in years! But today he showed up, with me being in the middle of figuring out communication with Bob.

How about that!

Do "**they**" "**use**" people and "make" them say things? Of course they do.

I've discovered some kind of calm in regards to my mother. I have the feeling that I can't influence much anyway and that I can only do what comes directly from my "gut": If she is meant to die, soon, she will. If my showing up and interfering in her decline is meant to save her body for a while, I'll do all the right things to help that.

I guess … I'll see.

Just remember: I found **angel-wings**, just two days ago. A greeting from heaven, no less. And today W. Himmel. And the message about his friend, who had to fulfill a task. And who is dead now. Got it. Did.

I can't remember two very very strong **dreams** …

Today, at the women's center, washing my stuff, I met a certain *young woma*n I had always liked. It touched me when she immediately told me about the swimsuit I had given her and how often she had worn it. And then she pulled down her pants and showed me that she was wearing the pants of a bikini, I had also given her. And that bikini – had been **my mother's bikini.**

Just now, I find that a little odd … especially since I hadn't been able to call my mother today. I had intended to do that at the women's center. But when I pulled out my phone I saw that the battery was so low, that there was a danger that the phone would give out in the middle of talking with my mother. *And that seemed worse than not calling her*. I keep telling myself that I must be so cautious how I treat her.

At the same time I can't wait to see her again … and I'm so so so so worried about her. I can't believe that she has degenerated so much … I don't want to lose her, and I mean as a mortal. I can't imagine that.

So I gave that woman, can't remember her name, maybe *Evi*, one of my panties. She was so grateful. That's so strange. You know, people can buy what they want, and it's not expensive to buy underwear, but that young pretty woman who does have some mental challenge, it's obvious, but she is very very smart, is so happy about me gifting her with an underwear pant. Fairly new. Only wore it twice. Freshly washed.

Maybe I'm writing all of this down … because I feel so confused on so many levels … because I keep thinking that I'm going to tell the stories I'm experiencing to Bob, on the phone, that he'll call … but he won't. That's brutal energetic factual truth.

<u>September 6, 2019</u>

I asked Bob out loud: "**Is there a Costco-run in heaven?**" after having been struck by longing memories … and instantly I felt "*touched*" on my right arm. ***Like some slight surge hit it, and made my hairs stand up***. So maybe he "nudged" me, saying "… of course, Dani!" He knows how much I loved our Costco-run. I wrote an entire film about a warehouse like Costco. Of course I want to believe that he somehow energetically "touched" me. "Are you here?" I asked. And the answer was in my mind. "Yes."

Right now … can't believe that there is no more housie, no more Bob, no more anything on Maui … I have often pains in my stomach. I kind of like it. But … do I have stuff to do in the mortal realm?

<u>September 7, 2019</u> **– Squirrel With Meaning**

I'm sometimes flashing back to last year, the same time, Maui, so beautiful an island, and Bob's and my time, so tragic and horrible an experience … but we were fighting together and doing well and being so hopeful …

I sometimes feel like suffocating.

This morning I woke up with exuberant pain in my stomach and my lower abdomen … it simply disappeared, though.

Then I went to a car-store to by seat-covers, something I almost postponed, because of the rain today, but I did go … and I passed by a life-similar full image of a **squirrel** on the side of a car.

My thought was immediately: This is a *preparation for the raccoon-challenge*, Bob is telling me that it is, indeed, *possible* to see some **wild furry animal** in a city, but all he could do for now was a **squirrel**. I went back and photographed it. Never have I ever seen a squirrel on a car. (*Note/edit: I've always been aware of selective perception and wishful thinking. And it's up to you, obviously, how you see it. I bet if you'd been in my shoes, you'd have found the sight intriguing, too.)*

HILLMOON
(chortles)
Right. You guys are so full of ... it.

EXT. PARKING LOT AT A SHOPPING CENTER - EVENING
Chanda and officer Claude are awaiting Hillmoon and Namaka.

(It's raining and getting dark quickly.) Chanda and Officer Claude are wandering across the shiny-wet asphalt around their hovercraft (that is parked on a parking lot of a suburban shopping center with the name "Supplies Forever", featuring a "squirrel" as a logo) that is situated at the edge of a Cypress grove).

The parking lot is almost empty; the rain increases.

At some distance, car-engines are roaring.

And, there is a squirrel story in Bob's and my life … relating to his father.

(*Note/edit: Just now, editing this, February 13, 2020, I actually read what's written next to that* ***squirrel****:* **From wood to wonders***. That's kind of cool, too. Right*?)

And:

Cars, a parking lot and a **squirrel** *are major plot elements* in my **"Regents of Clouds",** saga!

And as mentioned … the thoughts of "**Regents of Clouds**" and how it's Bob's and my legacy are on my mind all the time. The scene with the "**squirrel**" is a major turning point in the story. And it's the **death** of a major character.

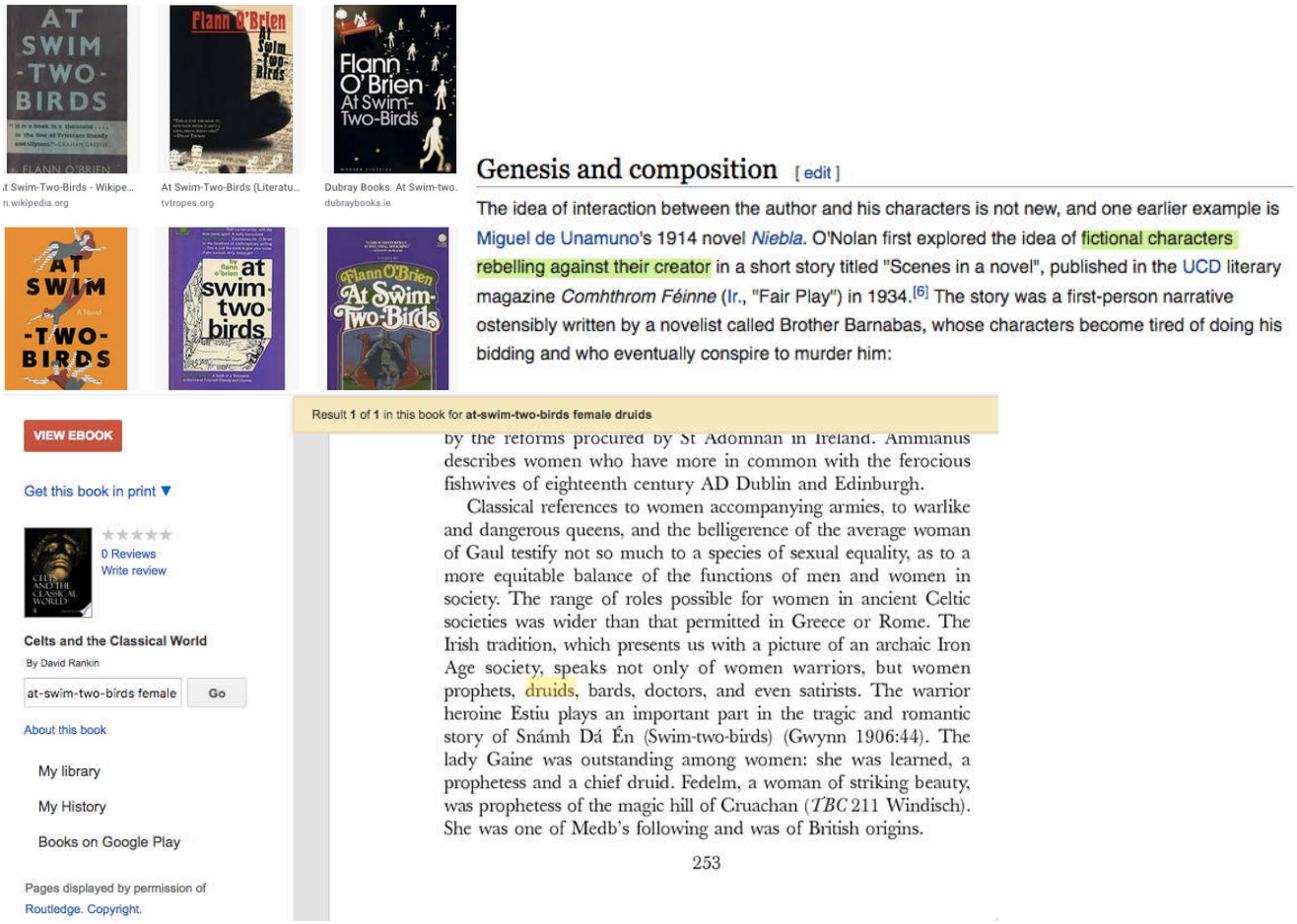
*(**Note**: This squirrel-section will have special synchronicity-meaning on January 19, 2022 again – yes, in more two years time!)*

At Swim Two Birds …

Wow, I just had the idea that characters, people, I imagined, or that just anyone imagines, are somehow truly *alive* in the Beyond!? Why not? They are certain types of essence … so maybe the people we imagine in our life-times … are then real ghosts? They never had a flesh and blood life, so … they still exist as the essence of thought that they were made of, and that essence of thought has to do with everything we, the ones thinking them into being, ever had … so … they do exist, they are, maybe, ***the real ghosts.***

And believe it or not … I have a major story about that, that happened in my early thirties … and that relates to "**people we invent".**

People *who were written*, ***with features, characteristics, lives and experiences made up,*** for books or movies, have never been real mortal humans but yet alive because of a mortal human's capacity of imagination, which is a majorly powerful energetic tool, has created them from their knowledge pool? Wow.


AT SWIM -TWO- BIRDS
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Genesis and composition [edit]
The idea of interaction between the author and his characters is not new, and one earlier example is Miguel de Unamuno's 1914 novel Niebla. O'Nolan first explored the idea of fictional characters rebelling against their creator in a short story titled "Scenes in a novel", published in the UCD literary magazine Comhthrom Féinne (Ir., "Fair Play") in 1934.[6] The story was a first-person narrative ostensibly written by a novelist called Brother Barnabas, whose characters become tired of doing his bidding and who eventually conspire to murder him:
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Result 1 of 1 in this book for at-swim-two-birds female druids
by the reforms procured by St Adomnan in Ireland. Ammianus describes women who have more in common with the ferocious fishwives of eighteenth century AD Dublin and Edinburgh.
Classical references to women accompanying armies, to warlike and dangerous queens, and the belligerence of the average woman of Gaul testify not so much to a species of sexual equality, as to a more equitable balance of the functions of men and women in society. The range of roles possible for women in ancient Celtic societies was wider than that permitted in Greece or Rome. The Irish tradition, which presents us with a picture of an archaic Iron Age society, speaks not only of women warriors, but women prophets, druids, bards, doctors, and even satirists. The warrior heroine Estiu plays an important part in the tragic and romantic story of Snámh Dá Én (Swim-two-birds) (Gwynn 1906:44). The lady Gaine was outstanding among women: she was learned, a prophetess and a chief druid. Fedelm, a woman of striking beauty, was prophetess of the magic hill of Cruachan (TBC 211 Windisch). She was one of Medb's following and was of British origins.
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Yes, it ties right in to something I experienced so many years ago, in relation to the book **"At Swim Two Birds",** and the related movie … the original is linked to two high-ranking women in the ancient days of Ireland, some people think they were of druidic training … The story is in principle about treating the characters one has created, as an author, well. Because if you don't treat them well, they might turn at you …

It entirely fits this thought that just now **hit me**: *That the characters I invented are, in fact, alive, too.*

(*Note/edit: Okay, here is the story in short: In about 1997 several friends in Vienna wanted me to go see the movie **"In-Schwimmen-Zwei-Vögel**", which means "At-Swim-Two-Birds", with them, but I found it just not interesting and the name weird, so I kept **refusing**. Back then I was writing my book "We Creators of the World", about the true nature of thought and the energetic core of a human … yeah, well, I left out the beyond, but I was to learn … anyway. A friend, B. came visiting me from some other part of Austria, and he wanted to check out some books at a **bookstore**; Back then I had very little money and would only borrow books from the public library; I never ever went to bookstores. But my friend B. went in, and I followed him, with my then young dog Kimba. I was going to wait in the lobby, but suddenly I felt like pulled or drawn or forced downstairs, into another department of the book-store, where I had never been, I hadn't been to any store in that quarter of Vienna, to begin with. So I walked downstairs, straight up to a **bookshelf** in the background, and I grabbed a book, yellow, I recall, which was still wrapped in plastic. And I peeled the plastic off and **opened** the book on one **random** page, just one page, didn't thumb through it, didn't look what the book was about, and as I looked, the **first thing I read** was **"Swim-Two-Bird"** … yes, it was a book about that famous spot in ancient Ireland …*

So, yes, I stood there, and I looked "up", as if somebody was hovering in the air and I said "Okay, okay, I'm going to watch the stupid film, I get it!"

Into other media [edit]

Film [edit]

The Austrian director Kurt Palm made a film from the book in 1997. The title of the film is *In Schwimmen-zwei-Vögel.*

*And I did watch the **movie** "In-Schwimmen-Zwei-Vögel", and besides the basic plot that you have to be **nice to your own book-characters that you wrote, or they'll take revenge at you!** … there was virtually **everything** that had **relevance** in **my life** at that time … wow, my face is burning right now, as I'm writing this, February 13, 2020 … I had a hurting knee and I didn't know the reason for it … and believe it or not, since a few days ago I have the same thing now, today, February 13, 2020! … there was the number "42" as major number, climbing on trees, a man who looked like my Karate-teacher, which who I had an intense affair, there was a dog who looked just like mine, and much more … that I can't share for privacy reasons.*

*But see … I was **supposed** to watch the movie, and I was "**made**" going to watch it … and only today … am I able and willing to **understand how it came about**.*

Talk about synchronicity.)

If everything exists in essence, so that, in the beyond, we can then recreate anything we want and go wherever we want, choosing from our memories, then all that we've **imagined** also **is "alive"** somehow? And "*waiting*"? Maybe it's one of the ***tasks*** in the beyond to deal with those … well, "***entities***"?

So there are spiritual entities who are not the dead people who had formerly been incarnate humans, mortals, they are spirits, born from the **thought-forms** that were once the creatures that we, the mortal humans, **invented** during a life's phase in the obstructed realm?

Can that be? And living in the beyond also entails dealing with those … spirits! How about that! Wow! I want the Disca to let me know, definitely, if I'm on to something here!

But back to the **squirrel** … yes, I accept it as preview of the coming raccoon-manifestation … and today I thought, what if I myself manifest all of that? ***Crackling***! (The first today!) But then, if so, that also proves, beyond doubt, that our consciousness is a powerful … well … creature to be able to imagine creatures into existence … and not just as "imaginations" in the mortal realm, but as actual … living forms in the beyond?!

Remember the good old "and the word became flesh"? Maybe that means something different altogether than we've been thinking? (And "we" being "mankind" in terms of "humans currently living through a mortal material phase?)

Hope for my mother …

I texted my mother today, after having been nearly paralyzed with fear about what she could possible be going through … and she called me right back, and she sounded amazingly **fine**! Just almost like her old self, bright and energetic, but still forgetful. She said she did take the elixir I got her and some of the nutrition … she sounds like she does.

So does that mean that my mother of all people could, after all, be the one to keep me up in this life until my task is done?

And I seem to get so very deep into the matter. And I do know that my realizations and insights are … well, true.

I'm now waiting for a confirmation, guys.

Is it true that … in the beyond, we will be dealing with all the creatures we made up in our minds during our Earth phase, we'll be with them … but also, could be "be them"?

(*Note/edit: This thought actually only occurred to me while editing … what if that's kind of important? That we create creatures in our* ***imagination****, make them good and cool, maybe even imagine ourselves in an optimal version of who we really are … and since* ***everything stays alive in essence****, we'll have to do with all of them in the beyond! So … can we actually create people consciously,* ***who'll we then face in the beyond****, even if they never were "real people", they may then be spirits with their own life? Is that something I, as a writer, can do? Or am doing? All the characters from "****Regents of Clouds****", the way I made them, do they exist really, right now in my mind, and when I shed my body, they'll exist as energetic entities along with me … tied to me? Wow, I have to transmit that section now to the actual entry on February 13, 2020 … it's important now, today, and it's … huge.)*

… along and together with "being" them! All energetic patterns we once were or made or thought or felt, remain "self", remain with us, remain our "field of life", later, when our physical shell has disintegrated, after sheltering us during a phase of individualization. And so not only the obvious stuff will be around us in the afterlife, like our "personality", everything that's somehow connected to our very existence.

The term "holistic" gets an entirely new meaning … doesn't it? A big, very big meaning. I feel a bit numb, writing this. It's a new thought … something I've never thought before.

And life goes on the way it was prepared?

I just came for "Red Mountain", where I took a hike with Jacqui, and I talked with Bob there. Then I fed him some garlic fish and lettuce … ***crackling***.

And then I felt urged to write about the squirrel … and ***bingo***! Suddenly I'm with a major insight. (*Note/edit: Like with so many things of that time, I didn't go into a discovery or insight in detail, but kept experiencing and documenting … as if I was "postponing or keeping stuff for later".)*

"Keep your thoughts right" is a major line that I wrote for my Hawaii-documentary, that I picked out of all the Hawaiian teachings, as it seemed so majorly important to me. Of course, we must do that, because all that we ***think*** sticks with us forever.

Is life in the beyond really just "life", with challenges, and maybe lots of them?

Just because everything exists in its essence, everything we were and are and knew and keep in our memories and **it is** the actual environment in that other realm, the beyond? We only can't consciously access that realm right now, because we are mortals and tied to our physical bodies. We can access it subconsciously, though. I'm pretty sure of it.

I start to realize one more thing:

Being mortal is a cool thing. It's a phase of ***protection***. Limited range of action, of experience, of being, yes. But for a reason. "Individualization" is what Betty and Stephen called it. Clear to me. But within that limited range of experience, the part of consciousness that is our "self" with the attributes "mind" and "memory" and what not, is kind of sheltered. From what? Remember the huge storm on Danube Island? I received the answer to that very question there: From the elements. From the impact of all the energetic stuff that a human person without a material shell is exposed to. Reading from Betty, for example in "The Road I Know" how she had to learn to maneuver in the "beyond", and how hard it was, to learn to deal with the "new body" and the "new senses" … oh I do realize that "life after death" is no "resting in peace", at all.

After shedding the body … boy does life take off, then.

*(**Note**: This mortality-section will have special synchronicity-meaning on January 19, 2022 again – yes, in more two years time!)*

That's my feeling right now. That what dawned on me during that storm … that a body helps us, the energetic creatures we are, to be safe from the elements and their very strong energies, is actually quite the point! I mean, look at a ***human body in the huge ocean*** … it seems lost and fragile, but it does have certain attributes and abilities that a spirit in the ocean does not have. And to a spirit or rather a "discarnate", the entire ocean for sure is something different than for a human from a mortal perspective.

And everything we experience with our senses and interpret with our brains during our mortal phase, remains with us … and those impressions, that energetic knowledge, may then, in the beyond, when we don't have the body anymore, that brought us those experiences and that knowledge, come in handy in dealing with the vast energetic universe.

How's that for insight?

So being mortal isn't something we should deem inferior to being "in spirit". It's a God-given feature that give us a break, actually.

With "God" I mean the very highest form of self-aware energetic existence, truth be told. And we are all somehow connected with God, of course, just like with each other.

But because during this mortal phase we develop identity and self-awareness and a distinct personality, we also develop some kind of "tool", which is our own identity, the abilities of our very Self, the way it developed on Earth, to deal with the conditions and circumstances in the unobstructed universe better.

So, even though I'm not that much into becoming a medium, I have the deep urge to read all of Stewart White's books again. But I don't have the time now. But I will.

I will read and write through the winter. If my mother gets better and becomes a friend, it will work. I want to share with her, what I'm doing … when her mind is in better shape.

Weirdly Sigi was in my **dream** tonight. And last night. And tonight I was in a very dangerous and stressful situation and kind of tricked and forced and almost raped, in some way … by a guy who I met and I should have known better who he was … he lived in a huge **castle** … near water, with a trench, and I had read about that guy, somehow … and then I took a trip or a hike with some friend, I don't know who that was … **two dogs** were involved, and there was the danger of a fight … my mother was there, too, somehow … and then that young man, the Sigi-type showed up and tried to seduce me … but he was up to no good,

and it was about something he could do to me and to my friend … a young man just came to my mind, Manfred (T.), a heroin addict and Sigi's real life friend, who had died of an overdose long before Sigi (who died of cancer in 2016), so that friend of my was like that Manfred … Silvia had mentioned him, actually, during my last visit with her, last week … that she had found him so handsome …

So that Sigi-type had something like either a very dangerous dog or something to make everyone sick, like bacteria he could spread … and when I realized that he was the guy I had read about, he was already all over me, but I didn't give away that I had recognized him. And he disappeared again … over a bridge across some Burggraben into that kind of castle or big house … and I think we got away …

What a strange **dream**. It was also something about "**encircling**" … and **climbing** … and reaching up somewhere and trying to keep our shelter in some kind of room, while the Sigi-type, very tall and dark-haired but strangely off-putting, showed up and tried to kind of talk us into something … he seemed sly and dangerous and vile and decadent … The **place** where that palace or **castle** or hotel stood was a spot *I knew from previous dreams*. It also resembles a *real-life place* near where my grandmother Maria used to live, my mother's mother … My mother looks just like my grandmother now. And so do I.

All together a very strange dream, so dreary and gloomy and dangerous … Also something about a **competition** and maybe even **filmmaking** … I felt so nauseous when I woke up, feel a little bit of it while I'm now thinking about it … and that pain in my stomach and lower abdomen … I thought "Well, great, tumors!" But then it all dissipated.

I guess I'll have to trust the Disca more. Because, and I've told them that, they got to help me achieve stuff, actively, as I can only so so much having pulled the ass-card as a mortal, as of private life …

<u>September 8, 2019</u>

Danube island with Jacqui. Met my former friend Inge with Slughi, Jacqui's first and probably only love, who I met the last time close to that place, on the day of Bob's death, November 4, 2018. She was friendly, this time, we chatted a bit, and I told her about Bob's death. It felt like some kind of completion. I really liked and still like Inge. But she broke up with me when I told her the truth about her addictions and related misbehaviors and how that affects her dog. Many people can't handle the truth. But that won't ever make me not say it again.

Jacqui and Slughi greeted each other with so much joy, I got a wet kiss from Slughi, too, and Jacqui jumped when he saw Inge.

Then, as I turn around and walk on – two **lines in the sky**, crossing at their ends, forming a perfect right angle. A very very unusual sight. So at first my first thoughts was **"the right angle"** … in the sense of "seeing it from the right angle" … then I went into "crossing paths".

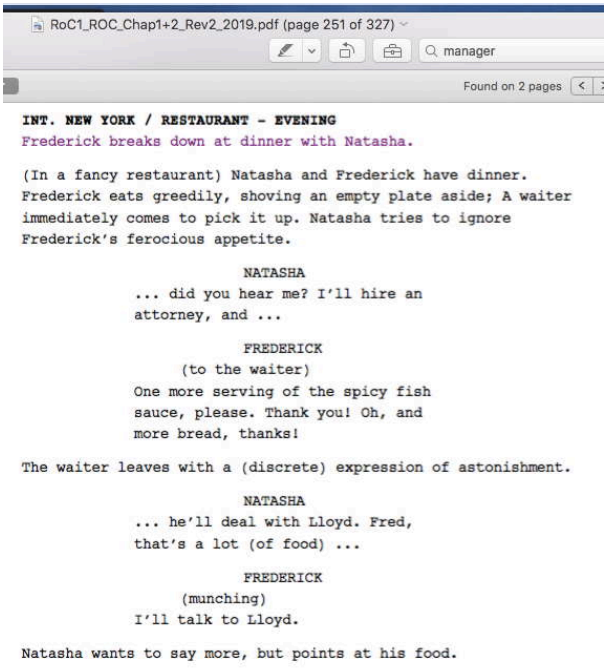
And then … legs, and a penis between them, and some kind of … well, playful "**surf from underneath**".

I cancelled my rental agreement of this apartment here in Vienna today and paid for the new one in Griffen, Carinthia. It's sealed now. **I'm moving.**

As I was sharing my food (fish, salad, zucchini) with Bob, it suddenly dawned on me, that I could "***feed***" my mother, really, as everything is connected in its essence, and our thought-power is literally the driving force.

AND: I had written about that myself before. I found it strange myself, when I wrote the story (!), but one big aspect of the first installment of "**Regents of Clouds**" is that Amarin goes on her world trip, pregnant, and her fiancée, Frederick, *is eating for three and feeding them spiritually, the essence of the food … and he also sleeps for them!*

Geez. I did write that, years ago. I remember being baffled about my own idea, but I went for it. That script won "best script" in April …



RoC1_ROC_Chap1+2_Rev2_2019.pdf (page 251 of 327)

manager

Found on 2 pages

INT. NEW YORK / RESTAURANT - EVENING

Frederick breaks down at dinner with Natasha.

(In a fancy restaurant) Natasha and Frederick have dinner. Frederick eats greedily, shoving an empty plate aside; A waiter immediately comes to pick it up. Natasha tries to ignore Frederick's ferocious appetite.

NATASHA
... did you hear me? I'll hire an attorney, and ...

FREDERICK
(to the waiter)
One more serving of the spicy fish sauce, please. Thank you! Oh, and more bread, thanks!

The waiter leaves with a (discrete) expression of astonishment.

NATASHA
... he'll deal with Lloyd. Fred, that's a lot (of food) ...

FREDERICK
(munching)
I'll talk to Lloyd.

Natasha wants to say more, but points at his food.

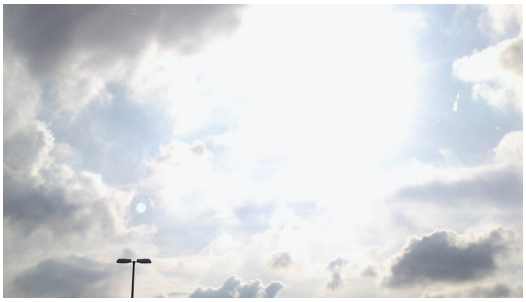
And now … I think I can help my mother from "remote". I'll dedicate or send the food to her or radiate it … I tried it. I can focus pretty well, but …

… then I had another insight! I have to use the reverse navel-cord-image! I must imagine we are again connected via our umbilical cords, but this time she is in me, and I'm feeding her! That image is so much

easier to hold. I'm from now on feeding my mother … and I will see how she is. I already started with some fish, imagining that she is inside of me, and the food goes to her via the umbilical cord, that connects us. (*Note/edit: Weird, I know, but there are meditative techniques that go like that …*)

I'll so eat some dessert soon. What a day.

The two lines I saw … maybe that was the image preceding my insights, a few hours later?



<u>September 8, 2019</u>

Found a book "Talking to the dead" and it's all about **voice recordings** and *playing them back, the voices of the discarnates!* I was going to read something else but had to go to the internet archive and there was that amazing book. Bob's word "back" seems to have new meaning, like "playing back" … what I recorded?

Also, the **48 kHz** challenge is continuing! He lead me to the subject I'm most interested in! I had no idea that this would be in this book!

… like **real time electronic voice phenomena** … there is huge research out there! For decades! I had no idea! I had told Bob earlier today that I insist on *hearing* him again … and then I go to bed and this book title appears upon a random choice! *Wow!*

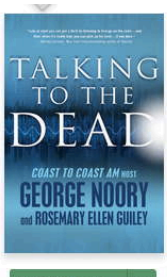
In the book now I came across Franz Seidl – an Austrian (!) researcher about **Electronic Voice Phenomena**! Is that what you're telling me by leading me to this book? I'll read up on Franz Seidl alright! Mahalo.

I'm just so surprised about this new turn … a ***source***. More learning. Directly relating to my conversations with Bob. It's just … so deeply stunning.

Just googled the authors: George Noory, Rosemary Guiley, who died on July 18, 2019. I was going to tell her about Stewart White's work. Geez, she might as well be chatting with Bob right now. She wrote the book "Angels of Mercy". Oh, and books about vampires and werewolves … and I swear, werewolves were on my mind yesterday all the time … in relations to my editing work, I was thinking "wear wolves".

She wrote "Werewolves and Dogmen" … seriously? Dogmen, when I'm pondering on making the movie "Schnauzel, Dogman"?

Guiley believed we live on an "***Interdimensional Earth***", which reveals itself as consciousness expands.



Want to Read

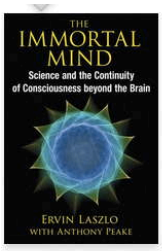
Rate this book

Talking to the Dead

by George Noory, Rosemary Ellen Guiley

3.51 · Rating details · 71 ratings · 18 reviews

Throughout history, people have sought ways to contact the dead and spirits. Such experiences challenge beliefs and often set people on a path of deeper exploration, looking for validation—and ways to have controlled, direct contact. Do spirit communication devices really work? What are the prospects of someday being able to pick up a cell phone or sit in front of a webcam and talk to the Other Side? While proof of contact is still elusive, there is an abundance of tantalizing evidence and experience to inspire people.



Want to Read

Rate this book

The Immortal Mind: Science and the Continuity of Consciousness beyond the Brain

by Ervin Laszlo, Anthony Peake (Goodreads Author) (With)

3.91 · Rating details · 105 ratings · 13 reviews

Scientific evidence for the continual presence of consciousness with or without connection to a living organism

· Examines findings on the survival of consciousness beyond life, including near-death experiences, after-death communication, and reincarnation

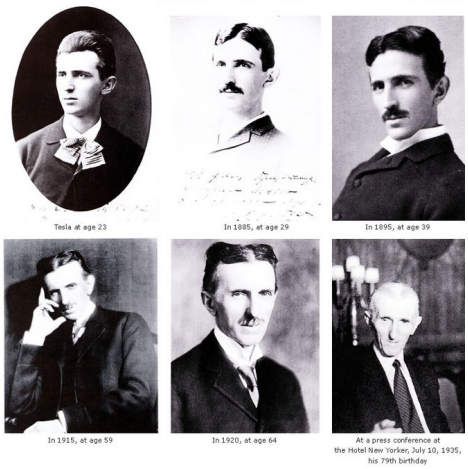
Came across this: "The Immortal Mind: Science and the Continuity of Consciousness beyond the Brain" by Ervin Laszlo … about audio and video communication! And mindboggling evidence of talking to the dead.

Yes, the subject that I'm finding myself forced to deal with, has truly been on many people's minds.

(*Note/edit: What hits me, though, is that the matter of "**proof**" has been viewed in typical "mortal" manner: It has to be "**science**" to proof that "the dead" are only "dead" in terms of their mortal shell. But **science is only – interpretation** of the experiences and thoughts of mortals. It's opinion, at best. Nothing more. There is nothing "proven" ever, through science. It's only observed, interpreted and shared. That doesn't make for "proofs" of anything, does it? Only that which human consciousness realizes in it's true energetic nature, that is "truth" and therefore counts as "proof".)*

<u>September 8, 2019</u>

Found a wonderful picture collage of Nikola Tesla – that totally depicts how the **human body changes** and really points at how it's only a shell for the spirit. It truly is.


Tesla at age 23
In 1885, at age 29
In 1895, at age 39
In 1915, at age 59
In 1920, at age 64
At a press conference at the Hotel New Yorker, July 10, 1935, his 79th birthday

(Nikola Tesla)

Through further research I was pointed at "Electronic Voices: Contact with Another Dimension?" by Anabela **Cardoso** and there at "Brücke Zwischen Diesseits und Jenseits: Theorie und Praxis der Transkommunikation" by Hildegard Schäfer, it means "The bridge between the Here and the Beyond". "Bridge"! Oh yeah.

And then:

I found a **document**, an excerpt related to Hildegard **Schäfers** work … and there are ***quotes of people who spoke from the other side***, *and they seem to answer questions I asked Bob!* Like, if I can do something for them, and if they can receive and use energies I "radiate" to them:

"… wir haben wenig Kraft – wir brauchen eure Kontakte – jeder, der Liebe gibt – viele wollen hier sprechen …": "We have little power – we need your contacts – everyone who gives love – many here want to speak …" Isn't that just freaking amazing?

In those books and studies it's all about generators and devices. So the question came up in side of me: "***Can I not be the generator?"*** And the thought that Bob, with his **foible** for **sound** and **audio-tweaking** got to be the "*Big Kahuna*" there. In the beyond.

Wow, that's exciting

Well, and the major researcher who brought about all those answers, his name is "**König**". King. Yes. After me finding the ***king pictures*** … could that have to do with it?

Quote from the book: "Als König sagte, er könne mit Worten nicht ausdrücken, was er alles fragen und sagen möchte, kam die Antwort: "Wir alle hören eure Fragen." – "When König said that he couldn't express in words what he would like to ask and say, the answer came: We all hear your questions."

So they can all hear our questions.

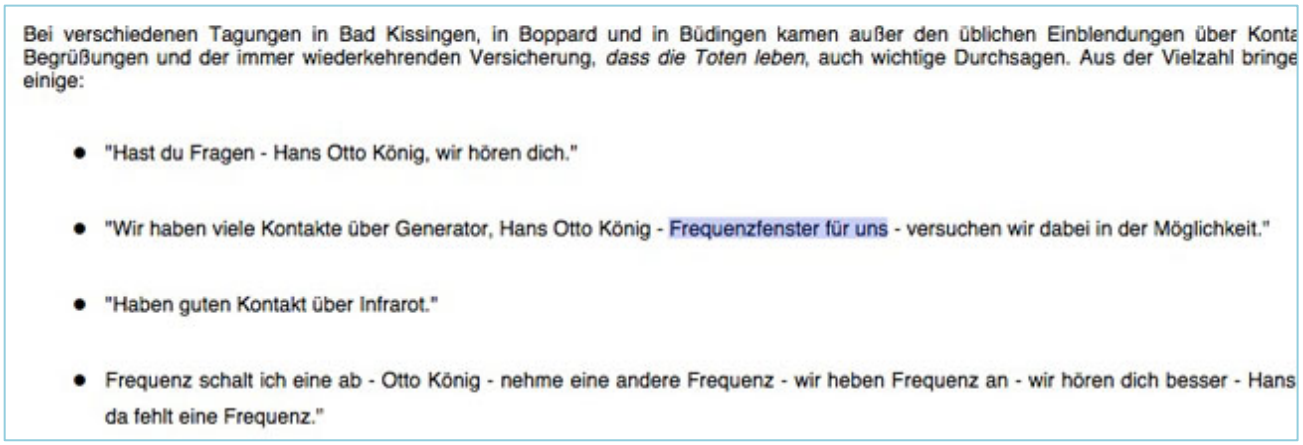
It's just baffling … thinking that a few hours ago I didn't have a clue … The literature reveals messages like this one (received during an infrared-recording in 1987): "Haben wir Kontaktfeld … haben Kontakt verbessert … Gedankenstruktur gibt Kraftfeld …" – We have a field of connection … have improved the contact … structure of thoughts enables force field."

Much of it confirms what Stewart White wrote. For example: "Für jedes Leben ist der Sterbetag vorbestimmt. Jede Inkarnation ist freiwillig: sie ist eine Facette und Erfüllung für Evolution." – "The day of death is predetermined for every life. Every incarnation is voluntary: it is a facet and fulfillment in terms of evolution."

Wow. Right?

"Bedenkt, dass wir eine gleiche Welt haben wie ihr, mit anderen materiellen Werten. Die Zeitrechnung ist für uns unbedeutend; es gibt keine Zeit; die Zeit habt ihr euch selbst geprägt." – "Consider that we have the same world here like yours, with different material values. Time is insignificant for us; there is no time; you shaped the time you have yourself." Und:

"Die Möglichkeit der Weiterentwicklung der Kontaktbrücke wird größer, und wir sehen einer Evolution entgegen." – "The possibility of further developing the contact bridge is increasing and we are looking forward to evolution."



Bei verschiedenen Tagungen in Bad Kissingen, in Boppard und in Büdingen kamen außer den üblichen Einblendungen über Konta Begrüßungen und der immer wiederkehrenden Versicherung, *dass die Toten leben*, auch wichtige Durchsagen. Aus der Vielzahl bringe einige:

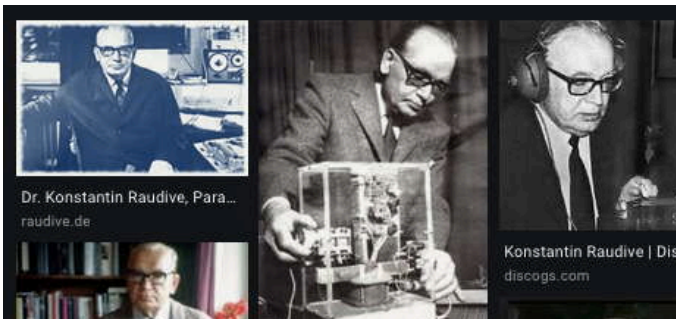
- "Hast du Fragen - Hans Otto König, wir hören dich."
- "Wir haben viele Kontakte über Generator, Hans Otto König - Frequenzfenster für uns - versuchen wir dabei in der Möglichkeit."
- "Haben guten Kontakt über Infrarot."
- Frequenz schalt ich eine ab - Otto König - nehme eine andere Frequenz - wir heben Frequenz an - wir hören dich besser - Hans da fehlt eine Frequenz."

Lots of proofs that "the dead" "are alive" …

Here is an **excerpt** of how that **generator**, developed by Hans Otto König works:

"Wichtig ist, die bestimmte Schwingungsfrequenz der Jenseitigen durch bestimmte Messungen zu ermitteln, um später ein gleichnamiges, synthetisches Feld erzeugen zu können. Hier ist noch anzufügen, dass die Gedankenstruktur des Experimentators zu dem Jenseitsbereich in Resonanz stehen muss, um die Verbindung herstellen zu können."

Hans Otto König is still living, in Germany, he is now 68 years old. (*Note/edit: I did write to him, but he didn't "have time" to deal with what I suggested*.)

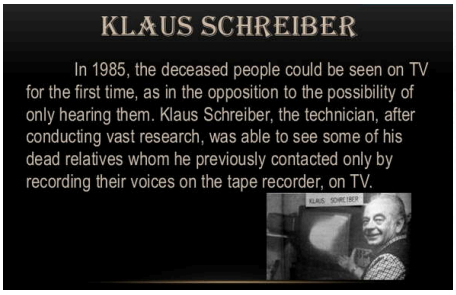
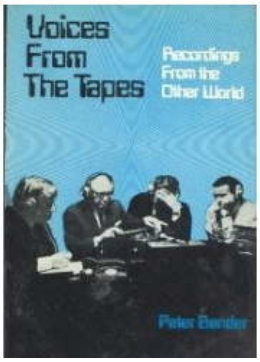


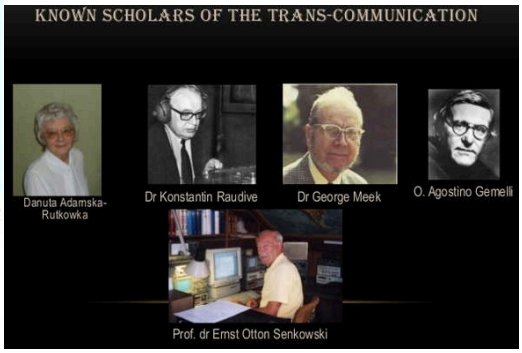
And Friedrich Jürgenson! And the very famous Konstantin Raudive! And Peter Bander! And many more! ***So much work and research with the voices of the Disca! I had no idea!***

That's the perfect note from "them" that it has been done, already, the *hearing of voices* from the Disca, Jürgenson alone recorded thousands of *direct* communications!

While I'm reading and writing and emailing to "C", I have the feeling that Bob is "distant" … as if he or they would want me to take everything in that this day brought about! It's an amazing amazing new step! He has again found a way to connect with me? and has lead me to this book where I can now get all the answers of what's officially possible and what other Inca have done before me and how they've succeeded in recording the voices of the Disca!? It's entirely proven, that life goes on after physical death, to me, now.

There is no doubt in my mind anymore, actually. I would love to hear from my brother Peter, so much … Pedro Programmo, as he called himself, and also of my grandparents, and of Raylene and of Bob! Bob! Even of Sigi.


KLAUS SCHREIBER
In 1985, the deceased people could be seen on TV for the first time, as in the opposition to the possibility of only hearing them. Klaus Schreiber, the technician, after conducting vast research, was able to see some of his dead relatives whom he previously contacted only by recording their voices on the tape recorder, on TV.




(*Note/edit: I'm not judging what those people and researchers did and what was for real and what not … I'm only stunned by the fact that so many people have dedicated their mortal time to proving that "a bridge" between the realms is possible.*)

But I won't go into the using of devices … I don't know, or I will? I could try and find someone who does it right now. Maybe König? I'm not sure. Am I supposed to make a film about it? A documentary?

(*Note/edit: Like many times after that, I felt entirely drawn to write this documentation … and later, I'd gain more insights about that writing-job of mine.)*

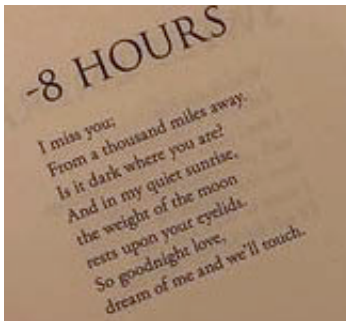
I only want to be connected with Bob. That's my wish. That I need. And I need my mother to be healthy and strong and my friend again. For the years to come. That I need.

Broke out in tears at the thought of my brother.

And with Stewart I want to talk and with Betty. And with my uncle Karli. I want to know why he was found dead in his car in a reservoir lake. Actually not far from where I'll be moving.

<u>September 8, 2019</u>

"C" wrote! After more than a month … she is not too well, it's her father's death's anniversary again … I noticed from the picture she sent me that she is a collector of gems and minerals, too …


-8 HOURS
I miss you;
From a thousand miles away.
Is it dark where you are?
And in my quiet sunrise,
the weight of the moon
rests upon your eyelids.
So goodnight love,
dream of me and we'll touch.

<u>September 8, 2019</u>

So I was begging and crying and dreaming and even heard Bob say the word "Back!", and now I'm fully immersed in the world of EVP, with Konstantin Raudive and the others … I had no idea. But I was guided there. That I found all this. I'm getting information in so many ways. I'd love to hear such recordings. I'll google.

(*Note/edit: There are examples online, and of course it's a highly disputed matter, but at times chicken-skin-inducing …)*

Interesting: I was reading, and outside dogs were barking frantically. The passage I read (in "Talking to the Dead", page 114): "(Jürgenson) discovered that his spirit communicators were able to turn any background sound into words, even the barking of a dog."

Now, I have distinct hissing in my ears, sometimes. But it's not a tinnitus. It feels like I'm picking up some frequency. But never were there voices emerging.

When I heard Bob's voice, saying "Back!", it came with a visual impression of him, in front of my mind's eye …

Reading about the Coffee Pot Ghost … after the break. Go walk the dog now. It stopped raining.

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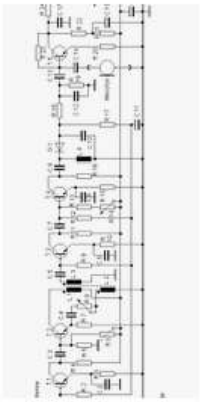

Das Psychophon nach I...
transkommunikation.ch

Just read that Ing. Franz Seidl from Vienna developed the "***Psychophon"*** to speak directly with the dead. Quote: "He believed that ***a mental synchronization among the listeners*** (of voices) present ***would help the dead to form words***. ***If several persons in mental synchronization give more energy to the signal, a special loading condition will arise and produce a kind of field collapse in the radio signal … A transformation of this kind of energy into an electromagnetic wave may allow these voices to be received or taped."***

Wow.

Hans Otto König (quote): "He achieved a communications bridge in 1981." König invented the "Königs Generator" … a combination of four sound generators that mixed fixed ultrasonic frequencies with warble generator ultrasonic frequencies, which in turn created an audible sound resembling a police car siren but with a constantly changing frequency."

Wow, König proved in a live radio show to connect with the deceased with his device. So … why isn't any of this known today? Why did other things become so much more important to mankind? This is unbelievable.

I remember **Bob** spending millions of hours tankering with **audio** in so many **video-files** … he could have listened to Invisibles instead. And now he is one. And he gets me to read all that … "***Dani, always the researcher"*** he used to say. So he knows I won't give this subject up. I'm just not sure what to do with it, generally. Right now I'm inspired to share the work of Stewart and Betty White with people who are relevant and alive and could be interested. There is a contemporary … Salvatore Rizzo, who did many many experiments, built devices … never sure if it was the dead who he got, never spoke with a personal deceased acquaintance … he should read Stewart's work to get onto a new level of his own research. I'll email him. (*Note/edit: Did it. No response*.)

I feel overwhelmed … because I can't do any tech-experiments. But what I've got from tonight's revelations: It's not that difficult to hear Disca. Just not with our regular ears. Something must be done about the frequency gap. Who knows. I might as well get to some kind of … I don't know … experimenter.

Reading on … well now we are getting into **words coming up on computer screens as messages.**

I guess I will have to dig out my own experiences with that. Two, so far. A commentary by "Robert Stone" with a date after his death. And a completely white screen for no reason. (*Note/edit: Stuff like that would keep occurring*.)

Okay. Back then I did think … "*Why, Bob was a computer wiz*" and I was pondering. Now I wish he'd use this very laptop that he gave to me.

Also, what I read is that the **constant sounds** of, for example**, running water** helps the *spirit voices* to come through. And it's said that the intensity of the human thinking plays a role … so perhaps that's why I love so much walking along the river Danube and talking to Bob, and I do have the feeling he is there, every time?

What would happen if I was on Maui again, on the very beach he sat for the last time we were at a beach together, at Baldwin beach, me, swimming, him watching, me, looking at him, being deadscared about his condition … him wearing his bright turquoise blue hoodie …?

Just today I found an elevated spot where I could look towards the New Danube, but really it was the feeling as if I was Bob sitting there, on that beach, watching … I kind of "dropped" into the memory … and I was thinking that I have no idea what he thought back then … or maybe he thought nothing and was just feeling weak and watching the ocean, feeling the wind, smelling the air …

I miss him so much.

I got so very sad. I went on. Went for a swim. Nobody else swam.

Norbert and Elisabeth walked by, the couple who had given me the **moonstone** that broke in two, while I had it in my hand and I never told them. I was swimming way out and only waved at them, and they walked by. Which was good. I don't want to talk with anyone.

oh-kay!! Just came across something in the book, page 124, that relates to the **two stripes in the sky** of today, that formed a right angle and made me think it's all a matter of the angle … "*We normally cannot see or even enter the other dimensions because they exist at angles to us and are folded around our dimension …*" Well, that's very material physics, but the angles are there!

I just mistyped … "angels", and that's another possibility: Bob and I **played with words** all the time, we'd say "You're velcro" instead of "You're welcome" … so "angle" may in fact mean "angel", and he is referring to the angel wings.

And of course, once I got home and opened "C's" email, there was the image of the **angel** with huge wings she had encountered … on a songwriter's online page …

Plus, there is a lot of talk about **wormholes** … and for the first time in my entire life, I said the word out loud myself, yesterday … when I bit into an **apple** I had brought from Carinthia and saw an actual worm hole … and I said to Bob "**There is a wormhole in the apple**".

Meaning … Could we communicate through the Apple laptop that Bob gave me, a year ago, his last big gift?

Seriously!? I just read *"Our spirit communications may take place when portals open up between dimensions due to a bending of space that overlaps two strings and to the opening of wormholes, or tunnels, when two universes come close enough to interact with each other and connect."*

He just has to let me know how … maybe automatic writing?

Yesterday the idea of "Merlin's Secret" struck me, to write a screenplay based on Bob's own outline of a movie he once concepted … many years ago. About a man living alone and collecting books, buying them on ebay, and when the entire internet and electricity collapses, he'll be the one to lean back and be the king of the world.

There!

So … is our communication meant to be in books? Well, sure is, as I'm reading and learning. And he is looking over my shoulder, for sure. And he does know me well enough to know my strong sides … writing and imagining and storytelling.

Maybe that's why the sudden **avalanche** of material … all new.

"C" had just written to me that she is afraid to immerse herself into "the matter" too much, because it could be an avalanche hitting her … No kidding, girl. But maybe in a good way?

A question is also posed in the book *whether or not spirit communicators can create portals.* Maybe they can. If they are talented, energetic and experienced enough and … as Betty wrote, if they have a good reason. They won't just always communicate for fun. They need the **mortals** have **something important to say …** or be dedicated to the project "the bridge". That's my feeling.

Very interesting point:

Researchers found out that with certain devices they could listen in on conversations among the Invisibles, that aren't even intended for us.

Even more interesting: The Disca may not all be on the same frequency, which confirms what Betty said about the different realms in the Beyond.

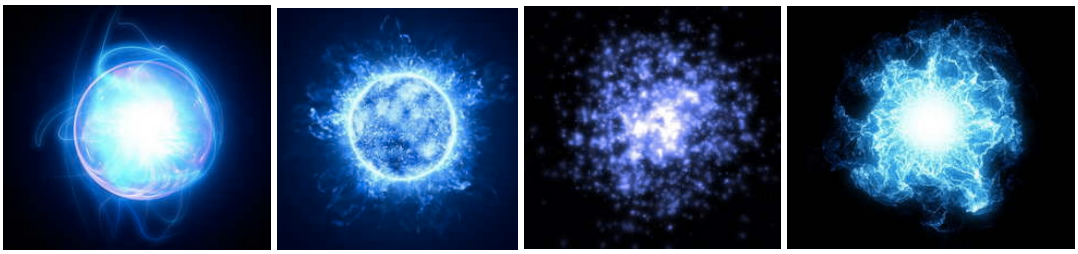
<u>September 8, 2019</u>

On page 138 I just got to a section of **"spirit lights"** showing up … and it reminds me so strongly of one man who Bob had interviewed for "Taylor Camp", and who had talked about the lights that would come down the pathways and disappear again … and he passed away a few years later … I'm sure he and Bob

and buddies now. He was a very nice person, even though I didn't know him in person, I liked him in the interview. (Did I mention that I watched and logged all interviews for the original promo film alone?)

Weirdly: A few moments earlier, a ***light*** passed by my window. It's dark outside now, raining, and I thought it was lightning. But no thunder followed. And it was no car, as I don't see car lights, I'm to high up. And there was no car sound. ***It was a light floating by***. And now, about five minutes later, I just read about the Invisibles having asked an investigator, Sarah Estep, to sit by the window, and she was reading, the next day (I'm sitting by the window now, too), and a light showed up, floated by; but that night, there were many reports of "alien" lights in the area.

"My" light, whatever it was, was just for me, telling me that he is or they are … listening and **watching**, and that time isn't for them what it's for me.


Right?

<u>September 8, 2019</u>

Okay, something really strange happened just now!

Okay, and now a **raven** just landed in the open window, looking for food …

but just as I was writing about the Disca using people and visions and sounds, I don't know what key combination I pressed, but a window showed up on my screen that I had never seen before and that I don't even know how to make. And a picture showed up, one from my messages-collection, from months ago: It shows a stick that I once found while walking with Jacqui, and it looked exactly like the stick I had headed for with Bob while walking on Ohukai beach in Kihei on Maui the last time we went together! Thinking about it now … Bob was so dead sick, and he still walked along the beach, to that stick, which was way in the distance, and back, while I was swimming in the shallows, keeping an eye on him. The last time, he then felt dizzy and had to sit down … but my God, what a trooper.

And the image of Jacqui with that stick that I found in Vienna in a time of intense communication with Bob showed up today.

Does it have to do with the "stick"-resembled cloud-formations of today?

I read in those writings about how Disca communicate that they have many times used digital means like computer screens. I've told Bob to use the laptop he gave me … and just ***now*** that has happened! **A window popped up** while I was typing! It did happen once before, a few weeks ago … so … I take it that I'm right about Disca using other people to "appear" … like in my stories of the past months.

And Bob took the advantage of … me being entirely immersed and made me make that picture open? And there is a very weird collection of file-names with it … like an excel-doc about "filmherstellung" (making of a film), then "Ke_Aka_2019", "WeCreatorsOfTheWorld_2019", twice the "Contact_Diary_Project", my bills list of this year, the file "About Stewart_Betty_White.txt", a file about my script-submission to InkTip and two PuK-work-related files …

And with the "looking glass" on top of the pop up, it reads "may - Stick_LikeOnBeach.jpg"

For me to consciously open that picture or any picture would mean to go to that folder and look for it. I wasn't anywhere near a folder. I have my most current pictures open as a preview screen … making a screenshot right now of it.

So Bob is telling me – ***crackling***! – that he is aware of our approaching "anniversary" too? I'm thinking.

So that stick showing up … it was a bit deal. And just now I realize something else! It's the stick with a dog. With Jacqui. And Bob had told me the lie that he had been run over by a dog, "just like Jacqui" on the beach, right there, and he had started bleeding, and that's why he had gone to the hospital … that hadn't been true, his mind was garbled, then …

but *today*, Bob sending me *that* picture, the dog and the stick that was so significant on that Maui beach and that I found like as a twin manifestation in Vienna … that's a message from Bob. That's an evidential. ***Crackling***.

It's an evidential. I accept it as a … greeting. Only he can know how significant that combination is. And the other words in that window … "Ke aka", "the essence" … am I supposed to remember my "kule … ***crackling!*** … I was gonna write "kuleana", my spiritual plight …

I'm fighting tears now. Because Bob is no more. Whatever he is now, he is not the Bob I knew. He is, in a way, but all that has happened … and what is happening now … it makes life look so … different and almost ironic to me. In a sad and bitter and painful way.

That Betty and Stewart are in the window … they are right here, too … right? I just asked them that.

It's all happening, folks.

Maybe Bob is waiting for the promised Tiramisu.

Closing my eyes … I'm not supposed to think about the dreadful and sad stuff … because those energetic patterns come into existence and affect people, Inca and Disca alike …

Bob didn't want to die. He wanted to live so badly. (*Note/edit: I had misspelled it … it read "He wanted to love so badly." How true, maybe.*)

<u>September 9, 2019</u>

Briefly past midnight.

While reading, I suddenly felt so drawn to my Maui life, and I closed my eyes and imagined myself sitting in my beloved kitchen, at the table … I recalled many things and shapes and sounds … and I was there so so deeply … I heard Bob's typical clearing of his throat and snorting, and how he went to his bathroom, kind of shuffling by at the end of the hallway … to later come shuffling into the kitchen, saying "I'm gonna hit the sack, Dani." He said that often.

My life with him is so present, I totally feel everything when I recall them, the cups, the glasses, the boards, the fridge … the salad bowl, the sound of the mixer, the sliding door, the blinds … and I heard the rain that I had heard so often on the Lanai … That was Hawaii. And I had lived there, on an island, in the middle of the Pacific, with Bob.

Right now … I feel it so thick and heavy … as if I was there, and yet I'm not and will never be … it's almost unbearable. But the Hawaii-realization is so strong …

So when I opened my eyes again, I was a bit dizzy finding myself in this Vienna room, even though I had never been in some kind of trance or something in those few minutes … I was only very deeply in memories, I think … But I did wonder why it was that I suddenly sunk in so so deeply … I hadn't allowed myself to do it in many weeks …

So maybe Bob was there with me, *it was a double impression?*

He is maybe longing for it, too … maybe he wants me to imagine so that he can partake?

And I had my eyes open and started wondering about that strange episode … and then the ***Ouija board crackled***. I lies on a bench right in my sight. Nothing else. Just a short crackling in the Ouija board. Like it was *stretching*. Like something had touched it softly. It was very very direct and clear: That was a message. It was like a "Play Me" from Bob.

I don't know what to do right now. I think I'll keep reading for a few more minutes, then brush my teeth and go to bed. Who am I, really? What is this all about? Why do I have to go through this?

(*Note/edit: To this day, March 2,2020, as I'm reading through this part of the c. d., have I never seriously considered using that Ouija board. In my new home it has a spot of honor, and I can see it anytime, but I've never used it. I'm spooked easily, and I don't want to be spooked. I couldn't handle it, to be scared. I'm a mind-person. I believe in being consciousness, and it's attribute, the mind, is my "tool". For now.)*

<u>September 9, 2019</u>
Found a **plastic brown bear piece** today.

Feels like "I'm trying with the raccoon, but how about some brown bear, since it's such a poignant part of our life together?" Says Bob. The thing is: We used to play a game and make up somebody we used to be in a past life. And I used to say ***I was a waitress in Montana, in a cafe named "The Brown Bear".*** Interestingly, a few years ago, a cafe **"Brauner Bär"** opened just two blocks from where I live in Vienna.

And today I found a brown bear … I know the raccoon is in the works. After all I've read in *"Talking to the Dead"* … there is no doubt in my mind left.

<u>September 9, 2019</u>
(Sometimes I only remember the weird things I saw when I review the photographs I took, so …) Met a **Bobcat** vehicle after bringing my car to service. Bob cat. Yes. Bob was a cat, as an Aumakua, a totem, I'd say. I've found a cat several times in relations to him.

<u>September 10, 2019</u> **– Turquoises, Ice cream and G.'s Cap**

Extremely "strange" things … well, I want to say "happened", but it's more all synchronicity.

Today I saw a car, with a **brown rabbit** and a **brown bear** (together, hanging from the front mirror). Since the rabbit challenge is still on, and I found a brown bear yesterday, with my "history" of "brown bear" … not a small thing.

I met G. and her powder puff Gizmo on the path along the Wien-river, and we walked together. With G. it's always pleasant, she is so smart and educated, it's just great talking with her. She's kind of cute, always wearing **a funny hat and colorful clothes.** We later sat down **to eat ice-cream,** walked by an esoteric store, and there were dream-catchers, and she said that she always hesitated having on in her surroundings, because someone had told her that negative energies get "caught" in them. I actually suddenly recalled the room in Silvia's house where J and I had slept. And the **slap in the face**. I woke up because I felt slapped in the face. Once, the full hand on the side of my face. It was a slap, however that happened, but I woke up speaking out loud "*Why did you slap me just now? What was that for?*" I don't know how that is related, maybe only the blanket fell on my cheek, but I have never ever experienced that before. I also had to leave the light on just a little bit at going to sleep, I didn't feel entirely comfortable

there. A giant dreamcatcher hangs in the corner of that room. I found it beautiful, but I was also very aware of it.

So at the esoteric store, of course there were many **gem stones**, and I thought about the brief exchange between "C" and me, where she had told me yesterday that her father had always worn a **native American turquoise**, and they put it or a similar one on his urn (which they keep in their home). Now – Bob also had a **ring** with a **turquoise gemstone**, but he only wore it in his time before me, and never while I was with him. One of my last visits to Baldwin Beach in 2009, when I thought I'd leave the island forever, was a bracelet with three big beautiful **turquoises** tied into some copper wire. I took them out today and made a picture to send to "C".

But gemstones had been on my mind in Carinthia during my last visit too. I met a couple and their teenage son in the forest around the forest lake Saissersee, and they were looking at the sparkling stones along the path. We chatted a bit how that "Katzensilber" looks really precious, and she asked me if I knew it's official name, but I didn't. I wanted to say "**Pyrit**", but I didn't … although it was on my mind. In my teenage years, Pyrite was kind of an important gemstone, somehow, I know I had a big one and I totally felt drawn to it.

The icecream with G. was good … I barely ever **eat ice-cream**, but I think of it, often. With G. it was the perfect opportunity, and she enjoyed it, too.

So I started doing a few more tasks of figuring out the stuff I have in my apartment and what to take on my impending move. I had prepared a strange yellow box of which I had no idea what could be in it …

And I **found** a whole lot of ***things from Maui*** that I had **gathered** over the years. Rocks, coral, lava, shells, a turtle Bob had brought from the Cayman Islands and: A "handbag" that my niece Julia had made for me when she'd been so young, and in it were three clay figures that she and her brother Patrick and little sister Theresia had made for me. And one was a broken thing of something, colorful painted. And the other two where **two brown (!) animals**, just clay, most likely **pigs**, but their profiles and the way the are holding themselves – ***they resemble entirely the bear I found!*** Wow! And on one of them is "for Dani" with hearts and all, and on the other is "for Bob". It was so touching!

(*Note/edit: In those days I wasn't so aware yet of the fact, that* ***the best and easiest way for "invisibles" to communicate with is,*** *is to show us things of our own realm in a different setting or circumstance, and the*

*point of this is **to show us that "they see what we see".** It's a proof of participation of our mortal-realm-living.)*

So I took pictures, and I realized that the **tiny turquoise (!) plastic pebble** I had found shortly before the bear, fits in color exactly to the little broken things … and I looked at it more closely, put it together: And it's a figure of a **smiling person eating ice-cream** and wearing a cap-like hat! Just **the kind G. is wearing**, actually! And she is wearing colorful clothes! So uncanny! And **we'd been eating ice-cream today**, which is entirely rare for me.

So I was baffled. You know, for the *disca* there is no "time" or "space" like for us … so for me to find a *figure of a funny ice-cream-eating person on the day I had been eating ice-cream with a funny person* … that is no coincidence!

And then I discovered two diaries in that yellow box! From the time around 2005 on Maui, and then a jump four years ahead, with no entries in between, and then summer 2009, just before I left the islands, because a certain P. had shown up and Bob had claimed that he'd have to leave the house … *(but that's another story).*

So I read things in that diary, about how difficult it was with Bob. I also came across that situation when he had traveled once with Kenny, the man who had caused him so much grief over years, and when I had picked him up from the airport, he was ice-cold and hostile to me, and I was so heartbroken. (*Note/edit: Much later I'd learn to understand why Bob had been so distant towards me, but there were still months to go.)*

I had been speaking to Bob about exactly that situation many times in the past months, in real life, mostly while walking on Danube island. And today I had my own entry in my dairy of that day in 2005 in my hands. The special thing about this, though, is, that I also had written in 2009 that I had to set him free entirely, because I didn't want to be a burden.

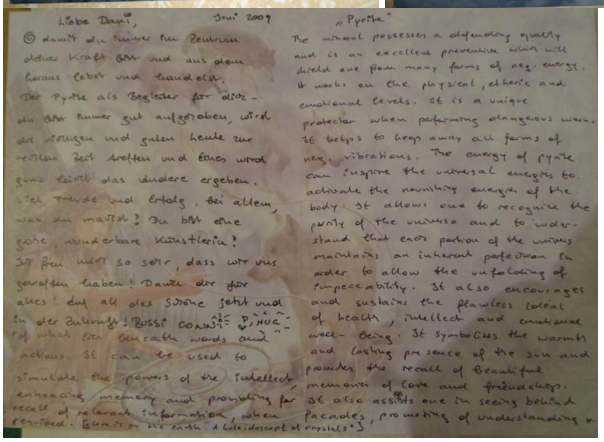
Well, I never really did. Set him free. Because whenever I left, after I was back in Austria, we talked and emailed and missed each other, and I returned, and we worked on films and other things together … but there were several entries about how distressed Bob always was … and a quote that "**The universe shits on me**". Bob was always complaining and blaming other … and I couldn't help him. He did cheer up at times, but then the whole thing started again, when nothing worked out. (*Note/edit: Why didn't it work out? I was to find out.)*

Just today, before I met G., I had thought about how Bob was so very unhappy because he must have lived really against his true nature. I do think, that in the depth of his heart, he was gay. And there was no way to live that out.

So I didn't even have to cry, touching and reading those Maui things and stories. It just felt so … far away.

And then I found a dream-diary. Wow! I had started to write down my dreams … in 2008 … and it leads over to 2009, to the summer/fall, when I returned to Austria, and I had thought for good, but immediately I started to work on my geocaching-film "Geronia" … and it was a big throw-back … and then I found **the card.**

A beautiful card, a **native American Indian woman** with **white wolves** (*Note/edit: My dog Jacqui who lives with me since 2014, is part Swiss shepherd dog, and they are white.*) … and a **bird of prey** and – a **dream catcher**! Outside on the envelop, too, and on the card. And someone by the name of "***Conni***" praises my in the highest notes in that card, and what a great artist I was and how happy she was that she could get to know me … and for the life of me I can't remember her. And: On the card is an entire page about a **Pyrite** she gave me as a gift!



I mean – seriously! A dream catcher! Me and my dreams … it was always a theme for Bob and me, and every morning he'd smirk at me and say "That kind of dream again?" Yup. Many times. The most adventurous dreams. And I always remembered them. And since Bob's death … wow, those dreams!

So receiving that card so many years ago … ***but for the life of me I can't remember who "Conni" was.***

And then the "Pyrite" … What a pyrite does, how it is protective and helpful in so many ways … I read it, but I can't recall anything about receiving that card or why. What pyrite, and where is it? And Conni! Who is Conni? She stayed at the Pukalani-house, but I simply can't remember her … or anything about her! That's weird, because I have a very good people memory. Well, while I'm writing this, it kind of has been starting, weirdly, I see a short, a little round-ish woman standing in the house, looking at me … I also have a slight recollection of some kind of rejection reaction from my part … against the pyrite, even … somehow as if I had felt, back then, that it was inappropriate? Why give me something like that? Like I needed "protection"! I can't remember?!

I had also read in my diary about my work on "Native of Owhyhee", and several notes about the weather on Maui … and how it was a blessing to live on a tropical island.

It was. It was a true blessing.

So this chain of events today, the strange string of dream catcher, gems, pyrite and the praise of me and details of Bob's an my life together … when j***ust this morning I've actually received an email from Hawaii!***

Is all of this supposed to … I don't know, point me into a direction?

Bob's word "**Back**" comes to my mind right now. Oh, I can't go back there where I was with him. Can't even imagine that.

The email is from S. J., for/with who Bob had shot the "kupuna"-documentary about Makawao … and she first wrote that she misses Bob so much and can't even imagine how it's for me, but then she shares that she is missing two tapes of interviews … (*edited for privacy*).
So strange, it all. No, I can't continue Bob's work there.

Sometimes … dealing with the literature about the life after life, I find it all so surreal … it's all a big hallucination, really, I think*, us, here in our bodies*. And when we shed them, then we're who we really are … and we can only laugh about our earthly phase. So I'd totally understand how the Invisibles would actually not have all that much interest in dealing with earth-matters or their "loved ones", once they are out of here … **unless** you really really want them to. And if you have a really good reason … (*Note/edit: And I think I have one. The best reason ever and forever, I kid you not.*)

Today I got my dog's blood results … I had his blood checked, because he needs a teeth-surgery, maybe … and for the anesthesia we needed to check his blood and all … and there are a few things that need attention … and I got so reminded of how mortal we all are … (Blood is fine.)

On July 28, 2008 was my last dream entry, and on August 7, 2008 I wrote that I don't see a point in writing down dreams anymore, I found it "useless". Now, August 7 is a big date for me. Kimba died that date 2001, and I saw Bob again after four years on August 7, 2018. Still can't believe the four years … but they were gone in a flash … and there were so many misunderstandings in them … unfuckingbelievable.

Maybe finding all that is really meant to remind me of myself. Just … I don't really know who I am anymore. I dread losing my mother. I can't lose my mother. She must recover and be my friend for many years. That's what I need. And my dog.

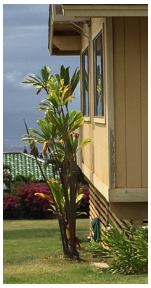
<u>September 10, 2019</u> **– A Ti-leaf!**

Met two guys with **skulls** on their T-shirts today. Never met one before, really, then two.

Found a kind of "anniversary rose" … it's artificial.

In the evening, in the corridor of the house where I live – a **Ti-leaf** (!) was lying on the ground. Even if it may be some other plant, because why would a Hawaiian plant be in an Austrian house? … that's exactly

the same leaf like a Ti-leaf. Ti-leaves mean something to me, because several Ti-trees grew in the corner of the Pukalani house …



The point to that: In my most intense ***meditation***, maybe two days ago, where I strongly flashed back to the Maui house, I went to the **Ti-leaves** to the left of our lanai (balcony). I'd greet them every morning, and they were so dear to me, their rustling always … I used to pick out the dry ones, so that the fresh ones had more space … oh my life on Maui, I miss it so much. And I've often been thinking of the Ti-leaves. And then there is one in the house where I live in Vienna.

September 10, 2019 **– The Pyrite Was Always There!**

I was close to crying tonight … dark in the room, lights from outside … and I had asked Bob to appear, but then said that I don't want to spook my dog … and the window next to me ***crackled*** again. And then I look over on the window-sill – ***and there is the Pyrite*** I've written about yesterday! That **pyrite**, that Conni gave me! (And I still can't remember her!) But the pyrite was there, next to me, on the window, ***sill for years!*** And suddenly I saw it!

I gasped. I did. Put it on the Ouija board ***… right now the electrical light-bulb is totally doing weird noises*** *(probably gonna blow soon**)*** … along with the Ti-leaf and the **pink rose** I found … it's my memorial altar. An "ahu", actually.

The light bulb might go out. I just switched the light on … maybe too much electricity here?

I just got up and grabbed the **pyrite** … and asked Bob … and the light bulb kept quiet a little while … if he wants me to be like the woman on the card by Conni, ***the native American shaman*** … no coincidence, that *"C" brought up the Native American turquoise* … after I was so fascinated by the gem stones I saw on the picture of her apartment she'd sent me … And so the pyrite … the card … the motive of the magical woman with the wolves … am I supposed to be like her … I would like to … but I don't know how?

The pyrite really looks like the stones in the forest at the Saisser lake, I saw them too, how they sparkled …

It's like Bob telling me … Dani, you have the potential, you must sharpen your mind, thought, don't give it up … don't be bland and incongruous (channeling now), you must imua. Will look up that strange word (that just came to my mind), when I'm online again.

(incongruous: inappropriate, unsuitable, improper, unfitting, inept, conflicting, incompatible …)

One thing I'm looking forward to, in my new home Griffen: Movie-watching day and night, because of free WLAN. Oh yeah, baby.

I did ask Bob to leave my mother with me. Of course it's not his decision. But I hope that works out … *cracking and lightbulb flaring* … oh well.

I'm not *there* yet. My blindness towards the pyrite really showed me that I must work on the contact diary and on myself. I need a support group. In my realm and in the unobstructed one.

September 10, 2019

I just read what Conni wrote on that card … the **pyrite** is exactly (!!!) what I need in my current situation. It even talks about helping with recalling the right memories when needed … I received it as a gift in June 2009! Before I left Maui!

And I can't remember who Conni is! There is a small recollection of me not wanting her in my house and not having been very nice, and then I was a shamed about the gift she made me … when I hadn't done more than only giving her a bed … again, I can't think of who she was!

That's so odd.

And it all comes to me NOW! For the anniversary. For a very hard time.

There is no "time" like we know it in the "real world". Because the real world - that's the unobstructed world. That I realize now.

Thank you, Conni, whoever you are. You are playing a great role in my life. She wrote my name over the picture of the **Indian woman** with the dream catcher and the wolves … and her name close to the flying eagle … It all has some settling effect on me, I'm feeling right now.

Mahalo to all, who are involved. At the same time I can't wait for "C" to read the Contact Diary.

(Later)

Working the photographs … I realized that the brown and dried out **Ti-leaf** really resembles ***Bob's body*** … in the end.

September 11, 2019

Today is the date of the last time I saw Bob last year.

This morning, going for the dog-walk, ***I found the T-leaf again***, this time in the *sunshine* in the corridor. It really looks like a Ti-leaf. (*Note/edit: Much later I'd find out what it likely actually was! Wait for it!)*

It's a greeting for me. And a sign that nothing is impossible. That they are watching … it's a major healing plant in old Hawaii, I have featured it in my documentary series.

And during my dog walk, I found a **scarf** hung at the corner on a fence, where I always turn, and it's black and it has white **skulls** (!) on it, and orange-golden skulls made of gem stones, too. Remember, I saw a guy with skulls on his T-shirt?

I've had wild and scary and distressing **dreams** tonight. Being in the house where I grew up with my parents and my brother, but we were sort of moving out … strange men were there, cleaning out, and at some point I found myself outside, on a steep road next to a forest, looking over to a newly built house. That was not ours. I walked up to ours to find a lot of *wood chips* on the ground, the kind that you get from wood works. And as I went into my old children's room, a kind of ***wind gust blew the wood pieces*** into the room, and I walked out and saw that someone had left the door open, and the wood was blowing into the house that my mother had just cleaned. And there was my mother, desperate, with the wood pieces all over the place … and she sighed and tried to get it off the bed and the floor.

Also there was something about **apple trees**. My grandfather had a lot of apple trees, and they were sort of mysterious to me, with the different kinds of apples. I felt kind of sad having to leave them … it was a quite blurry dream. It was sad.

Today I'm sad … Bob seems so close, I see his face, his body, almost hear him, see him smile, making his jokes, talking with me … but those are just memories, and they are very painful. All is gone. I'd never had thought it would be a world without Bob in the flesh in it. Although I'm reading about the connections with the deceased that have a long tradition … I still mourn him. I want to be there again. Really, I don't know what to do with myself, really.

Anniversary 1 …

I realized that I've been forgetful. I think it's stress. I may have forgotten to feed my dog last night, as I bought new dogfood but today found the food I had prepared last morning for him to eat at night. Geez. I bought some more mind elixir for my mother yesterday, but I now am taking it. Ginseng and Lecithin.

September 11, 2019

Twice skulls today, again.

Stepped out of the house with Jacqui, and two guys just passed by, one with a big skull on his T-shirt. Then, as we walked on … another skull, but with my memory failing me a bit lately, I can't remember

where … but it was an unusual special spot … OH! Okay, it just came back! A bicyclist along the Wien river was wearing a skull-t-shirt while biking by me and J.

So the dead are greeting me today … ***crackling***! … with the Ti-leaf and the skulls …

I like it. But I feel very exhausted, emotionally.

Went to buy an adapter plug at a tech store today, and the memory of Bob walking in one of those big shopping centers, in his slow and slightly shuffling way, and running his fingers through his hair, wearing his jeans-shirt … it was so real. *It made my heart pound, and I spaced out a bit.*

Talked to Eric today, after 2014 the first time … because he needs an apartment and I made the connection between him and my landlady. But really it's up to him what he makes of it, I don't care a bit. He sounded exhausted. Emailed me before that that he's working all the time and doesn't feel motivated … it pissed me off right away. Not motivated? Well, it's the same for all people, you got to find some way to come up with the money for deposit and rent. That's how it goes. Eric is 53 years old. And still complaining … he is working his ass off, okay, and never has money?

Oh! Who does that remind me of? Bob. Of course. Always working. I had to beg and force him to go swimming with me, many times. Or walking. We did make habits and routines out of that … but today, while walking I suddenly realized that Bob may have really truly deeply ***disliked*** me in his life, many times. And I ignored it, because I loved Maui and being and working with Bob so much.

Well. Today a year ago I saw him for the last time.

I bought a big **Tiramisu** at Hofer, will share it with him, later.

And I found a tiny roundish **stone** with a **blue** painted top. Kinda strange!

Along with the very strange wondrous cloud formation that hovered above Wien river the whole time as J and me walked West …

There is numbness in me. I feel like chopping my hair off, even though I wanted to let it grow long. Not sure. If it comes over me, I'll do it.

<u>September 12, 2019</u>

This morning was, given the time difference, the evening when I left Bob to never see him again. I picked up my car from service, and the **mechanic** (the boss), when I mentioned Hawaii, told me about his *Maui vacation* … and wouldn't stop about **Haleakala** … and my heart was … well, numb. I tried several times to tell him about my life on Maui, but he wouldn't listen, always kept going back to his adventure … sunrise on Haleakala …

What the fuck happened to my life?

Bob was so present today, suddenly, while I was doing editing work … that I thought I'd just blink and he'd manifest.

I went for a swim after picking up the car … tried to talk to him as usual, at the **Danube** … but it was like my brain kept my heart in check, I couldn't even really go into grieving …

I miss Bob so much. It all feels so surreal.

I guess I can accept the intense ***Maui-story*** as a greeting.

I'm very often so fascinated by the idea of dying … of Bob's death … I told him today that **he can't even relate to what it means to experience such a horror and such a loss**, like I have … as he hasn't ever been in the situation of such a big loss.

Then … it dawned on me … why actually not? Of course he can … *who says they, "over there", don't mourn?* It must be a ***shock*** to find oneself dead … if you really didn't expect it. I do think that Bob did expect it. But because his mind was so sore already, he may have forgotten … during his wake times.

Today I had the very deep intense guilt-shoving thought that.

A man walked by me, with a blue shopping bag with white letters, and it read:

"I wonder what God still has in store fore me …" (Ich bin gespannt, was Gott noch mit mir vorhat). I don't remember the organization or company … but it was very odd that this bag was kind of *"waved" in front of my nose*. I mean … come on! I've been thinking that very thought, I kid you not, many times, like "What the fuck am I supposed to accomplish now?" (*Note/edit: I do know though, for sure*.)

It's not like I have any real plans anymore. I wanted to do everything with Bob. Without him … well, some things are already in the works, but I can more and more understand why Bob said "The universe shits on me". It shits on me too, Stoneman. Big time. Just you see it from a different perspective now.

And those moments today, when his presence was so dense … as if I could smell and hear and sense him breathe … it was "the Bob-experience", the way I felt in his presence always, so filled with love, so attracted to him, and at the same time so alert and even afraid of pissing him off and of experience more rejection from him. I tried to please him a lot. All the time, actually. It didn't work.

(In real life) He had hugged me and apologized for having been an ass and told me how sorry he was about the lost years, and we cried, standing in our kitchen.) Well, my love … now what? I'm sitting here writing this.

Tomorrow I'll drive another time 350 kilometers, to my new apartment. To see my mother. It scares the crap out of me what will be happen with her. Her dementia … her emaciated body … I could have helped her years ago. I didn't. She didn't want me around. I should have insisted. I always knew that her mind was "off". Just like Bob's, in a way. I should have insisted on so many things towards him, too. I didn't. So many reasons for that at the time.

Did I fail Bob, did I my mother, too? I think I did. And my brother. And my dog Kimba.

Did I allow myself to be scared away from the people who I loved most, by the people themselves? Should I have known better?

<u>September 13, 2019</u> **– License Plate Magic**

Trip to Carinthia, first night in new apartment in Griffen …

On the way amazing incidents with car license plates ….

Two especially funny ones: I suddenly had the thought that I could adopt a tiny **baby kitten** … and I said out loud, "*But what would Jacqui say, if I showed up with a baby kitten?*" And in that second, a car passed by me, with the license number ".. **WUFF** 1"! A dog's bark, ***just*** when I was thinking what my dog would "say"! What are the odds?

Later I was thinking about something outrageous and chatting with Bob about it, and *just* when I uttered a sarcastic "Shush!" followed by a hissing "Chhh!" (like a cat), a car passed by me, with the foreign license place number "SH ... CH". I'm serious! They overlapped – the impressions of me seeing the letters and me making those sounds!

It was uncanny!

Of course I had *talked* the entire time how impressed I was bout those **voice recordings** *of "dead people" that I had read about* … And other license plate numbers were stunning from the beginning, like …

SONNE 6

WN 808 DW

ML 222 JO

WO 808 AS

and more "808" … many! And a lot with "BS" and "SM"! And I wasn't looking for them, but they just showed up, many of them …

I can't take pictures or write while driving on the highway, too bad! I really never memorize all the amazing events!

September 14, 2019 **– The Rabbit, the Sun and the Moon Together**

Last night, took a walk with Jacqui – and on the first turn up to the Schlossberg, the only access to the forest I could see, I found a **blue bunny rabbit** upside down.

The rabbit challenge goes on, and I think it's a greeting. I took it as one.

Screwed together a shoe rack and a garderobe, then went to bed … feeling uprooted and strange. I must focus on my work. I must. Tomorrow will see how my mother is.

I'm scared all the time.

Slept okay – but with a strange and kind of nice **dream**: I was working with one of the biggest directors in ***Hollywood*** on a filmproject, and I was out and about a big Hollywood set, and found out that he hadn't really studied the script and just wanted me to explain it to him, while he was already working on scenes. Film students and minor filmmakers were there, and I was one of the big stars. But I slept on kind of a slope in that studio, because I was homeless, and then I had to find some way to clean up, and I had the feeling I was late and scrambled to get up when it still was dark.

The *director* (some name with ***Forster*** or Forester) was already up and with other crew, but they had ended up on a very narrow and dangerous kind of the tip of a garbage disposal or some dump, and I suggested to get down from there … I had the feeling that I gained respect from them. The director had previously directed "Star Wars", that's what I told a woman who sort of asked me who he was.

It's too light in the room, inspite of white blinds … I'll have to figure something out.

Jacqui is quiet as usual.

Started day with a sinking feeling – should I have stayed in Vienna? But, no, so many aspects against it. Walked the dog in the morning, Jacqui was a bit nervous, too. Kind of difficult to do the poop thing, with private properties all around and streets private, too. But I guess it's a matter of getting used to it.

Found a lovely **Aloe Vera** plant in the apartment. So sad, about the Aloe Vera I planted in Pukalani. My heart ache is so strong today, I can't believe, where I am and what has happened.

I walked to the other end of the balcony - and there is an old **windchime** in silver, hanging in a corner: **the sun and the moon**. I kid you not: A windchime – which is a major plot-element in my spiritual SciFi-franchise "Regents of Clouds", and **the sun and the moon**, just Bob had sung to me: "You're the sun, and I'm the moon, play me!" ***At my new apartment!***

I hope I'm in the right place. I could break out crying any second. I miss my Vienna-home. The anonymity there? I had seen Bob there with me, in my imagination. But of course I did what I had to do. Now I will contact my mother.

September 14, 2019 **– The moon and Taylor Camp**

My mother seems a bit better! She did finish the Lecithin-Gingko-elixir I gave her. Sounds more coherent. Breaks my heart having to leave her, but she ***wants*** to be alone. I noticed that I failed to follow up on the things she told me, so busy watching and reading her … like her first love had lived in Griffen …

I will call her. And return next weekend.

I listened to some EVP-recordings, then had the urge to call up **Peter's blog** … and there is all kinds of stuff in his new car, a *Honda Odyssey*, a car Bob would have loved to have. I saw two Hawaiian "lei", and got all sad again and wanted to click it away, then I noticed a plastic tote bag with the word "**Mahina**" on it. It means "**moon**" in Hawaiian. So Bob is in the car.

That's where the moon is. I was already wondering. I saw another sun on a truck, driving to Velden today. And talk about a **penis-cloud!**

And when I hiked around Forstsee today with Jacqui, there were **Hippies** and someone played soft and sad guitar music. Geez! I felt like in the middle of fucking "Taylor Camp"!

In such moments I realize how shattered I am. Still, I swam. It felt good. Jacqui swam too.

September 15, 2019 **– Numbers, the Bridge & the Blond Woman**

Driving home from Carinthia … geez, I said "home" … I guess I still feel at home in Vienna, but arriving I was so appalled and disgusted by the dirt, the noise and the people …

I had interesting car license plate encounters. Starting with **250 TX**. Because that's how Bob's phone number started, 250-8030. It's impossible to see the entire number, too long, but then I saw "80502", and that counts for me.

My monologue with Bob was *always* answered by some poignant license plate number or expression, and not just sometime, no, *every time exactly while I was thinking or saying something,* … and I kept thinking how the time concept we deem so "real" is really not real at all. I missed Bob so much. Was so

deeply in Maui … later, on my bed in Vienna, I fell into Maui memories, they simply happened, as if I was actually there … and it had been a subject of my talk with Bob on the way whether one really could recreate anything one wanted, in the beyond.

I saw 911 AX, and that got me the instant thought "**ask**", it was always a big laugh for Bob and me to hear people say "**aks**" when they meant "ask" or "**hwat**" when they meant "**what**" and so on. ***I had asked him*** whether he had been sad and crying on September 11, when I left, and how it was for him, did he even realize I was gone … did he believe I would return … I kept talking to myself again about all the things I may have done wrong …

… and then right after 911 AX followed **911 AA** followed (plus the area code in front, which I don't recall). And that means "**shit**". Because ***"a-a" means "liquid flowing lava" in Hawaiian***, and it means "shit" in Austrian slang or baby language. Crackling right now!

So, it was "shit" for Bob, the night of 9-11-2018, when I left?

After 911 AA what ***followed*** was "**AUA 1**". And I mean "followed"! One car after the other! And "aua" is an exclamation of **pain!** But also, "au" means "I" in Hawaiian. ***What are the odds!***

And to sum it all up, and as I *was talking to Bob again* how **urgently** I need to communicate with him *directly*, a car drove by with a writing on it: "**Lernen Sie Bridge**". Obviously, "Bridge" is a game. But the project to enable the relations between the realms of the dead and the one of the mortals, is called "the bridge" … and it can't be expressed more poignantly.

I wish all people would read "The Unobstructed Universe", then there wouldn't even be a question of "How can that be?". How? Everything is an energetic network without "time" or "space" beyond our material perceptions! I'd like to introduce the book to several scientist who I then want to discuss the matter "the bridge" as the center piece of a documentary film.

The combinations of "**SM**" and "**BS**" on car license plates were stunning, too, today.

So it was a vivid ride. I have barely anytime been sadder, though.

I took a walk with Jacqui and imagined Bob next to me so intensely, that I could almost feel him.

During the **nap** on my bed, in a **half wake state**, a **pale face of a woman with brown spots** appeared. I think she had blond hair, and she looked a bit harsh. She said something to me and gave me a side glance … I think it was only one word … but I can't remember.

I noticed immediately that *this was not a dream or some imagination* … she appeared in a strange state of lucid almost-dreaming … in my mind, yes, my eyes were closed. I had to lie down … as I had felt so **heavy**. And it almost happened while I was driving at 120 km/h that I spaced off like that, suddenly heavy, but I caught myself and focused on driving.

I just recalled my childhood adventure trauma of **the woman in the floor** … in that **fiery** hole. There was a spot next to the bed of my parents, to the right, close to the window, that my mother just wouldn't see, but every time when my mother made the beds and I was there watching (I was very small), that spot was always there, and it always opened. I can still see it in front of me, as if it had been yesterday … and a blond woman with her hairs tied up and with a cooking apron always stood there, behind her fire and bright light, and she wanted me to come down to her, everytime … but I refused … she looked up from always the same very yellow brightly lit room, very busy in the background, but I never saw other people, and she tried to lure me in … I was so scared that she'd get my mother … but my mother never saw her. I never dreamed of that **woman in the fire pit,** she was only there in the wake state, when I was with my mother in the bedroom … it was a blue floor, I remember that.

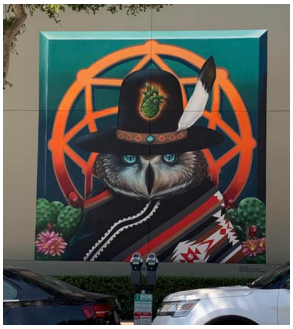
It followed me around, that impression, for so many years. It was entirely real to me, even though I was a toddler.

The woman today was a tiny little bit like that woman in the hole, who was also blond, but with a bun … (*Note/edit: Just now I realize that the fire pit and the woman in it has a very interesting resemblance to "Pele", the fire goddess of the volcano on the Big Island of Hawaii … strange, that hit has never occurred to me, until today, March 2, 2020*.)

September 15, 2019

I was reading an online blog, and just when I read the username of a commentator "heartofstone", the window ***crackled***.

Found a **black-leather-bracelet** with a yellow-red-green braided band in the center, on the dog lawn. Feels kind of strange.



And "C" sent me this Native American owl motive …

September 15, 2019

Weird! For no reason I browsed celebrities, to get my mind off the world … and on Ryan Reynold's instagram (my first time to instagram) I found a picture of a man with a Star Wars T-shirt, Gord Downie … who ever that is, but he looks like the man of my dream, who was working with me and of whom I said in my dream that he had worked on Star Wars!

Checking who that is now … OK.

He is dead.

"Gordon Edgar Downie CM (February 6, 1964 – October 17, 2017) was a Canadian rock singer-songwriter, musician, writer and activist. He was the lead singer and lyricist for the Canadian rock band The Tragically Hip …"

He had one solo album called "**And The Conquering Sun**" (2014), and there is the **moon**, too: "In February 2012 in Fort Albany, Ontario, Downie and the Tragically Hip played at the Great Moon Gathering, a yearly educational conference that takes place in various communities along Northern Ontario's James Bay coast. Its focus is on youth learning and combining Cree education with the contemporary world." (Wiki)

He was into indigenous work … so: "At the Assembly of First Nations in Gatineau, Quebec, on December 6, 2016, National Chief Perry Bellegarde honored Downie with an eagle feather, a symbol of the creator above, for his support of the indigenous peoples of Canada. Bellegarde also bestowed on Downie an honorary aboriginal name, **Wicapi Omani**, which is Lakota for ***"man who walks among the stars"."***

Okay. He died of a brain tumor.

There we have it. *This is from Bob, also a "Wicapi Omani", "man who walks among the stars".*

Gord Downie just like Bob carried on his work while being terminally ill. Just that Bob's work should be recognized much more. I'm not sure what to do about it yet.

Maybe after my move to Kärnten, I'll be thinking more clearly.

I'm not sure that was the man in my dream … but because when I scrolled through Instagram and he caught my attention (and I had scrolled **way** down, as though I was looking for something) I saw him with his **Star-Wars-T-shirt** and started reading … and there is the sun and the moon and even the stars are there.

No coincidence.

So maybe that's the "**915 PO**" that I've been pondering upon. Today is the 15th of September, and "Po" is the "Beyond", so I knew there'd be something about some person from the "beyond" today … was that it?

Twice crackling while I was writing the last paragraph. ***No*** crackling before that.

Other message in this? Is posthumous album is entitled "Introduce Yourself". And his previous one, also debuted posthumously is "Secret Path". It speaks to me a little.

Was I supposed to read about the "Glioblastoma" that he died of? Did Bob also have a brain tumor? Because: "They may include headaches, personality changes, nausea, and symptoms similar to those of a stroke." (Wiki)

"C" sent me this.

<u>September 16, 2019</u> **– The Curmudgeon**

Dreamed of Bob today, or of someone who was Bob but didn't look exactly like him. Like other times we were in some big hotel at the water, maybe ocean … and I was there first, and I had to find the proper floor, where some kind of group was that I had to join. There was a flat square box of the size of a cigar-box, and in the dream I knew that it's name (yes, the boxes name) was "**Curmudgeon**", and it related somehow to the number "**26**". I knew that with the curmudgeon (a bad-tempered or surly person) I'd be able to find the proper floor … then Bob showed up, and he walked by me and I followed him, realizing that his back was very muscular, where the shoulder blades should be there were muscles … and he had very short freshly cut hair, that was very short in his back. And I saw that hair, so short, and his skin a little red, and I was struck by so much love for him …

He went ahead to the elevator … but he also didn't know where to find the other people we needed to join. And I had that box, sort of holding it by some wire in front of me, and I knew it was the "curmudgeon", and it would help us find the right place in that huge tall building.

So strange. I have never even used the word "curmudgeon", and the number 26 is also strange to me. I can't make anything out of that dream … except that I was very happy to be with Bob … and I woke up with the thought "Hey, it is possible to be with B

(Note/edit: How odd! Just yesterday, nearly a half year later from the day I'm re-editing this, the number "26" was all over the place, and I even wrote it down, you'll come across it again …)

I'm feeling very depressed about the situation. Again, barely dare to connect with my mother. I'm constantly worried. I bought her some more elixirs, and one for me, too.

September 16, 2019 **– the Number 26 Revealed**

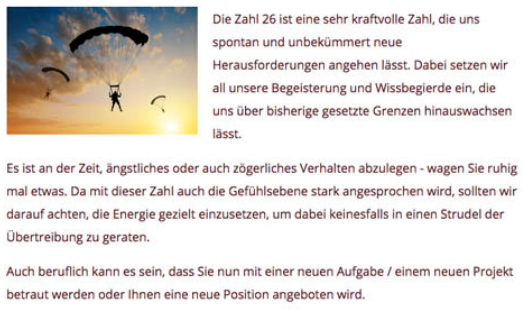
Okay, I looked up the number "26" in **numerology**, quite interesting, fits so well to my current situation, mostly I shouldn't be hesitant and more daring, but also it expresses impatience, like giving something up too fast.

Oh, shit, yes, I'd like to throw everything to kingdom come.

I cut my hair off just earlier, although I totally wanted it to grow. But it's so thin and fine, ridiculous to even make a bun. So off I chopped it. I look horrible. Not more youthful, even older. Oldfashioned, brr. But it's after the first washing, always horrible. I like the idea of clipping it back with nice clips. Must get some …

So … **the number 26** is all about **new challenges**, the kind that we take on deliberately and that let us grow beyond our own former boundaries and limits. Oh sure.

It asks us to invest our energy very aimfully … I should do activities that support my love of life – ha ha ha! 26 supposedly supplies one with power and optimism, but, and this one I like, it also helps supporting other. My mother. And it's about one's impatience … yeah, that's me. And about new friendships. Not me. And to use enthusiasm to get other people to support one's projects. Been there, tried that.



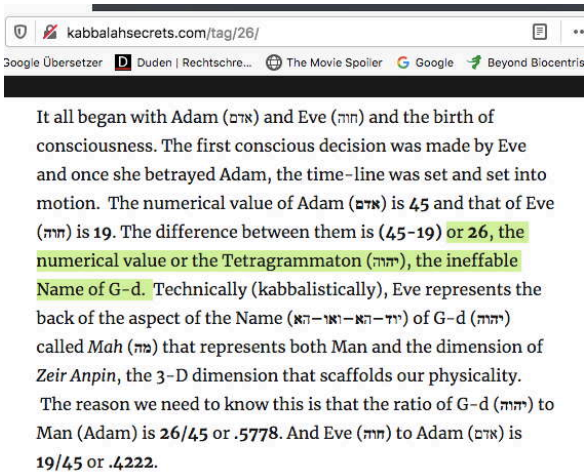
Bedeutung von Zahlen in der Numerologie - Die Zahl 26 - neue Herausforderungen wagen - Abenteuerlust

Kategorie: Zahlen und ihre spirituelle Bedeutung
Zugriffe: 13994

Die Zahl 26 ist eine sehr kraftvolle Zahl, die uns spontan und unbekümmert neue Herausforderungen angehen lässt. Dabei setzen wir all unsere Begeisterung und Wissbegierde ein, die uns über bisherige gesetzte Grenzen hinauswachsen lässt.

Es ist an der Zeit, ängstliches oder auch zögerliches Verhalten abzulegen - wagen Sie ruhig mal etwas. Da mit dieser Zahl auch die Gefühlsebene stark angesprochen wird, sollten wir darauf achten, die Energie gezielt einzusetzen, um dabei keinesfalls in einen Strudel der Übertreibung zu geraten.

Auch beruflich kann es sein, dass Sie nun mit einer neuen Aufgabe / einem neuen Projekt betraut werden oder Ihnen eine neue Position angeboten wird.



kabbalahsecrets.com/tag/26/

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It all began with Adam (אדם) and Eve (חוה) and the birth of consciousness. The first conscious decision was made by Eve and once she betrayed Adam, the time-line was set and set into motion. The numerical value of Adam (אדם) is 45 and that of Eve (חוה) is 19. The difference between them is (45-19) or 26, the numerical value or the Tetragrammaton (יהוה), the ineffable Name of G-d. Technically (kabbalistically), Eve represents the back of the aspect of the Name (יוד–הא–ואו–הא) of G-d (יהוה) called *Mah* (מה) that represents both Man and the dimension of *Zeir Anpin*, the 3-D dimension that scaffolds our physicality. The reason we need to know this is that the ratio of G-d (יהוה) to Man (Adam) is **26/45** or **.5778**. And Eve (חוה) to Adam (אדם) is **19/45** or **.4222**.

(*Note/edit: Yesterday, that I'm editing this, I **was actually offered a new job**, an additional editing project, like mentioned in this German language elaboration on the number 26 … "In your professional life it can be that you're entrusted with a new project … yes, editing a bachelor-documentation now. Well, that's uncanny.)*

Okay. It's maybe a dream-response of my question whether I'm supposed to help my mother to her mortal living feet again, or whether I'm supposed to lose her to the beyond.

Still not sure. But distinctly dreaming of the number "26" and then a reading like that, is nice.

So now … the Kabbalah … Oh, cool, "26" is the name of God. "The numerical value of Adam (אדם) is 45 and that of Eve (חוה) is 19. The difference between them is (45-19) or 26, the numerical value or the Tetragrammaton (יהוה), the ineffable Name of G-d."

Okay, **so I dreamed of "God",** that's was what I was heading for in that big building, with the "curmudgeon" box in my hand, a square kind of … box, some cardboard thing like for cigars, but in a dark silver or maybe black.

Kind of … well, nice. "222" Haulani Street. Our address. And "4" is Bob's number. (*Note/edit: In several weeks I'd receive my new license plate number: VK 422 DA*".)

More interesting – given that 7 and 8 have been my crucial numbers (see earlier):

"There are more hints that the Flood, mabul (מבול) of numerical value 42 plus 36, or 78, is a real warning specifically to us, more than a distant history lesson.

So "the flood" … ah. More about 2018 as the fucktest up year ever:

So it is not a stretch to add **10** for the **10** generations to the year Noach died, **2008**, to get **2018**, once again matching the year **5778** in the Hebrew Calendar. The year that WWII ended, **1945**, can be said to represent Eve (**19**) and Adam (**45**). If we add the number **73**, representative of the ratio of Eve (חוה) to G-d (יהוה) and also reference to the Torah's first verse, we get **2018** yet again, as we do when we multiply **5 x 7 x 7 x 8** and add Noach (**58**) to get **2018**.

"Not only does adding 23 to the standard gematria value of the 10 Names (2678) equal 2701, the value of the Torah's first verse, but the sum of all the Hebrew letters through the final Caf (ך) plus the kolel for the 23 letters is 2018, matching the year 5778 in the Hebrew Calendar."

So it's the beginning of a new cyclus, because: **"The simple answer is that at the end of 5778 years, Man always gives up its free choice and thus has no more need of time."** *Sure. Bob has no more need of time now, because he fucking died I the end of 2018.* Of course the sentence means something different, but …

So was my dream-number "26" meant to give me some insight into all **that**? Meaning? I'm supposed to follow my "kuleana", indeed? If I only knew for sure what it was?

Oh, but then, as seen above, the number "26" in a different interpretation asks me to not be impatient … I don't think that I am the "curmudgeon" … It's a box. What's in there? And seeing Bob from behind and finding him so endearing, and he was not running away from me, he was leading the way … does that mean, that he is … **well, leading me?**

All that feels kind of nice to think. *(Note/edit: And wow – have people have been working to make sense of it all, haven't they!?)*

Out with Jacqui earlier (it's night now) I walked straight into a *whole group of dark looking foreign young men* who were sitting in a park … I had to get to the drop-off of tin cans. And they were polite and gave way, and I looked at them … they were just sitting there, smoking, chatting … kind of warmed my heart a bit, that view. I don't know anyone from all the women I know who wouldn't have turned around seeing that flock of foreign young men in the way. I was tempted, too, but then I was drawn to them.

Why? Who knows? Maybe I'm supposed to learn how to be nicer again. Softer. A little bit softer now … like the Hula-compilation Bob edited when I was with him, and used that song … and asked me to help him choose the right clips.

I miss him so much. I could cry all day. But for what?

But hey, given the Kabbala, what happens after the 5778 years, is:

"At a specific moment, the **reset** button will be pressed, and **history** (or the simulation of it) will begin again. Those that were able to maintain their consciousness in spite of society's technological urging and their own physical desires will be siphoned out of the system and afforded the final redemption."

Yeah. To me, 2018 was the end of the world … for all I have witnessed in regards to Bob's passing. (*Note/edit: In just a half year, all that would make more and different sense*.)

"The seal of the world to come is the portal to freedom. There is a reason the 10 generations of Adam spelled out 5778 and 2018 for us; there is a reason it ended with devastation that wiped out humanity; there is a reason Man was given a small escape hatch; and there is a reason it tied back to the Torah's first verse and the source of the 42-Letter Name. "What is Freedom? It is the seal of the World to Come.""

Is "kuleana" played on, too, here? "Charut (חרות) is comprised of the first two letters of Eve (חוה) and the two letters from the word Torah (תורה) whose numerical value is 42. We were given the seal and the gateway is open to us this year. You must make the choice for yourself; no one can do it for you anymore. Eternity may play on, but the chance for Man to reach true freedom may pass him by."

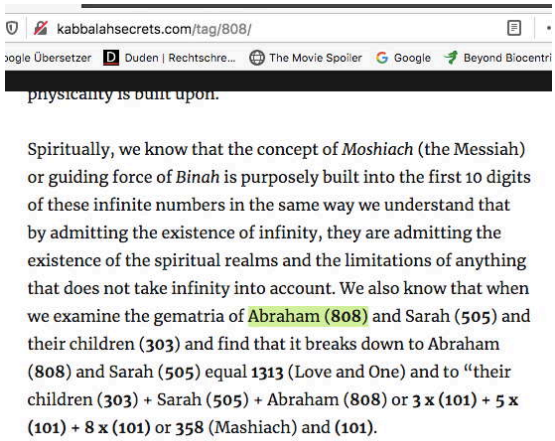
Oh, the number 42! I have written about it in "We Creators of the World" … how it followed me around, all the way to the temple in the middle of Luxor … as a sticker on the ground … no, my life hasn't been "usual", at all.

I think that the chance for Man to reach true freedom can only be achieved by "Man" realizing that there is an Unobstructed Universe.

Oh, cool, as I scrolled down on the site, I discovered: "808" as a number of special interest, too. Well now my pulse is going.

http://kabbalahsecrets.com/?tag=808

"The Gift that Keeps on Giving" … **Okay, "808" – it signifies "Abraham".**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physicality is built upon.

Spiritually, we know that the concept of *Moshiach* (the Messiah) or guiding force of *Binah* is purposely built into the first 10 digits of these infinite numbers in the same way we understand that by admitting the existence of infinity, they are admitting the existence of the spiritual realms and the limitations of anything that does not take infinity into account. We also know that when we examine the gematria of Abraham (808) and Sarah (505) and their children (303) and find that it breaks down to Abraham (808) and Sarah (505) equal 1313 (Love and One) and to "their children (303) + Sarah (505) + Abraham (808) or 3 x (101) + 5 x (101) + 8 x (101) or 358 (Mashiach) and (101).

<u>September 16, 2019</u>

The "Native American"-theme has been on, since "C" told me about her father having always worn that Native American turquois, and one being on his urn. Well, I'd found three such turquoises on the beach, once … and today I found a strange **pen with a very Native American appearing pattern**.

September 17, 2019

Jacqui got four teeth pulled today, by a dogs' dentist … and when I felt him going limp in my arms, after having received the tranquilizer, I had the flash-experience how it is when a body dies, and the shell just remains and the energy goes away. But he was only sleeping. I was dead scared he wouldn't wake up again and was upset about myself about even thinking of it.

But ever since I saw my mother in such a feeble "dying" condition … I can't get my mind off the worst. This makes me "forget" about Bob … but when the realization returns, it feels so painful that it's almost numbing me.

When the doctor opened the door and Jacqui came staggering towards, I was moved to tears. What a trust. (And yes, Bob had come staggering towards me, too, in August 2018, and in a way my life ended right there.) Jacqui had no idea what had happened, must have had such an awful feeling in his mouth … Later, at home, he whined when I only was out of the apartment for a few minutes … and he gets so close to me. But it was me who brought him into the situation. Can't believe my oversight, that his teeth were in such bad shape. The doc said that it's pretty much not possible to see that, it all happens inside the jaw (bone), an dogs don't necessarily show their discomfort clearly. They may just be overall heavy or listless …

September 18, 2019 **– "V" like?**

This morning, Jacqui was almost quirky (after his teeth surgery). He jumped around me! Even though he hadn't received his pain medication yet. I won't give him the prescribed Antibiotics, I'll do with Colloidal Silver … and I'll give him the pain med only once. Another part of the **rabbit** challenge?

Went to **Danube Island** with Jacqui, and I was looking at the totally blue sky and said to Bob, in my mind, "well, today no cloud-writing", and I look around and up: And there is the perfect "**arrow**" or a "victory" sign and nothing else! It showed up out of the blue, pun intended …

… and afterwards more of the strangest formations appeared.

I felt so "talked to". But I felt overall kind of … I don't know, numb.

It was cold, but I went for a swim anyway and got angry at a **swan**, because he just wouldn't go away from the stairs where I intended to get into the water. I even threw wood at him and splashed at him. He hissed at me, which made me even angrier. Eventually he swam to his friends … *but he kept looking over at me and even coming back little ways*. I got so angry that again I always was supposed to accommodate others … even fucking swans! I won't.

I'm feeling very vengeful these days. I can see clearly the shit that has been imposed on me. It may be good for me to spend some time in that tiny town of ***Griffen*** … given that my mother recovers.

A caretaker and consultant at a dementia facility in close to where my mother lived responded to my query and encouraged me to express my problem … which I did, last night.

I'm just so worried about my mother … I wish her so well. But I don't even dare to call her for fear of what I will encounter. It's ridiculous, but then, I guess I'm quite fucked up. So many years in my youth and young adulthood that I had seen her drunk and desperate.

I talked on the phone with Eric today. And even though our relationship hadn't ended on a nice note, it was okay. He had over the years always again been reaching out, asking how I was. And he wants to make the connection with Chantal, a rather famous artist … she and I emailed briefly. Eric thinks she has all the connections, for my film projects, too.

I can't believe Bob is dead.

<u>September 19, 2019</u>

Did an earlier dog-walk, because Jacqui swallowed and swallowed, and I thought he had pain, but then I realized he needed to go. Poor guy, lots of crap with blood in it!

Then I went back to bed, and so did he … and as much as I tried to get up, nearly impossible, I was so deeply in Maui and in the house and with Bob, but only in half sleep …

In my **dream**, tonight, I lived through a scary story about a *woman with a machete*, who resembled my mother, and she had killed someone, and Bob and I and some other "team" were supposed to kind of solve the crime. But I don't know who was the victim. And **Bob** did appear! But I only saw him from behind, but it was so sweet and relieving, and I knew in my dream that in real life I was so glad to see and feel and sense him … and he was supposed to bring or do something … there was a **high mountain** and a **cliff** at the ocean involved, where the woman later threw the machete, and where it was found …

I had found a machete once on Maui, in Haulani Street, and that was a big deal for Bob too, because so unlikely. Even Joyce knows about it, I told her, last year. Wonder what became of it … and of all the many items and useful things that Bob had gathered … Bob had built a perfect nest. He had so much stuff, tools, a full house. I loved that house.

So I saw *Bob standing there, tall and with his blue jeans shirt,* and I was so so so happy. And then I continued to work on the case … and then I was waiting for Bob, but he had not returned … I think he went home to get something. But he was on the way, I was not to worry, that was the impression I had in the dream …

… and then I woke up.

I tried to get back in there … but I only got back into the *feeling* of being with Bob. I imagined clearer than ever how we'd spoon and cuddle in our early days, how I held him, how he felt … the feeling of waking up in housie … Maui around, the noises, the smells, the prospects of having another day with Bob, working, first a morning walk around the field, then breakfast, maybe a swim and a Costco-run …

I had the feeling it was all still real and I could just **make** it be … and Bob was there and I saw him, and then … waking up … the realization … sometimes I have a very hard time.

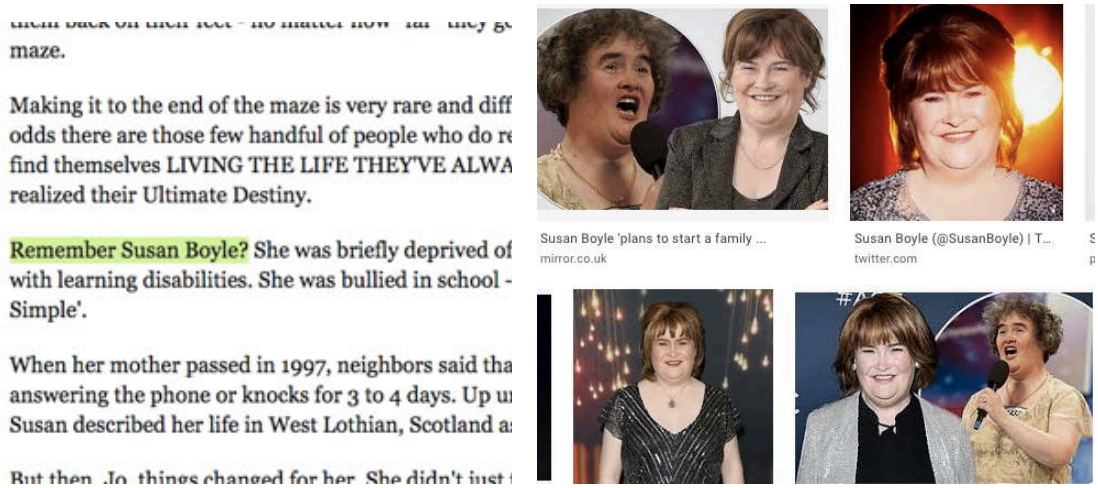
This time last year, he was all better and hopeful, it was before he went to the hospital …

<u>September 19, 2019</u> **– Susan Boyle and Me**

I don't remember how I ended up asking for a free reading with that astrologer.

But something interesting happened: Just about two hours before I opened her email, I thought intensely about **Susan Boyle**, of a famous talent-show. And that astrologer "Dawn" mentions Susan Boyle in my first free reading.

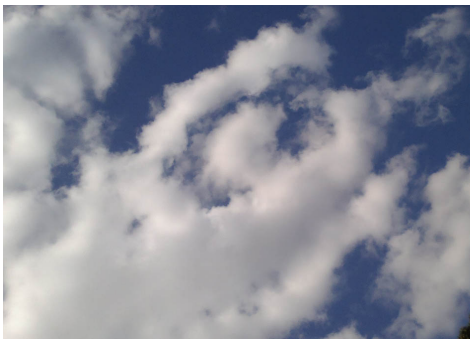
And a lot (!) of things she wrote to me is very very true.


maze.
Making it to the end of the maze is very rare and diff
odds there are those few handful of people who do re
find themselves LIVING THE LIFE THEY'VE ALWA
realized their Ultimate Destiny.
Remember Susan Boyle? She was briefly deprived of
with learning disabilities. She was bullied in school -
Simple'.
When her mother passed in 1997, neighbors said tha
answering the phone or knocks for 3 to 4 days. Up u
Susan described her life in West Lothian, Scotland a
But then, Jo, things changed for her. She didn't just
Susan Boyle 'plans to start a family ...
mirror.co.uk
Susan Boyle (@SusanBoyle) | T...
twitter.com

It does feel a little like I'm "guided" to that Dawn … or not? Does it mean that I have all the answers myself? Sure, on her picture Dawn is wearing a dream catcher and a pearl. And pearls always show up in my life when things change big.

And then the number 4 … I'm moving into an **address "44".** And it's Bob's number. Okay, so I was ready to get a "3-months-transit-guide" from that astrologer – but I couldn't pay. Because I've left some documents and my credit card in Carinthia, at my new address, Rakounigstraße 44, 9112 Griffen. *Griffin's Raccoon.*

Bob and I often talked about how "**clouds** are thoughts". And I do believe that it's possible to influence clouds, from either side. I'm often asking myself if I'm supposed to study stuff, like meditation or that mediality-thing. Yet, I'm not patient enough. Looking at clouds … I realize that there is a "draw" to look up or turn around, at times. It's not that I'm watching clouds. I'm too impatient for that as well. But sometimes I just look … and mostly there is something startling, some formation that speaks to me … like this **"eye"** …



September 20, 2019

Very strange dream about me with an actual **lion** – don't know where I got it from, but it wasn't a tame animal, and I was the whole time alert or even worried. Somehow I had to go to a **public pool**, with my mother and with the lion, and Bob was there, too! But there was danger, as there were people who were after us, and we had to dodge them. It was a problem finding a place to put the clothes before entering the water … which was some kind of a cave-like structure, like a pilgrim's place, but also at the same time a spa … and it was night! Many people were there, and of course I tried to hide the lion, which I couldn't …

I have the feeling that there was another lion … but it's not clear.

At some point I got separated from my mother and Bob (who I only *knew* was there, but didn't see him entirely clearly), and I found a spot on some kind of elevated … like hill, like outdoors, between trees and walls, but it was still inside that spa-kind-of-cave, there was a call from "the management" that we had to present ourselves on the third floor in the office. I knew that was a trap, and some strangers also warned us, or there was the feeling of impending doom, and so we had to flee that place.

The other two or three, and at some point there was my brother, Peter, I think, too … or someone similar … went ahead and disappeared, and I was on my own with the lion on the leash.

That lion … seemed to have turned into a man, somehow … not sure … and it was clear that I wouldn't be able to handle him if he wouldn't be deliberately working with me … and also there was something like another plot … very unclear, but something …

I woke up with a very strange feeling, a bit "sinking" … but that may be because I worry so much about my mother. I *have* to call her.

September 20, 2019 **– The number 15 and My Ring**

Of course I realized it right away, when I read Dawn's free astro-report about me: the **number 15**. I once dealt with it, actually, years ago, I think in 2012, when I found the **ring** on Danube Island, with the 15 little diamonds and the three-pointed star in the middle, that I later gave Bob. I took it with me, though, last year, during my last visit at Bob's.

Yes, I found it … it was dug in the dirt at the shore of the New Danube, next to the path, and I saw a tiny sparkle, looked more closely and pulled it out.

I googled meanings …

"Sign QIAN/Sky conveys the meaning of active creative efforts, meetings and control at all available levels of being, it is an allegorical way flight to cart pulled by six dragons."

Well, and "6" is one of the three numbers the astrologer mentions, my "lucky" numbers. Including "4", the day of Bob's death.

The three-pointed star of that ring is all "**dragon**" … it's also called "Dragon's Eye". And I am a dragon in Chinese astrology. So I found the eye of the dragon in 2012, surrounded by 15 gem stones. Uncanny. The **star-symbol** is a sign of protection and superiority.

Man kann in dieser Symbolik ⅄ auch Wurzeln und Baumstamm erkennen. Der geneigte Betrachter sieht sodann, daß der dieserart dargestellten Irminsul die Triebäste des Lebens fehlen. Die Blätter und Früchte sind vor den Herbststürmen gewichen, weil sich im Winter alle Energien und Säfte bei den Wurzeln (ver-)sammeln müssen. Das Wenige, das noch vorhanden ist, wird konzentriert. *(Siehe hierzu auch die Ausführungen zum Dreikreuz auf den Seite Seite 95 - 98.)*

So manchen (schwachen) Baum wird es aber tatsächlich entwurzelt haben (= ist der Auslese *(dem Drachen)* zum Opfer gefallen), so daß er nun ein wirklich verkehrt herum gestelltes Bild von sich abgibt ⅄. Dieser Dreistern ⅄ symbolisiert also einen Baum, welcher die Kräfte unten bei den Wurzeln (ein-)sammelt, um sie (auf Anforderung) dann an die Spitze der Hierarchie weiterzuleiten. Deshalb versinnbildlicht dieser dreizackige Stern:

pulative Zwecke verwendet. Versprechen und Träume jeder Art lassen sich via ⅄ - Symbol hervorragend transportieren (verstecken/unterbringen/kombinieren). Denn das Symbol des Weibesschoßes wirkt (nicht nur für Männer) magnetisch anziehend und vielversprechend.

Als (Lebens-)Baumsymbol verspricht es für jedermann: Reichtum, Fruchtbarkeit, gute Ernte, hervorragende Aussichten, Früchte, Erfolg, sexuelle Erfüllung und Gesundheit. Diese Dinge erscheinen allen Menschen erstrebenswert. Deshalb werden sie (vom Manipulator) gern in Aussicht gestellt und zeichenkundlerisch häufig eingesetzt.

fähige Ritter besiegt den Drachen (kann die Prinzessin befreien und freien) und darf auf diese Weise seinen Samen weitergeben.

Die verdrehte Irminsul ist mit dem Dreistern (Drachenauge) identisch. Sie symbolisiert lebensfeindliche und chaotische Umstände (Winter). Nur die Allerstärksten (Elite) können diesen Überlebenskampf bestehen.

die die Ausführungen auf den Seiten 88 - 98) und sich nun ungestört entwickeln muß.

Der Stern ist also die Schutzhülle dieses innewohnenden Kerns und repräsentiert das Wesen (Individuum, Ding, Sache, Produkt) als solches. Deshalb ist ein jedes Sternen-Symbol ein **Schutz-** und **Hoheitszeichen**.

Sterne sind dabei oft verwendete Symbole. Die verschiedenen Darstellungsformen unterscheiden sich durch die Anzahl der Sternenzacken voneinander.

Der dreizackige Stern ⅄ ist dabei ein anderes Symbol für die verdrehte Irminsul (den verdrehte Lebensbaum) und eine verkürzte Darstellungsform des sogenannten Drudenfußes *(Seite 116 unten links)*.

Der Stern

Der dreizackige Stern ist das Innenskelett des Dreiecks. Man nennt dieses Zeichen auch Drachenauge △ ⦿.

Der Drache sortiert den guten Samen (den starken und wertvollen) vom Durchschnitt. Nur der fähige Ritter besiegt den Drachen (kann die Prinzessin befreien und freien) und darf auf diese Weise seinen Samen weitergeben.

Der Stern

Ein Stern versinnbildlicht die (schützende) Aura, welche ein jedes Kreuz-Zeichen (Lebewesen, Schöpfungsprodukt) umhüllt (schützt).

Dieser Schutzmantel umgibt ein jedes Ding (Lebewesen, Gegenstand, Staat) und sogar den ganzen Planeten.

Dabei bezieht sich der Schutz auf das jeweilige Kreuzzeichen, welches den verschiedenen Sternen innewohnt. Denn der (Kreuzungs-)Punkt (Kind, Produkt, Staat) ist die tatsächlich zu schützende Sache, weil er als Schöpfungsprodukt aus der Vermischung verschiedener Grundstoffe entstand *(siehe die Ausführungen auf den Seiten 88 - 98)* und sich nun ungestört entwickeln muß.

Der Stern ist also die Schutzhülle dieses innewohnenden Kerns und repräsentiert das Wesen (Individuum, Ding, Sache, Produkt) als solches. Deshalb ist ein jedes Sternen-Symbol ein **Schutz-** und **Hoheitszeichen**.

Das unbeschwerte (sorglose) Leben wird gebannt, denn es ist vorüber. Der Winter (der Drache, harte Zeiten) stellt hohe Anforderungen an alle Individuen. Man sagt auch: Die Kraft des Drachen würde die "Guten" von den "Schlechten" trennen (aussortieren).

Der hier besprochene Dreizack ⅄ ist aber auch das zeichenkundlerische Dreiecksskelett *(oder das Innenleben des Dreiecks)* und steht dem △ deshalb in seiner Bedeutung nicht nach *(siehe Seite 101 Punkt 2 in diesem Buch)*.

Man kann in dieser Symbolik ⅄ auch Wurzeln und Baumstamm erkennen. Der geneigte Betrachter sieht sodann, daß der dieserart dargestellten Irminsul die Triebäste des Lebens fehlen. Die Blätter und Früchte sind vor den Herbststürmen gewichen, weil sich im Winter alle Energien und Säfte bei den Wurzeln (ver-)sammeln müssen. Das Wenige, das noch vorhanden ist, wird konzentriert.

Der Lebensbaum Y (siehe Seite 72 unten links) ist hier mitsamt seiner Aura (schützende Ummantelung) dargestellt. Man könnte außerdem behaupten, daß Y das Skelett des Weibesschoßes ▽ meint.

Das Zeichen wird als Fuchsgesicht (FOX, 666) auch für manipulative Zwecke verwendet. Versprechen und Träume jeder Art lassen sich via Y - Symbol hervorragend transportieren (verstecken/unterbringen/kombinieren). Denn das Symbol des Weibesschoßes wirkt (nicht nur für Männer) magnetisch anziehend und vielversprechend.

⅄ = **die Elite, die Führungsschicht,** welche sich über die Masse (Durchschnitt) erhebt bzw. sie anführt oder ihr vorsteht. Dabei lebt diese Führungsschicht aber von der Masse, welche ihr die benötigten und geforderten Energiepotentiale zur Verfügung stellt (bzw. überläßt).

At the same time it's written ***that everything weak will fall victim to the dragon***, who is *supposed to sort out the strong from the weak.* What is that supposed to tell me?

So the three-pointed star symbolizes the elite, the leading group who is superior to the masses. I thought something like that when I found the ring, buried in the earth at the shore of the Danube. That it

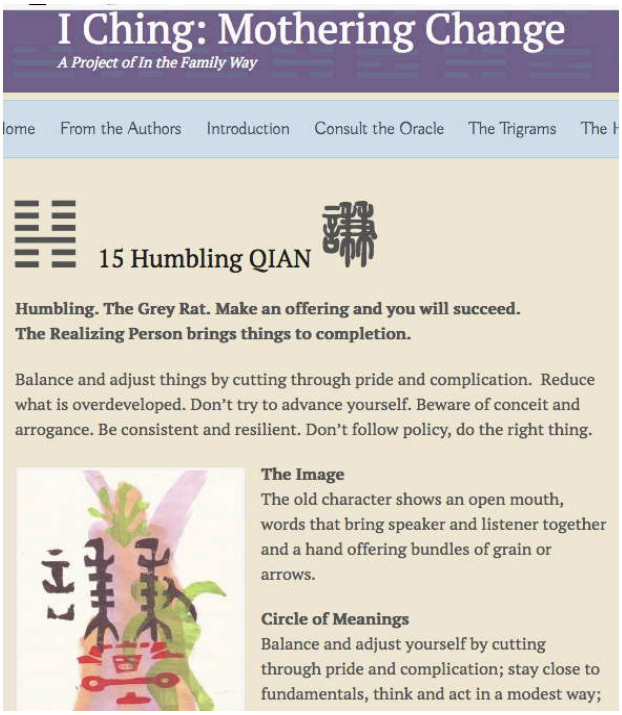
had belonged to some leader, a man, likely. I thought Bob would want to wear that ring and that it would give him power. He tried, he said, but then stopped wearing it.

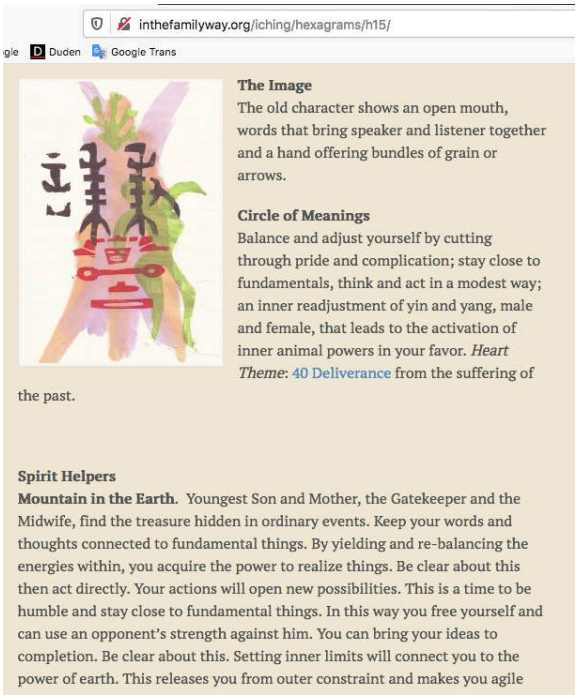
In my old notes of 2012 about the ring, I find the word "Daguo" … I remember that I **dreamed** that word in relation to the ring! And it's an ancient Chinese term, related to the I Ging – about which I have next to no knowledge. So how come I dreamed that word "Daguo", it means "Great Exceeding". And there is a lot to read about it … can't possibly quote it here! Also the **number 15** in terms of the "I Ging"…
"Qian/Humbling (sign 15)
Strategy for control of external manifestations of the wave of success …

1. Do not be proud of his talents and virtues.
2. Celebrate modesty.
3. In the hard work save your modesty beginning to end.
4. Doing good to anyone, do not consider this to our credit.
5. At the top, stay humble, and then preserve the unity of the people.
6. Being humble and pliable, thus moving forward."

Geez, what a mess. Bob's attempts to be "humble" but mistaking it for "not standing up for oneself" drove me nuts. Turned out, I should have really talked about it with him more. But that was, a the time, not possible, because any kind of criticism he'd take badly … anyway. Reading up on the numbers and symbols and the word taught me, that finding that ring gave me a distinct clear longterm message. Now, I'm supposed to act on it. I know. I can only go with my gut. And I'm not feeling particularly strong right now.

(*Note/edit: Now, in spring 2020, that I'm editing this, I **googled** the number again, and found **amazing information that totally speaks to me** … it could have been relevant already all those years ago … as my situation relating to my actual work and intended progress hasn't changed … just that I had always thought that I'd do and **achieve** it **all with Bob** the man … and also, the first google-results showed "Bobby Klein", "klein" meaning "small" …)*


I Ching: Mothering Change
A Project of In the Family Way
From the Authors
Introduction
Consult the Oracle
The Trigrams
15 Humbling QIAN
Humbling. The Grey Rat. Make an offering and you will succeed.
The Realizing Person brings things to completion.
Balance and adjust things by cutting through pride and complication. Reduce what is overdeveloped. Don't try to advance yourself. Beware of conceit and arrogance. Be consistent and resilient. Don't follow policy, do the right thing.
The Image
The old character shows an open mouth, words that bring speaker and listener together and a hand offering bundles of grain or arrows.
Circle of Meanings
Balance and adjust yourself by cutting through pride and complication; stay close to fundamentals, think and act in a modest way;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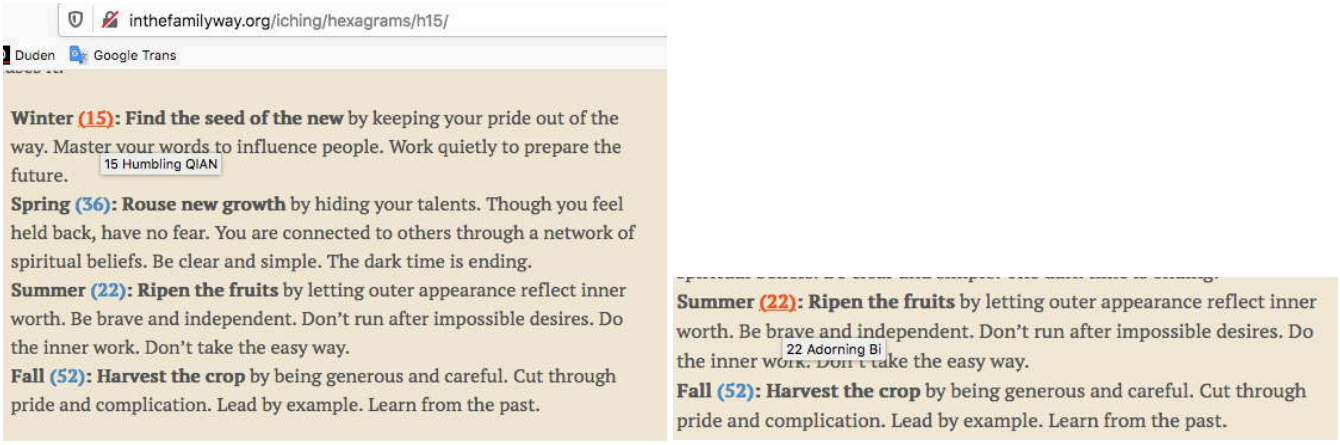
The Image
The old character shows an open mouth, words that bring speaker and listener together and a hand offering bundles of grain or arrows.
Circle of Meanings
Balance and adjust yourself by cutting through pride and complication; stay close to fundamentals, think and act in a modest way; an inner readjustment of yin and yang, male and female, that leads to the activation of inner animal powers in your favor. Heart Theme: 40 Deliverance from the suffering of the past.
Spirit Helpers
Mountain in the Earth. Youngest Son and Mother, the Gatekeeper and the Midwife, find the treasure hidden in ordinary events. Keep your words and thoughts connected to fundamental things. By yielding and re-balancing the energies within, you acquire the power to realize things. Be clear about this then act directly. Your actions will open new possibilities. This is a time to be humble and stay close to fundamental things. In this way you free yourself and can use an opponent's strength against him. You can bring your ideas to completion. Be clear about this. Setting inner limits will connect you to the power of earth. This releases you from outer constraint and makes you agile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Winter (15): Find the seed of the new by keeping your pride out of the way. Master your words to influence people. Work quietly to prepare the future.
15 Humbling QIAN
Spring (36): Rouse new growth by hiding your talents. Though you feel held back, have no fear. You are connected to others through a network of spiritual beliefs. Be clear and simple. The dark time is ending.
Summer (22): Ripen the fruits by letting outer appearance reflect inner worth. Be brave and independent. Don't run after impossible desires. Do the inner work. Don't take the easy way.
Fall (52): Harvest the crop by being generous and careful. Cut through pride and complication. Lead by example. Learn from the past.
Summer (22): Ripen the fruits by letting outer appearance reflect inner worth. Be brave and independent. Don't run after impossible desires. Do the inner work. Don't take the easy way.
22 Adorning Bi
Fall (52): Harvest the crop by being generous and careful. Cut through pride and complication. Lead by example. Learn from the past.

<u>September 21, 2019</u>

Drive from Vienna to Griffen … lots of colorful **tile shards** on the Loipersdorf walking path!

<u>September 22, 2019</u> **– Hawaiian Words On Cars**

Amazing wild dream and can't remember it!

So desperate. Visited mother, so feeble, so weak, so confused. Heartbreaking. Brought her more meds and vitamins, I can only hope. But I need help.

What I've lost is so cruelly clear …

Car with license plate "**OLUA 1**" passed by me, Hawaiian for "**the Two**", then "**KINI 1**", which means "**very many",** then "WO WIR 2" … meaning "**Where Us 2**", while I kept asking Bob if he still was with me … and other things.

Also … talking to Bob and standing on **a hill opposite Griffen castle**, I suddenly felt ***slapped*** on the back of my head … right after I had entered an intense talk to Bob. I felt it was a good spot, although loud, next to the highway. But: I had just passed a bridge (the highway) and in the **bridge** there were writings like "**real ghost**" and "a those was here, and a "D". And: With penisses around it! Ghost and **penis**?! That's Bob. That's our them.

And on the way to my address, Rakounigstraße 44, I passed by a car with "444" in the license plate and one with "44. So a lot of "4", after the Astrologer had told me it's my lucky number. It's Bob's death date. How fucking "lucky" …

So the **head slap** … I turned around, of course there was *nobody*. And no insect or leaf or anything that could have touched me. It felt like a slap … and suddenly I said out loud ***"Was that a "Gibbs-slap?"*** Bob loved the series NCIS and the way Jethro Leroy Gibbs would slap his subordinates just that way like I felt it. But it was ***a real slap,*** *not a tingling* … I even heard the "bam" in my head … like a real sudden slap.

Can it be …? Some energetic effort …

Also, today I kept talking to myself about the circumstance of Bob's decline … and I thought that his condition was meant to be the reason for the death of his body. And there was interference, by his own mind and by me, but somehow his spirit found his way to succeed. And my mother? What is it going to be? She has so much interest in life, but she can't do it on her own. She looks so old and weak, and it breaks my heart seeing her lower dentures move because her jaw is so diminished.

I don't know … what shall I do?

I'll talk to another dementia expert tomorrow.

<u>September 23, 2019</u> **– You're the Sun, and I'm the Moon**

My **first long walk** in the area of my new "home" Griffen, with Jacqui.

Immediately I found a settlement area, Poppendorf, with a street that's called "**Mondweg**", "path/way of the moon", then right after it, one "**Sonnenweg**", yes: "path/way of the sun", and yes there is a "Sternenweg" (stars).

On the way, there was one dried out **tree** that looks like a skeleton, and I talked to it and said that Bob had looked like that too.

As I looked more closely, a beautiful **butterfly** was sitting on it, and it closed it's brown and blue and white wings when I approached … but it did let me take a close-up picture. And as I stepped away and then turned around, he was gone.

I realized that on the house opposite where I live, is a huge "sun"-image on the wall.

And: As J and I turned into the street that leads *up the hill where we live*, a car was parked with "(VK) **911 CU**".

That's a greeting. It is. Because with it came a very slight drizzling rain, that stopped again right away, called "**Ua**" in Hawaiian. The "blessing from heaven", from the Aumakua (the human eternal energetic essence). Bob would say that often, once I'd told him about it, during my research for my Hawaii-documentary "Native of Owhyhee". When it drizzled *on our lanai at the Pukalani house …*

I can't believe he is no more, no more traveling to be with him, no more house, no more working together … I should be making films with him right now, but instead I'm struggling to find meaning and any kind of motivation. *My mother told me yesterday she was sorry but she couldn't do walks with me or drive with me because of the dog.*

I was close to getting angry, even though she was so miserable and weak and looked heart-wrenching. Still the same stubborn refusal … an excuse, in a way.

I'm trying to not notice the dreary light here in Carinthia, the fact that I'm here … even Vienna seems to be "brighter" right now, to my mind … I must write my contact diary, I know that. And maybe translate the Stewart White books into German?

But I want to make films. **With Bob**. But boy did he not want to work or be with me. He even took himself out of the mortal existence to escape me … that's how it often seems.

In the forest earlier I was really hit by once again the realization how Bob excluded me from his life so much, and that lead to his demise. Had be not excluded me from the Taylor Camp project, everything would have been different.

Well, he did, though. And now I'm sitting here … where I'd never thought I'd be …

The owner told me of the woman who lived here before me: She had spent 25 years in America, had a daughter there, met a Turk who had wife and kids in Turkey, moved in with him here. Then her daughter got cancer and she moved back to the states.

I also found the perfect route for our morning path, behind the church, a path leads up to castle mountain and down again close to where my street starts. It's so much nicer for Jacqui to get out of the door and immediately have good air and quiet and green and just views … than in dirty dangerous Vienna. It's going to be good for me, too. It's not. But in winter it got to be very cozy.

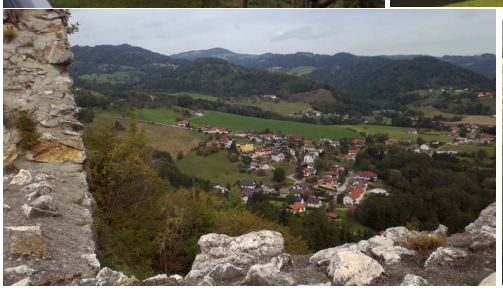
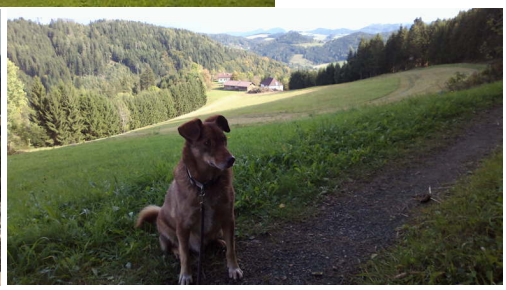
I feel a little comforted, like I'm, sort of, in the "right" place. But … I haven't really moved in yet. Still with a foot in Vienna.

The caretaker of the dementia center called me back, and there is a program for short stays for recovery. I'll tell my mother. She might be pissed, but who knows. (*Note/edit: Turned out there was no way to "tell my mother", because she refuses to acknowledge that there is even a reason for her to be seen by a doctor. And the law says that I can't force her, and I could only involve ambulance and police … and that I can't do to her*.)

I found big fat mushrooms during my first walk in the forest, "**Parasols**", I'm gonna eat them for lunch. Not sure, maybe I even drive back to Vienna today, later this evening.

Disappointing: No free internet today (which is supposed to be part of my rental agreement). They must have switched it off or left with it (which they said they would).

The *view from my window* when I'm working is into the wide countryside, down a valley, up a mountain … it's very much like in Pukalani, I just realized that.

My longing to be with Bob knows no bounds. Not sure how and why I ended up in this place … it does resemble Maui, from the mood, somehow.

<u>September 23, 2019</u>

Just went outside to look at the sheep with Jacqui – when more "Ua" came … so gently. So … like Bob. It's all so very very very very sad. I sometimes don't recognize myself anymore.

September 23, 2019

Took an evening walk with J … uphill, with amazing view over Griffen … the lights coming on, the fog rising and traveling over the meadows … sheep and cattle on pastures, J all nervous … and I realized: Just five minutes up the hill are huge giant buzzing and humming **high-voltage electricity masts**! Is that why I was supposed to live here? Because of the frequencies?

I also realized right away: This is not my home. This is my settlement for the time being to be closer to my mother. That's all. *I'm not going to stay here long. So that kind of puts me at peace.*

Fuck September 23, 2018: That's when Bob's failing brain betrayed him and me and his recovery as a mortal. And he went to the hospital … where they treated him in all the wrong ways. So that he broke down and never recovered … I should have been there with him. I wanted to go. I thought getting his sister over to him would buy me time so that I could keep sending him medicine. I was so freakin' wrong.

September 24, 2019 **– The Letter B for Me at the Cave**

I took a morning walk wit Jacqui up the Schlossberg (castle mountain) from the other side … discovered a **cave** I hadn't seen before. A single **glass shard with a "B"** was there. At the entrance. And a view straight "into the light", in the early morning light in the forest looking out into nothingness … I'm going to explore the area closely, later.

My **dream** tonight:

I was in Italy. Driving my car, similar to the one I have (a light-blue Ford C-Max Ambiente). In another car, was a man *just like Bob*, but not sure if it was him … with a whole big group including children, like a

travel group. We were heading for the **ocean**. There was a big mess of highways and roads, and it was a huge city we found ourselves in, like Rome.

I got out of the car to help the man and his group to find the way to the ocean … there was somehow also my apartment involved, where we all ended up, and the kids made a big mess with maybe sweets or things that belonged to me. Somehow they entered my apartment … and as I got in there, it was messy and somehow open, like the door unlocked and the windows …

Then the group drove off, and we were supposed to meet at the ocean.

But I realized that I had *lost my car keys*, and I did not have a phone on me … and I had no idea where I had left my car.

So I entered a **Pizzeria** and asked the owner to help me, no, I begged, I cried, I pleaded, I whined for help, and I kept gesticulating and trying to remember something about where I had parked my car. I knew it was standing somewhere where it wasn't in the way … but since the city was alien to me, I had no idea where. It seemed, in the dream, impossible to find the car. Even worse: The other group had no idea of my problems, they had driven off already, and I could not reach them as I didn't have a phone on me either. I was totally dependent upon that man, who seemed to want to help me, but he also was derogatory and mean … about how stupid I was … and he was right. He was on the phone all the time, but I somehow knew that he was intent on helping me. I was so desperate and lost and felt so stupid for not having memorized the street name where I had left my car … the only thing that gave me some freedom.

I woke up, exhausted. My dog was swallowing and licking and being nervous … I was worried he had pains or needed to go potty urgently, but I couldn't make myself get up. It was 6 a.m. I peed and lied back down, and so did he … so maybe he simply picks up on my nervous sleeping …

I can only hope that his mouth is okay, after having gotten his teeth pulled. I did not give him antibiotics, but colloidal silver and coconut oil and cell salts Nr. 3 and 4, 11 and 7.

September 24, 2019

Just read a little bit into the news … and I had a small flash of "dawning on me"… actually after watching a few movie-trailers, since I have free WLAN here … that the most important thing right now – for mankind as a whole – seems to be to make the humans realize that ***physical death is not the end.***

Is that my kuleana, to focus on this? How am I supposed to do that exactly? How do I totally "know" for sure?

September 24, 2019 **– As Shoe!**

Among the many typical Bob-and-Dani-things - I "found" a giant **wooden shoe**, a carpentry-work serving as a flower-pot just below the house where I live now! ***I always used to find single shoes on Maui!*** So to find that single huge shoe on a path that I'll likely walk every day now … phew, it sure surprised me. Nicely, actually. *(**Note**: Oh geez, looking back now in 2022 – how blind was I! Just wait for it what's next to that shoe!)*

It feels like there is so much to see in the area … but I can't make myself look closely, I feel like hiding out even while walking in the area … because everyone is curious about me and my dog, as we are new. Naturally, we're strangers, walking around. Very few people are walking around, though, generally. Beautiful big gardens, barely people.

A lot of the surroundings is like Maui, including the Haleakala-resemblance (with "observatory" and all) of a mountain that can be seen when driving into Griffen. I'll have to stop and take a photograph, soon. I think the mountain's name is Koralpe.

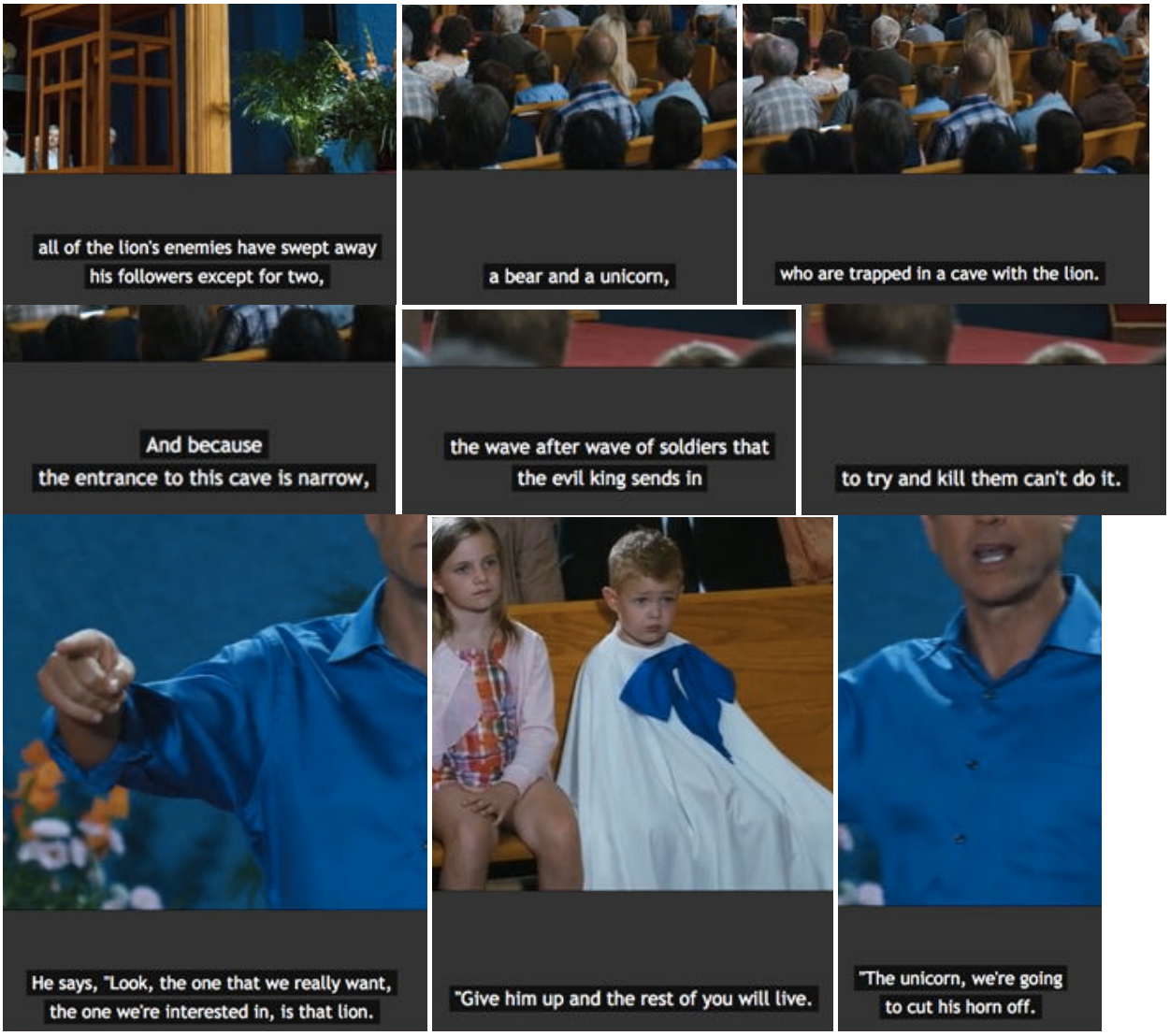
And a "colibri", a "**humming bird**" showed up, a decoration of a neighbor house! And that's "C"'s sign!

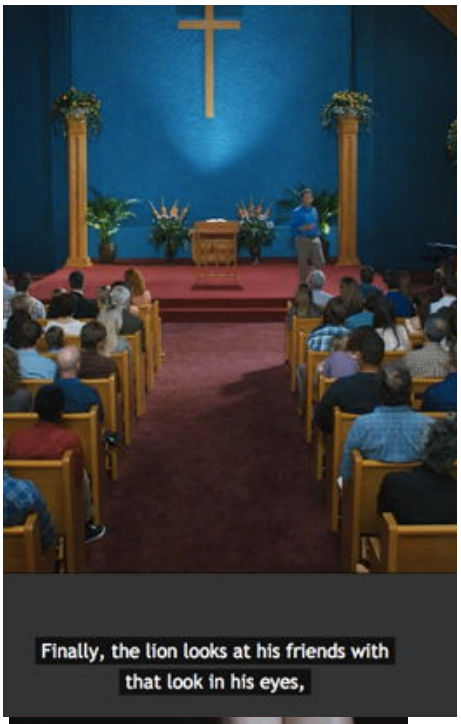
Today, sorting through documents, I stumbled upon images of Bob, and I almost threw up, then felt numb. Didn't have to cry, nothing. Just that numbness.

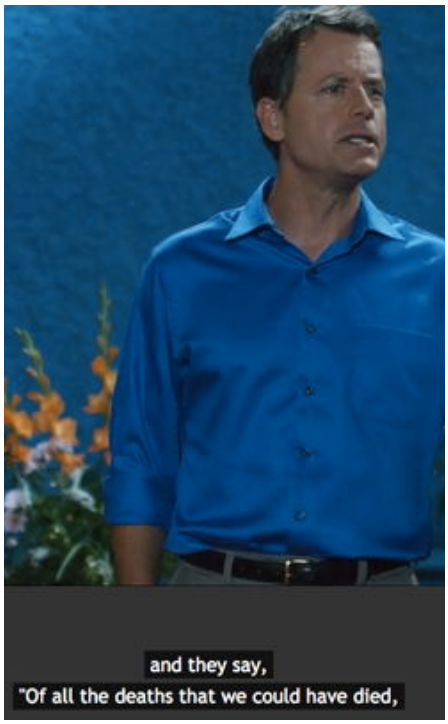
September 24, 2019 **– Messages in Movies?**

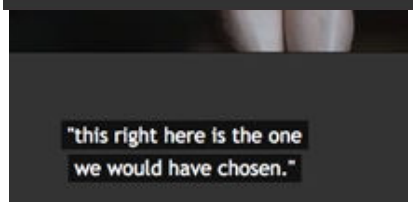
Just watching the movie "**Heaven Is For Real**" … and strangely, the first preaching the pastor does, is about a story about a **lion**, a **bear** and a **unicorn**. And that's exactly the three animals that have been all over the place … in my dreams and in real life. Yeah, the lion from the other night … still in my head.

How come? I'll read up on that parable …


all of the lion's enemies have swept away
his followers except for two,
a bear and a unicorn,
who are trapped in a cave with the lion.
And because
the entrance to this cave is narrow,
the wave after wave of soldiers that
the evil king sends in
to try and kill them can't do it.
He says, "Look, the one that we really want,
the one we're interested in, is that lion.
"Give him up and the rest of you will live.
"The unicorn, we're going
to cut his horn off.







September 24, 2019

I'm very disappointed about having received a very impolite email of rejection by Hans Otto König – the EVP-expert (about voices from the beyond) regarding my request of him partaking in my docu project and reading Stewart White's works for it. He pretty much told me that I can't "*tell him what to read*", but I only asked him to read Stewart White's work in case he hadn't yet … Geez, what an arrogance. Yet – very informative, is reaction. How phony, most of the folks who are "so deeply dedicated to the subject life after death". Oh please.

September 25, 2019

Extreme **dream**! Me and a strange woman on some tropical place, and someone kept saying "Lepra", "Lepra" … so it was **Molokai**, the leprosy colony! I was so stunned … it was gigantic majestic gloomy and strange! Dark green, ragged … and I thought in my dream that I hadn't ever been at Kalaupapa (oh wow, the name just popped in), and that the passage where the ship had come through and dropped off the diseased, was very narrow and very dangerous. High waves, dark water … cliffs, storm …

I thought in my dream that I had imagined it all differently.

I felt so **close** to "my" Hawaii (just now I had the flash of thought that my time in Hawaii is not over, likely) … right now, such a wave of sorrow and longing for Bob …

and talking about **wave**, as I walked, *in my dream,* through that strange dock-like area, a huge, *mountain high wave built up in that narrow channel,* and I was wondering why everyone stayed so calm … and the wave did **crash** against the shore, but there wasn't even any spray that reached me … it was very strange.

Then I wandered around the corner of some kind of shopping center, and there I found nice colorful glasses, with pink and turquoise plastic decoration … and something in those glasses … and I picked one

up, when I realized that it was a whole display of fleamarket items, there, in the dark back of that high rock or house … and suddenly I was with a young man, I think my brother **Peter**(?) there, in the back of that area, where, for some reason, was our home. At the same time, the Caucasian owner of the fleamarket showed up … and I realized once again that I was so jealous of the people who had settled down to live there …

So I was sort of preparing to live in that area, which was like an apartment, and that *young man somehow got angry*, and there was a **door**, and he hit it with his fist and the door got damaged and wouldn't close anymore. So I yelled and cried about the door that I would have to pay for. And then I saw that he had taken my **towels** to stuff on top of the door and some kind of shelf for **insulation**, and I tore all of them out and yelled at him, if he was crazy … it was a very wild dream … I was very desperate …

There was something else with other people … don't recall.

Just now I remember again my disappointment of back in the day that *Bob just wouldn't make the right decisions*. He wouldn't take any criticism, and he screwed up and always got back into having no money, being desperate, overworked, overwhelmed … and then he was insightful and would say that he had screwed up. I remember how frustrated I was, so often. I offered my help, I tried to advise … I don't think he even registered that I was, in fact, an "asset" to him. His past had influenced his behavior and attitude so much … towards me, especially. I was the one to take all the blame. At times, he realized it and apologized. But mostly, he simply did what he did. He excluded me from decision making many times … and then had to ask me for help. Much of the trouble was a foreshadowing. All that Bob did, the extremism in terms of taking supplements while not bringing his life in order otherwise, emotionally and regarding his relationships, his extreme psoriasis, his anger fits, his fake "saintliness" to other people … his despair, his fears and inhibitions … I did tell him so many times, that this wasn't healthy and that he needed to change it.

He loved it when I was with him, and he hated it at the same time. And I guess for me it was similar, after the first glorious years.

September 25, 2019 **– License Plate Greeting**

Drive back from Griffen to Vienna … ***just*** as I thought about what to do and realized that I should maybe contact Hawaiian production companies about my winning scripts, a car drove by me with the license plate number "**JO 996 HA**", it seemed so clear.

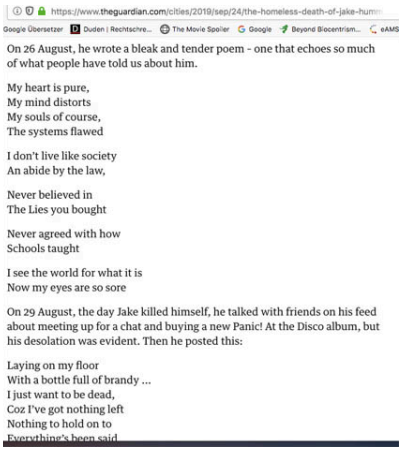
Later I saw a "910 P" and a "422 BS" …

and five, six more "BS" … it's very strange how "home" I suddenly feel in my stinky apartment in Vienna, it's a bit heartache here, too, after all, I lived here for 10 years almost. It's the anonymity I'm going to miss, I guess. But it's okay to move away. The smell, the dust, the noise, the people … can't handle those anymore. Although Griffen may be a challenge, so … provincial. I lived as a filmmaker in Hawaii, for fuck's sake.

What am I supposed to do in Griffen, Carinthia?

September 25, 2019 **– A Strange Guy**

I somehow ended up reading an article in "The Guardian" (UK) about a young man named **Jake Humm** having committed suicide at 22. He was a rapper, and one of his last poems totally describes how Bob must have felt. Also, the picture of **Jake with a big fish** reminds me of Bob, and what his father Joules said, about me. How he swears at Jake and reminisces and says to him "Well, we won't do this kind of thing together anymore, will we?" But then … I think he is wrong.


https://www.theguardian.com/cities/2019/sep/24/the-homeless-death-of-jake-hum

Google Übersetzer | Duden | Rechtschre... | The Movie Spoiler | Google | Beyond Biocentrism... | eAMS

On 26 August, he wrote a bleak and tender poem - one that echoes so much of what people have told us about him.

My heart is pure,
My mind distorts
My souls of course,
The systems flawed

I don't live like society
An abide by the law,

Never believed in
The Lies you bought

Never agreed with how
Schools taught

I see the world for what it is
Now my eyes are so sore

On 29 August, the day Jake killed himself, he talked with friends on his feed about meeting up for a chat and buying a new Panic! At the Disco album, but his desolation was evident. Then he posted this:

Laying on my floor
With a bottle full of brandy ...
I just want to be dead,
Coz I've got nothing left
Nothing to hold on to
Everything's been said

September 25, 2019

I had the strong sense that I'm supposed to translate Stewart E. White and Betty White's books. Maybe that's what they want from me. Because I'm that good with language. I had that thought before … working for the agency … correcting and editing German and English texts … It just takes up a lot of time.

So maybe I ***am*** Stewart, in a shared quality of consciousness … I asked him if he wants me to do it … and on a whim I started translating "The Betty Book". It is hard. Stewart's language is … well, it's from the early 20th century, and he was a very very skilled writer. I feel close to his writing, somehow. I get it.

Today I got a rejection from a Norwegian agency for my script "Wigwam", and they wrote that I'm a very skilled writer (but they still won't rep me, fuck them!) … But it's kind of odd … I know that I'm a great writer. Bob used to say that I'm a genius. I've been writing all my life … but somehow I've been stuck in that regard for so long. I've been winning best-script-honors many times, but I can't get an agent. Bob, as an award-winning American producer could have helped me with everything … but he was to shy and too afraid of success to get in touch with the people of influence and to connect *me* with people of influence. He kept postponing every step I asked him to do, every phone-call, every email … kept saying that he was soon going to be "back on the map", and then … He still kept saying that in spring 2018.

So … I had asked Stewart how he had managed to survive the years after Betty's death. And it suddenly was there, the answer: his writing. He was writing and writing and writing … and that was the bridge to Betty. I bet he couldn't wait to join her. It took him seven more years. Yep. That's what I'm gonna do. Write. What I must do.

And I'm gonna create a website for it and update it regularly.

September 26, 2019 **– The Unicorn Girl & the Yin-Yang-Cloud**

Found a small **unicorn** today!

I met G. today and she and her dog Gizmo and me and J walked together along Wien river … and I told her about the lion, the bear and the unicorn story … and while I told her, I realized some kind of meaning.

The lion had been in my dreams, the bear I had been finding everywhere, and lately, also the unicorn kept showing up – and today I found a tiny one, too! I showed it to G. … and I had read up on the **parable** of the three animals. They were hiding in a cave, and an evil king sent his army to get to them. The entrance of the cave was very small, though, so they could ward off the army easily. The king then said to the bear and the unicorn, that if they'd give up the lion, he, the king, would let them live. He'd only cut off the horn of the unicorn, but it would live on, and he'd put the bear in chains and in a circus, where he'd be the dancing bear, but his life would be spared. So the bear and the unicorn said to the king that they'd never ever give up the lion, and of all the deaths they could have had, the one that was imminent, as they'd stick together and be eventually all killed by the army or starve to death, was the one they would have chosen.

Somehow … I just realized what immense meaning the story has in Bob's case, as I've been asking myself again and again if I had screwed up and should have done differently to save Bob's life. But somehow, the parable saying "*of all the deaths we could have had, that's the one we would have chosen*" … is such a strong message. It means – it was inevitable, because Bob as soul as spirit had "chosen". Bob the mortal may not have been in on it entirely, but it was about "defending" and staying true to … well, I don't know to what. But in other words: Bob couldn't have helped himself, it was his path.

And I can jump in a triangle, this won't change. ***I will die, too***. That's the only comfort for me. And yes, I have a "kuleana" to fulfill and he had his. He now knows what his was … well, I'm sure curious about the upcoming chat we're gonna have, some day.

So what's my role in my mother's life? What's hers in mine?

See the "**yin-yang**"-theme in the **penis clouds**? Views like that kind of startle me and keep me on some kind of track that I can't really name … yet.

<u>September 27, 2019</u>

Horrible horrible **dream**! About a green hairy **spider**! My mother bought it on a market, and the spider jumped and kept trying to get to me. Somehow I managed to wrap it into a blanket and hit it with my fist, but I didn't want to kill it, also I was disgusted by the idea it might burst like an egg. At the same time I kept screaming at my mother about what she had done. My father was there, too, for some weird reason. And at some point I walked in on them as my mother was soaking in a bathtub, and my **father** was lying on a bed next to her, in the process of masturbating, so I had a clear look on his penis – bit it was Bob who was lying there, manipulating his perfect and pale penis!

Bob and his penis … the tragedy of my life. In my dream. I yelled at them about the spider and left (of *course the spider is signifying the ability to network* …)

Then, the dream took some kind of turn where I had to get away from someone, I was **fleeing** through some kind of **countryside** … it isn't clear anymore, but it was a life-threatening situation … it had to do with a man pursuing me and me hiding out and camouflaging …

<u>September 27, 2019</u>

Feeling Bob so close today. His impression keeps popping up inside of me and next to me, as if I could only pick up the phone and talk to him or as if the phone would ring and he'd be on, or I'd receive a message from him.

I'm in a state of disbelief, because of that, once again.

Last night I meant to continue my translation work on TBB, but somehow I couldn't. Today I thought that I had to do even one sentence a day, but every day. (*Note/edit: It felt like I had to use my time to do something else. Turned out it was this contact diary*.)

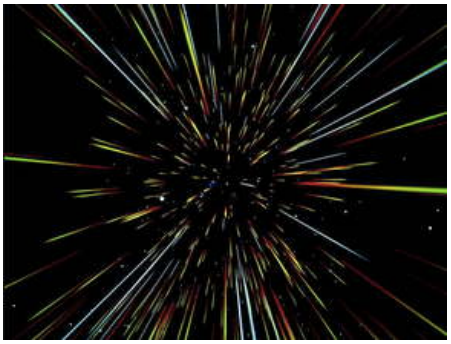
I could seriously break out crying anytime today, only starting to think of Bob and Maui. What happened? Why is all that gone?

September 28, 2019 **– Bob's Laugh & the Steak**

I think **I heard Bob laugh today**. In real life. ***With my own ears.*** And here's how that came:

I felt the urge to talk to Bob, after having read some inspiring things about how thoughts are actual substances and can used consciously to create … well, things … so I went to Küniglbergwald in the rain, with Jacqui, knowing we'd be pretty much by ourselves. And I entered a very intense state of "communication" with Bob, saying out loud what I thought I had understood so far about the use of living a mortal, material life for the later phase without the body. And how the "living in the here and now" has special meaning, because it tells us to consciously and intensely experience as much as possible, as all of that will then remain in its essence with us … so the more we create, the richer our life and the wider our range in the phase without the body that enabled us to create that substance in the first place. I hadn't ever realized that kind of stuff that clearly. And it felt so true and clear and intense … and also the thought that we, indeed, all have an expiration date as of the body, that's not meant to last very long … I had told Bob and the invisibles that I do want to share all I knew with the world and make a difference, but I think the path is through my Sci-Fi-trilogies … and that I requested help in finding the proper agent. In fact, I had pitched to a literary agency just last night … on a whim, felt inspired …

So at some point, while thinking and talking and reminiscing, I ended up with a plant along the path with **huge plants** – immensely soft and covered with soft white velvety "fur". So I said "***Play me***", as always when I want to experience "as Bob" or want to project something to him … and I imagined being him, recalling his mannerisms, but also the image I had received a couple of weeks ago, of him the way he is now, out of is own choosing. And as I was standing in quiet, with my eyes closed, touching the plant and projecting the experience to Bob, I felt – ***for the first time that intensely*** – as if I was "*drifting*" away, and inside my head, in front of my inner eye, it was like all the sparkles and bubbles and flashed I see when I close my eyes (and I can "see the air" anytime, if I "switch" to seeing it) like the universe, and I was moving backwards at very high speed, so that it was like in one of those science fiction movies when you see the universe from the perspective of the spaceship, but it moves into the myriads of galaxies and stars and the give way.



I saw it reverse, the myriads of "galaxies" shot by me as I retreated … it was an utterly uncanny experience, and I felt so so so close to being "in the beyond", to experiencing me as consciousness only. *But*

I was entirely aware that I was standing on a paved roadway, with my dog in front of me, touching that plant in the rain … and I could collapse. And that wouldn't help anyone.

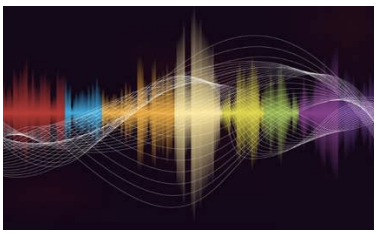
But the experience was so intense, that, for the first time, I could really totally imagine what Betty had experienced, and Stewart too, in his attempts to understand where and how Betty was going when she visited the beyond.

So I got myself back into reality and walked on … and I had been thinking of going to buy a recording device today, but didn't, because of the rain, and it's not pleasant for me and Jacqui in that big electronics market when it's full because everyone shops, because it's rainy … so I postponed.

Jacqui and I turned to move back towards home, and suddenly, from one of the houses, a most lovely **smell of grilled steak** wavered right into my nose, …

… and, I'm sure in Jacqui's. So I stopped and took it in and remembered Bob's and my steak-grilling sessions, it was such a wonderful time, he had been so good at making steaks, on the char-coal, before we started grilling them in the oven, on the "broil"-function. So I said "**Play me!**" *and projected my smelling experience towards Bob* … and I thought that he must be so close today. Earlier I had even invited him under my umbrella, holding it high enough. And although it was silly, in a way, it felt actually natural, and I'm sure Bob was standing under the umbrella with me. Of course the memories of Maui and the Pukalani walking path we had walked so often in the rain … was so painful.

So I told Bob, aloud "*You were the master-steak-maker … you were the best* …" And then I got some kind of boost of humor, and I added "**Of course the stakes were high**". And I thought that this was the kind of humor Bob would totally have laughed about, he was all into playing with words and loved the double meanings and really liked me saying stuff like that …



So I stood there, grinning, and I said "*This would have made you laugh, right … the stakes at making those steaks were high* …" **And in that moment, an insect (?!)** ***WROOMED by my right ear***, with such a lough intensity, as if it was **a giant bumble bee**, and it even felt like some kind of vibration or some strange ***sizzling*** … a loud and intense "***brrrrmmmm***"! **And there was no insect anywhere.** It was still raining. I hadn't seen or heard one in the rain at all, anywhere. So hearing that audio impact *just when I thought that Bob must actually laugh* at the "stakes" about the "steaks", and I recalled how he would have laughed, JUST IN THAT MOMENT, the "wrooommm!" hit my ear … and I immediately had the impression that **it was Bob laughing,** as an invisible, taking advantage of … well, of some real tiny insect, maybe, that was around, and he **amplified it's burring or surring and made it into "his voice" that I could actually hear!**

I have read a lot about the matters of **frequency** and what kind of frequency the Invisibles can use, in terms of repeated audio-patterns in the material realm to create some kind of acoustic experience for us to hear, the mortals. Can be water or white noise or any humming and burring … so of course, rain and the surring of an insect!

I FEEL ENTIRELY CONFIDENT THAT IT WAS BOB LAUGHING about the "stakes".

It was the perfect opportunity for this kind of interaction. The actual meat smell right there at the perfect time, me in the optimal meditative immersed state, nobody around, slight drizzling rain … the memory of the steaks, the play on words, me imaging Bob so closely … and my thought that he would laugh … ***and he laughed.***

There may have been an insect, somewhere, closeby.

I've had three times in the last days a mosquito surr by my ear, and I chased it away.

So I can totally discern between an actual sound of a gnat or a mosquito even close to my ear … *and a sound of an insect, but "altered"!* This was ***an altered sound***, no doubt. The insect would have to have been of the size of the bird, given the noise it made … And in our relationship that kind of humor and the laughing were always a given. Haulani 222 was, after all, "the house of laughter".

Last night, actually, I had incredible pain in my stomach and bowels and everywhere, painful to the touch, the entire area. No idea, what that was. But as I was feeling it and sensing how sore my body could be, I could totally imagine some kind of cancer growing all over the place in me. And I said to myself, that it's not the right time … but if it should ever happen, I wouldn't fight it … at least, not by "conventional" means. As there are no such that work.

Just now, I recall my **dream** of tonight, too … it was me and some female **friend**, somehow like H., strolling about Vienna, close to the place where some **famous guy** was living … and the guy was *Bud, the birdman*, Bob's friend … and during the dream I thought to myself that it was weird that in my dream Bud was so famous and in such a prominent position.

I don't know why we were strolling about Vienna, the Danube Channel, the Urania Planetarium, but there was **a third woman**, *who I wanted to spend time with.* Somehow, she was involved when I tried to get the chance to make an impression on Bud … and there was something about a forest and a planetarium and some kind of device or thing that needed to use used or brought … it's very garbled, right now … but I knew that I had it all in me, because I was such a filmmaking expert, yes, *and in my dream I thought to myself, that* it was all because of my life with Bob *and that Bob was dead*. So that other woman, the slender, and I think blonde one, joined H. and me … and somehow all three of us were only guests there, or, at least, we had made our way there but weren't established? Or something?

FALTER 10/20 - FALTER ...
falter.at

Er denkt er hätte einen Falter im ...
gentside.de

So the blond slender woman brought me to an office of the magazine "***Falter***" (that exists in real life, "Falter" means, "**winged insect**", like a butterfly or a moth! Wow! *And that in relation to my insect sound experience several hours later?!)* where the boss was someone I knew, but I can't remember … some gloomy weird office, and it was raining, too … now I remember that.

So for some reason that boss was all for me working for him … but there was no concrete deal, because I had to go outside again, to get to Bud and get or see or help him with his device, which had to be launched on a hill or a ridge, or something, in the night … and it had to do with **Aliens**! Wow! (*Actually, one of Bud's projects in real life that he always got Bob to help him with, which pissed off Bob to no end, was a sci-fi-animation movie … he never got it done, and what he got done, was immensely amateurish … "The mother of all battles", something about "Men vs. Women" and a nerd called "Cory", totally Bud himself, though …*) Well, in my dream, it wasn't about that movie, but definitely Bud was in the process of doing something big, and somehow I was invited in …

So me and blond woman realized that H. had taken off, and she was insulted and kind of running away, when she could have stayed with us and joined us … and I was very upset about it, because I felt I had to go after her, and or I could have used her help with the Bud-situation, but instead I had to go look for her? This wasn't resolved in my dream because I woke up. But it was a tense and conflicted situation, how the *movie* ended. So much anticipation and hope and hugely interesting kind of opportunity for me …

A very garbled recollection, but the dream itself was like that. Not like a real dream, because a few times I realized I was dreaming and that it had something to do with Bob …

So, well.

And then today the insect-sound-experience. Yes, the stakes are high, my love. I'd love to received some evidential that this was a purposeful event that took place, me hearing Bob laugh. We called our home "House of laughter", Haulani 222. "Haulani" actually means either "heavenly hibiscus" or "heavenly happiness".

I'll never forget that "buzz". **It was not from this world. Pun intended**.

And – here it comes!

After hearing the insect-laugh of Bob's, I saw a car license plate number, right afterwards, a few minutes later, along the path, that read "**W 48202**".

The **48000** being the *audio challenge*! In video-production, always use that frequency! Bob told me that millions of times. Just when I was writing this, my **right ear began to itch** so much, that I had to stick my finger into it and wiggle it. *And that's something Bob did many many times, too.*

I do think it has to do with the "buzz"-experience and me asking of an evidential. I think it's already an answer.

Oh, I so much want to make the "Regents of Clouds"-trilogy and then the other two trilogies and share that way with the world everything I know about the Beyond. It'll make the hugest and most important impact ever on human evolution.

But I need Bob to work with me, as he promised.

Being in that much pain last night, I suddenly imagined how easily I could die. It had something comforting to it.

<u>September 28, 2019</u>

It just dawned on me, again, that the old **vision** of myself, that had snuck up on me years ago, seeing myself lonely, in my nightgown, in an empty house on the shore of an ocean, next to a wooden shelf (in which I willed to see may cups and award statues, but) that was strangely empty … that was a real vision. It's me, lost and scared and hopeless in my last weeks with Bob *in the Pukalani house,* the shelf an actual one in front of which I'd been sleeping and crying over so many years … that was a preview. I had always tried to "turn it", that vision, into an image of the utmost success, just early morning, with sunshine, quiet and peaceful, while Bob was still sleeping … but the vision kept coming back gloomy. It was like that, then, in reality … gloomy and cold in it's foreboding. Bob was sleeping, but a death-near sleep, broken as he was, but yet, still alive while I was with him.

Did I know, in real life, last year, that he wouldn't survive as a mortal being? I was so hopeful, I was so sure and determined, and everything pointed towards success. But the fact that Bob had gotten himself into a condition that was more dead than alive, was a hint to me, from the moment I saw him, that he was dying. He wanted to live, he said and he sang, but he had the mortal life in mind … and that wasn't going to happen. Not because I failed in the treatment I gave him. No, that was successful. It was because his soul had chosen the path for the body to be shed. And it went as planned. Bob and I, both mortal material people, had some more time together. That was his soul's gift to me. I guess.

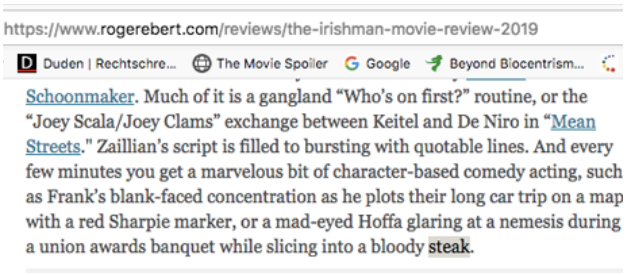
I called my ***mother*** earlier, and whilst she seems better than when I had first seen her after several years a few weeks ago, it seems clear that I'll never again be able to talk normally with her, sharing what I really want to say. I'll always have to talk the way it fits her condition. It was that way with Bob during our last phone-calls. I wasn't really talking with "my Bob" anymore. I was talking with a dying patient. The last time we really talked, he ended the phone-conversation with "**Dani, I love you, thank you for everything**". I found that so strange and not in order, that I didn't really answer properly. A day later, Bob stopped being able to speak properly … cancer cachexia and TIA had seriously affected his brain … my poor puppy. He stopped talking entirely, then regained his ability … and the tumor shrunk, and his balls got their regular size, and his penis was again nearly free and was fine and the urethra and everything functioning … but his body substance was beyond rescue. His brain had been the "tool" of the soul to shut down Bob, the mortal body.

And I'm supposed to live now, with that fact.

Many times I can't fathom that. Then, I feel him so close that I can focus on my mortal plight here … but life will never be what it was for me, just a year ago. Bob was still alive then …

During dinner I read a movie review on the Roger-Ebert-site. (Earlier I had realized that Bob could now, in fact, be talking with Steve Jobs! And I told them that I'd love for that to be the case, as I wanted Steve's help for "CineDip" and "the Dipper". Maybe he also talks with Roger Ebert. Who loved movies and likely still does. So he may be able and willing to help "Regents of Clouds" to be made … and the two sequel trilogies.

So on that review-page ("The Irishman" with Robert DeNiro) – a "bloody **steak**" was mentioned. I had to smile. I had asked for evidential about the steak-stakes. Maybe that's a start?


https://www.rogerebert.com/reviews/the-irishman-movie-review-2019

Duden | Rechtschre… The Movie Spoiler Google Beyond Biocentrism…

Schoonmaker. Much of it is a gangland "Who's on first?" routine, or the "Joey Scala/Joey Clams" exchange between Keitel and De Niro in "Mean Streets." Zaillian's script is filled to bursting with quotable lines. And every few minutes you get a marvelous bit of character-based comedy acting, such as Frank's blank-faced concentration as he plots their long car trip on a map with a red Sharpie marker, or a mad-eyed Hoffa glaring at a nemesis during a union awards banquet while slicing into a bloody steak.

I just flashed back to a walk I took with Jacqui months ago and came back a **steakhouse** with the name "**Stone and Wood previously Angelinis**". Well, I was in a wood when the steak-laughter-thing happened, today.

Time in the beyond isn't what we think it is, here in the mortal realm. That's for sure.

September 28, 2019

I've tried to start translating "The Betty Book" into German. I can't do it from the beginning, the dry start discourages me and is so very difficult.

So today, during my walk, I saw another license plate that goes "BR 801 DW". It struck me as interesting, but I didn't photograph it, I almost did. But I memorized it, obviously.

So this afternoon, after some crying, I took "The Betty Book" printout I had made and opened it on a random page to receive a message. The first sentence I read was: "**Today is just a start**," said they. And the chapter is about how to do first steps in the beyond, and what it's like to try and walk and breathe there. That's the chapter I want to start with.

As I had started translating … reading to myself in English and writing down directly in German, as I had done at HAK (school) when I was 18 or 19 at class works, when the teacher dictated the E sentences for us to then take an hour to translate them … and I had dropped of my paper right after he had stopped dictating, and I was done …

So I looked out of the window … and there it was: The **dolphin**! It had shown up as always the same shaped **cloud** over weeks now, when I was driving, right ahead of me. I had tried to photograph it many times, impossible while driving … and here it was. A greeting as I had begin to seriously translate. It's gonna work that way. It's now three minutes after I took the picture of the **dolphin** cloud, and I looked outside again, and it's gone. Entirely.

The fact that I was prompted to look outside … already feels guided.

I need Stewart and Bob to work with me on this. It's very important to connect with Stewart's mindset and with Betty's, to be able to translate properly. I feel I'm going to immerse totally. Over months to come.

September 29, 2019

I started to translate the Betty-Book last night, it was very straining, but somehow satisfying. I felt very close to Betty and Stewart, especially to him.

Then, the weirdest **dream** with my brother **Peter** and my uncle **Karli** (Kriegl), both dead. I had thought of him weeks ago, when the license plate number of his old VW beetle (he had several, from red to orange) came into my awareness often: **K 83.420**.

He was there, fully him, and the dream did not totally feel like a dream.

Too bad I can't remember, but it was something about me having **arrived** from a **flight**, in a room, my **mother** was there, too, somehow, but not really. (This morning I realized that I need to have a serious talk with my mother about the future.)

I had **two bags**, one my green soft one, that my mother had given me, and the blue small suitcase, that Bob had given me and that I had used on my last travel from Maui to here.

So … for some reason there was a washing machine … and my mother had told me yesterday about her washing machine making rumbling noises … but then it was not about the washing machine. Something my uncle **Karli** tried to help me with, but which I had already in the works. It had to do with my suitcases, that he kept moving around and even unpacking, and I didn't want him to put them on any furniture, because of the myriads of bacteria and yuck stuff on them, after traveling around the world so many times and picking up all kinds of germs.

I was quite desperate because *there was no working communication between us* … but he meant well. He did something useful, I don't remember what … it was all garbled, but then, there was that room, and I had already started to arrange things. Karli did mess something up … and it made me very very uncomfortable. I remember that.

I got to say, after only two hours of **translating** and really thinking along with Betty's experiences, I feel so "immersed" in the beyond myself, that it gives me a slightly different feeling of "self". Strangely, some of the things she described as entirely new and hard to grasp, are almost natural to me. I can totally follow when she describes the way of moving in the beyond or the kind of sight … the pulsing and radiating …

It's going to be interesting, with the translating work. But it's immense.

So my dream … it also had to do with **blocking** something, maybe some path, and Karli and I worked on the same goal, *but we weren't able to coordinate* … Let's remember: Uncle Karli is a disca.

Betty was at the very beginning of her journey, and she had said that she was going to try to **coordinate** her new skills (pulsing forward, breathing and seeing) and begin to "live" in the beyond. This means, that she'd "live" in a "dead" state while in her trance … well, I won't ever do that, but I do like to visit there in my dreams.

I would like for Bob to give me evidence about the buzz-laugh yesterday, and my uncle Karli about the dream. Did we meet? Was it something about him being on board and helping, technician that he was?

I need to make "Regents of Clouds", I need to find the proper agent. That's my objective folks. And then I want to write "Creators of Stone" and "Masters of Choices", and this will create a huge propelling step for mankind in terms of self-realization.

This is just **stuff** I found recently, relating to my beloved Hawaiian "**Lokelani**" roses. "Lokelani" itself means "heavenly rose".

<u>September 29, 2019</u> **– Two Hearts Broken & Chuckling Again**

Jacqui and I went to Danube Island for a swim. 18 degrees Celsius, the water, about 24 the air … a wonderful brief swim in the crystal clear water. A woman with a striking pattern on a **T-shirt** allowed me to photograph it … it seemed to "speak" to me.

On the way back, I saw a license plate number, that struck me right away (besides a "**W 47000**" and another "**W 48208**" one … relating to the audio-challenge.

But the special one was: "**W 00888**". I was wondering how to read it, English or German, and when I read it in German, I heard Bob chuckle again. Why? Because it had been his very special expression of amusement, when I had done some language joke or had made some poignant remark, he'd not always laugh out loud, he'd do a "***gach gach gach***", the "a" in English sounding a bit like a "ä" … and preceded by a "Ooh!", like "oh, wow, you've got a sharp mind to come up with that". He'd often say that I was so smart and creative, and he loved that.

So "**W 00888**" sounds a lot like "***whooh, gach gach gach***" (because "acht acht acht" in German). At least, that was came to my mind. And that's very very close to the very very unique kind of **chuckling** that Bob did about my language-creativity. And it fits perfectly to the "steak / stake" thing.

I miss him so much.

Translating Stewart's work may comfort me a bit. But then … at the river shore today, the waves, the splashing of water against rocks … that was Maui … but it was not.

<u>September 29, 2019</u>

From another session of translation I take it that … since the Disca can only see the non-tangible aspects of the human being, the substances of character and personality, the thought-substance, if you will, it must be possible, as a mortal, to share not only food-impressions with a Disca, but also vision. I have been doing that, sometimes, not certain whether that is too silly or not … **to share with Bob** the view of water, landscape … I imagine myself being him, using his very typical mannerisms and my feeling for him … and then I experience consciously and radiate it towards him.

So perhaps it does arrive, reach him? The question is only, does he want it? Betty writes *that she does* ***want*** *the physical experiences of the mortals to be shared with her* … I'm sure it adds energetic substance to their lives "there" and thus, somehow, enhances their horizon, their power, the energetic substance they're living in?

I had the thought, today, walking, that maybe us, the mortals, the Inca, in our very intense connection with the Disca, *we are very powerful and can affect them greatly.*

I just translated this (from "The Betty Book"):

"I get a notion," I resumed, "but once having thus entered our environment, do you see clearly physical happenings, as a ball rolling across a floor, for example?"

"The farther you get away from a sound, the fainter it becomes. Some of us can still reshape ourselves actually to participate in your lives. Much can be done by practice and comprehension of law. Others have no further desire to repeat experience, and even fail in communication be cause of inability to co-operate-I don't get the words right-fail in communication because they disregard the proportion in which you live, the superior visibility of the flesh, of the world."

"Now please let me get back to my emplacement," said Betty, who was getting tired.

"Remember there are shapeless people and structural people," said the Invisible.

September 29, 2019

Interesting passage … right in accordance to a famous line in one of my and Bob's last favorite TV-series, "Lucifer", who used to ask suspects in a hypnotic kind of way, "What is it, that you truly desire?"

> "What I am trying to lead up to is that we are striving to MAKE YOU AWARE in your present life of what you really desire. The free choice is yours, only choose; do not muddle along until unconsciously you have fashioned habits which are your paste jewels. The time will come when you must abide for awhile by your choice, and your treasures will be ashes in your hands.

I think, I understand. Sorta. And the following …

> "In everything you do the amount of success depends on the amount of energy you put into it," said the Invisibles. "The force we bring into the world, let us call it inspirational force for the sake of giving it a name, comes from a combination of conditions created by the person himself. We can only take advantage of that combination. Once a person of his own force establishes it, we can act on it. The initial step is your work. This force is, roughly speaking, emanations from you which meet complementary forces from this side. We utilize what you unconsciously possess. You were born with wings: why prefer to crawl through life? You acquire exactly in proportion as you arouse yourself to take."
>
> "It is just by determination and faith that you accomplish the first dead lift. That manifestation with yourself and by yourself, you must get before you will gain any response. That is what people do not realize. They don't put any strength into it, and when it will not work at once, they go the other way. You must get that strength for yourself."

September 30, 2019

Last time women's center Springergasse 5 today. I've gone there to wash my stuff and for free breakfast since 2010. Picked up my stuff from the tresor (safe). Gave a lot of my clothes away, made two young women very happy.

At night … I think Bob made a joke.

I felt the urge to **google Willie K**, who has lung cancer, but is recovering, and interviewing him was one of the last things Bob did, as of production … how fucking ironic, him being as sick.

So I somehow ended up on November 4, a Sunday. And I said, wow, it's a Sunday again, this year … until I saw, that I had ended up on a **performance announcement of Willie K** for ***November 4, 2018***, the day of Bob's death. And the "funny" thing – it came with a lot of *crackling* (and I swear: no crackling around that at all!): It took place at "**Belly Up Tavern**".

Very funny, Stoneman, very funny.

Timeline Photos
Willie K with Kaleo Phillips
Belly Up Tavern in Solana Beach, CA
Sunday, November 4
doors at 7 pm • show at 8 pm • 21 and over only
www.bellyuptavern.com

Earlier I had managed to **unpack the deck** that Bob had bought for me. He had thought that the time codes of my film MoB was screwed up way more than in actually was. But back then I didn't have time anymore to look into it closely, so he had such a bad time thinking that he had screwed up, high-resing it. Joyce had sent me the deck in December … It had been un-unwrapped until today.

I touched it and smelled it and shared that with Bob … and somehow, the fact of his death moved very far away, into the distance … as if it all didn't happen and I would very soon travel to Maui to meet him. That was his world, that deck … he had imagined working with it. A piece was broken, and I think that makes that deck actually hard to work … but it's Bob to me, the deck itself.

October 1, 2019 **– The Merging & The Stoneman Spirit**

I had the most wonderful encounter with Bob this morning. It was amazing, and it felt like the first real contact we had, literally … ***crackling***! (the first crackling all evening!) … it came with a whole row of incidents.

I can only guess that it has something to do with the translating work … because doing this before going to bed, puts me in some kind of … I don't know, trance. And even though I'm not doing (the exercises, for example) what I'm reading and writing so intensely, I have it on my mind.

I didn't sleep well, actually … and I don't know when the "**dream**" happened *… but it did not feel like a dream*, it felt like an ***incident*** between sleeping and waking, between this world and that …

Bob and I were standing … like on some kind of edge of something or in a corner … and we both where not "full" … we *were both nearly transparent*, and kind of black and blue and gray … not our natural colors … as if we weren't real bodies, but it was Bob and me, and ***we both "knew" that we were together, but that he was dead and I was not*** … but yet, in that event, it felt like I was entirely like him. It was a deep and soft and tender melting into each other, we snuggled up, me under his chin and to his neck and at his chest, and our faces touched, and we **kissed** each other, but gently, and more a brushing, so much longing, but so much satisfaction in that contact … **it was a true connectedness**, literally, as if we were two jelly fish or dense clouds of fog, and yet, it was Bob and me … and it was the **first time** *that Bob was consciously there and meeting me and acknowledging me and touching me, since he has left this plane.*

I still can't believe I'm writing this about my Bob, and that he is dead …

The experience of that embrace, so comforting, so true and so tender and longing … he had missed me, and I had missed him, and they way we intermerged and touched each other expressed our longing. It was Bob's often so strangely serious way of looking at me, but totally relaxed, he looked like him, and he felt so much like him, more than he had felt like him when he was alive … that was Bob and me …

but I had to part again.

(The whole day today, I've tried to actually **realize** the **scale of that encounter** … as ***that was a real encounter I know it***. Only once before in my life have I experienced something so clearly as a meeting with a dead person, many years ago, with *Victor Beer*, after he had killed himself and I was so horrified and felt

so guilty … and we met in an **attic**, and he embraced me, and he told me how well he was, and he looked well, and I was so relieved and have been ever since.

And that embrace with Bob, it was something that ***we both had been longing for*** so so much … and it must have been a "door" for Bob to "come down" to me and somehow I had, in that close-to-waking-up state, maybe risen towards his realm … and it was a melting and merging and so warm and intense and loving and tender and emotional … there hasn't ever been anything like that in a long time, maybe never in my life. That felt like pure love.

And then it simply vanished, it was over …

And it happened this way: The voice of my mother (!) called "***Komm Daniela!"***

And I suddenly switched to remembering (and instantly woke up, too) – in that "dreamstate", right amidst the encounter with Bob – the dream of before, that seems to have two parts … somehow I was in a **rainy** kind of dark **outdoors setting**, it was something adventurous, and somehow I had to hide out inside some building … there was something at stake … and it was dangerous, and I was hiding, I think … but then, suddenly, I realizes, horrified, that *my laptop and my other electronic and other stuff was outside in the pouring rain!* And in the dream I knew that I needed my laptop so badly for my work … otherwise there wouldn't be a way to live the life I had chosen, moving to Griffen to be there for my mother …

So crying and desperate I ran outside and grabbed my laptop, that was entirely under water and other totally drenched stuff. And I was so confused about myself how I could have even forgotten my laptop outside, on that table, on the meadow, in the rain … it was odd, and I was desperate.

(Note/edit: *Oh! Just now, that I'm re-editing this, it's March 11, 2020, I remember something:* ***The reason why I met Bob in the first place, was, because at the place where I had lived back then, in Kihei, with H., the washing machine had begun to leak, and somehow my laptop had gotten into the water! A new friend of mine, Yolanda, had then told me that there is only one person who can help me, a computer expert, Bob Stone! So maybe that was the reason for the laptop in the water dream, an evidential, a proof, that it was Bob who had been there with me, in that dream-encounter?*** *Wow, only now I realize this!****)***

Somehow tiny baby **kittens** were also involved, they crawled around, and I tried to catch one of them, a gray one, and I think I got it… *(Note/edit: And just* ***today****, during the evening walk with Jacqui, a gray kitten had sat on our path and meowed at us!)*

… so in my dream, then my mother called "Komm Daniela!" which asks me to come to her, and somehow the second part of my dream was there and me conscious of it, too: I was **hiking** with my mother in some kind **of hilly terrain**, mountains, but not high. But before that (another part of that dream, and it does relate to the group that was involved with the meadow and the rain), I had been hiking with a group of **school-mates**, I think, along that hilly area, which was, strangely, in the back of a big farmhouse … and there were **huge dense trees** with myriads of **roots** that were actually on the ground, not inside of it … and there was steep and narrow path along a ridge and inside that forest … but I don't know where it lead.

I followed it for a while … but then I turned around and went back to that farmhouse … none of my comrades anywhere.

But I was aware that other people where in that strangely entangled forest, too … it seems to have been some kind of scenic area?

In that **farmhouse** was someone I knew, maybe a school mate (of real life), who owned that big yellow huge farmhouse with manure piles and any doors … and I saw him briefly. Somehow, something was about that guy … but I never figured it out.

I only knew that I wanted to show my mother that trail … and there she was. I picked her up somewhere down the hill, where she was already walking … ***and she followed me***. She could barely walk, though, now that I think about it … and I was also worried, that she couldn't handle the roots on the trail …

And that's when I suddenly found myself in the **embrace with Bob** … and the voice of my mother called "Komm Daniela!", and I sort of saw her face, quite calm … but she wasn't really there, I only had the feeling she wanted me to continue that path with her … and I woke up.

The impression of Bob in me and on me, kept being there, and it still is. It feels like I can totally get back into it … it felt so real, and it's now a real memory. I feel him, and his warmth and his embrace … it was him. I know it was really him.

I know I shall not "demand" more of it … but if this was a glimpse of what's to come … oh, wow. Betty and Stewart, I'm so happy for you. And all others, who have found each other again … there, in the beyond!

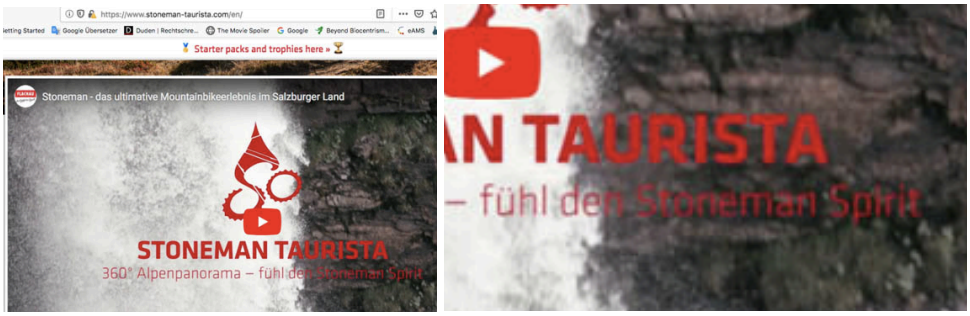
So I started working for the agency, doing editing … and suddenly the phone rang. **And it was my mother**! I was very very surprised, just yesterday I had thought how sad it was that she'd never call me again, just because, or to chat. She just isn't herself anymore, and I have been so worried. Then I saw "Mutti" on the display … and she asked me: "Haben wir für heute etwas ausgemacht?" – "Do we have an appointment for today?"

Quite uncanny! Right after that dream?! So did we have a real connection that morning?

Telepathy, had we met in the dream-state? How *are* we connected?

The sad thing is, that she is so confused now, that she simply doesn't remember what I told her just the day before yesterday, she thought I was in Griffen. But I'm in Vienna now. So I realized, I must drive down right away … couldn't do it today, but I will tomorrow. (I called her later, and she was kind of okay, but she did admit during her first call, that she felt lost and confused and her memory is bad; I must get her into therapy.)

So I kept doing my editing job … and on one client-website there was a mentioning of – *hold on!* – "**Stoneman Taurista**", a new mountain bike trail! And I googled it … and the slogan is **"Feel the Stoneman Spirit**!" ("Fühl den Stoneman Spirit!") On their website!


Starter packs and trophies here »
Stoneman - das ultimative Mountainbikeerlebnis im Salzburger Land
STONEMAN TAURISTA
360° Alpenpanorama – fühl den Stoneman Spirit
N TAURISTA
– fühl den Stoneman Spirit

Shit yes I felt the Stoneman Spirit last night!

Jesus Christ. It's almost impossible, and that after my dream … and of course while me wondering if this was a real encounter**!** It was. *It was*. He gave me the ***evidential*** right away

In the late afternoon, I took Jacqui for a walk along Wien river … wondrous **clouds**, like ripples of water … and someone "swimming", submerged.

And: Under a bridge sat a **young man with a guitar**. Just as we passed, he stopped playing and singing, and he ended with a riff singing **"… in the silver sun".**

Oh yeah, Baby.

I just remember that in my **dream**, my mother did mention her own kind of mourning … but I don't remember in what connection …

I'm wondering if Bob needs my help with something.

He always used to say to me "Can I get you something?" whenever he entered the kitchen-livingroom, where I worked, coming from his edit room. Oh those days and nights on Maui. They were my life. I want to know what I can do for him now. I want to do it, whatever it is.

October 2, 2019 **– The Orange House of the Sun Welcome**

Bob's birthday. He would have been 65 years old today.

The little travel dolphin was there, several times, leading the way … as white or gray clouds, even in the pouring rain! It was a horrible drive, so dangerous!

Strangely: During my drive, I suddenly felt a **cold tapping on one spot in my neck**.

I had asked Bob many times to give me the neck rub he had given me on Maui last year … and it kept occurring, I reacted to it, *I had the feeling I was touched* … never felt that before, anywhere, anytime, on any part of my body … that ice cold tapping feeling on my neck muscles …

I felt Bob's presence the whole time, even talked to him how crazy it is to drive under such conditions, and many truck drivers went nuts today, trying to get me to speed when I was driving the speed limit, keeping close … and other drivers, not caring.

And I had even felt dizzy when starting from Vienna in only light rain. It became a rain inferno on the way … and I chatted with Bob all the time, yet drove in full focus. And I got entirely relaxed and sort of spaced out with the need to be efficient, and then happened the **touch** … it was a touch. It was not a muscle spams. I even touched that spot to see if it was wet (like a hole would be in the roof of my car) …

Interesting, some **red juice** from a vegetable juice package had leaked onto the *passenger's seat* … ***but the package was not leaking***, when I examined it … not sure how that got squeezed out, I never opened it. But I did ***turn to Bob many times*** as if he was sitting on the driver's seat next to me. Maybe he squished the vegetable juice package? There was nothing heavy on top of it!

I arrived in Griffen – after pouring, washing rain all the way from Vienna, life-threatening driving conditions with crazy racers all over … I was driving in full focus and yet relaxed. But I did feel kind of confident and safe.

As soon as I had **arrived** at Raccoon-hill, suddenly, *everything turned orange*, and I was just unpacking my car. I looked up … because the light, the air, **everything was orange**. I turned around … and of course, there is **the sun on the house** behind me, in orange … but still, that light … so I turned around and saw: A huge full **rainbow appeared** above the valley and the hills, and the light was orange because of that! I was standing like in an "orange spotlight", literally, it was eerily bright, like the set of a science fiction movie …

So I stood and gawked at the huge rainbow that greeting me, right **in front of the house that has a sun on it** … and yes, Bob and I had lived on the slopes of **Haleakala**, which means "**house of the sun**".

Mahalo, I can only say. Mostly I'm so stunned and touched and impressed by events like this … that I fall silent inside. I don't even know how to celebrate this amazing event … how far away is Maui and Hawaii and all, and yet, how close.

That rainbow was a greeting, along with **Ua**-sprinkling …

I had talked intensely with Bob about him and me working together in my realm, *and me learning how to approach him, and him learning how to approach me, so that we can meet in the middle …*

and I know that it's possible, Betty wrote about it. And our snuggling-meeting … that was real. It was. In only need to know if that is really what Bob wants, or if I'm making up his interest and desire … I do wonder what his family is doing on his birthday.

Does the birthday matter? No more. Not this one.

November 4 is the true birthday, for the next phase. But even that date doesn't matter at all!

Bob was with me during the drive, and the rainbow was a greeting, facing the "House of the Sun". No doubt about it.

October 3, 2019

Talked with a dementia-expert, who also visits at home. I must get through to my mother. There is help, if she allows it. I hope she will.

October 4, 2019 **– The Nightmare Within the Nightmare**

Continued translating The Betty Book last night. It gave me some comfort … because I'm feeling entirely … CRACKLING! Right next to me, the window … I noticed last night, as I was working on TBB and thought of Bob so intensely, that it crackled on the same spot! But not before or after or in between, just NOW again … well, I hope it's a message that he his here …

because I had the most **devastating dream**, with surely a message in it:

It's like my life in Hawaii is haunting me, it starts feeling more intense than in the last year, more horribly lost, more "me", so that I'm now really feeling like deteriorating inside … I miss that life and Bob and Maui so much … I don't know how to handle, really. I must distract myself, with the translating work, maybe, and I must figure things out with and about my mother … and then … sitting here in Griffen can only be a temporary step away from Vienna … but my whole being is in Hawaii, on Maui … I could cry any second … starting.

My **dream**: There was a screening of a film, and it was a mix between *Taylor Camp* and *Native Of Owhyhee*, and it was screened on the sportsground in Velden. Elisabeth was there (my old Vienna friend) and many people I know, and also people Bob knew … and in the film, an Italian man gave a commentary, and I thought in my dream that it must be Raffaele V., Filomena's brother … Filomena died many years ago, I can't believe Bob is there now, too … today is really a bad bad day …

So part of that film was *Bob himself*! But ***he was also there, in person!*** And in the film he had cancer! And people were talking about it, and Raffaele too, and Bob himself too … he was tall and dressed in jeans and t-shirt and already wore the signs of his disease … and *I thought in my dream that I* ***hadn't realized that he had included his disease*** *in the film …*

It just now came to my mind that I had asked him to let me know if I should connect with John W. about the film … maybe I should …

So Bob was there, and seeing him in the film (in the dream) *being still alive watching his own film in which he was dying*, broke my heart in the dream! But the weird thing was, that I kept **waking up** and dreaming on, the same dream! **Bob explained** how he was so sick … and *then it happened*: **I walked into the film!** I was in the audience, the screen was somehow just *somewhere in the air*, it was like an open-air cinema, but also kind of unclear … and I suddenly got up and walked, like balancing over a wall or over short pillars, into the film, into Hawaii! I even thought in the dream that, wow, people must be wondering that I was able to do that … and I was kind of ***proud*** of having been part of that … but at the same time I ***was so grieving, knowing that I still wouldn't reach Bob*** … who, though, was walking around in the background, in the film but yet also right there …

And the second part of the film kicked in: Robert E., the video-tech with whom I had talked on the phone yesterday was there, or I was at his place, and he tried to get some part of my film, which was "Making of Barricades", to play or to transfer it … and it didn't work.

He showed up at my place, and he was interested in me romantically. There was another woman in my apartment, maybe Inge (Slughi's owner), and we had to sleep there, and there was only one bed. And somehow, Robert E. insisted on sleeping with me … and cuddling, and he was in love with me, and I tried to resist, but was also somehow attracted …

There was something with being wet and rained on and a very narrow bed in some kind of a garden-hill-something … and in the morning he told me that he had looked into it which section of the film made troubles and was hindering the rest to be put out … and he said, triumphantly, that he had found out: It was the section with "our friend Walt Disney" in it!

Jeez, I thought … **Walt Disney**.

I remember last night reading a mentioning of him in a movie-review … but most importantly, this morning, I knew exactly how Disney is relevant to me. I had ***quoted*** him in my "***CineDip***"-concept, and he had said *"If you can dream it, you can do it"* or "If you can think it, you can make" it … I don't remember exactly right now … but I somehow had the feeling that him appearing in my dream as a kind of "solution" to a "tech problem" must be definitely something coming from Bob … in relations to such an intense dream about Bob.

This dream leaves me very devastated today.

I don't know anymore, emotionally, how to help myself …

But I'll … I don't know, keep in mind what I "got" from that dream? I'll do it.

First, I must visit my mother.

Thank you, dead Bob, for the message in the dream. Crying right now, because he seems to be so so so far away. And I myself, my life, all I love … so far gone.

<u>October 4, 2019</u>

Heartbreaking visit with my mother, she had forgotten about our lunch appointment, and she forgets what she says while she says it, and I have to repeat everything many times. She re-asks after having received information right away. Clearly, her mind is broken … I suspect, though, that it's because her general self-neglect.

I mentioned that I believe that the soul survives, and she said she had just seen a program on TV, and she believes it too.

I was thinking the whole time if she may be very close to moving on … I don't know what to think. She looks so pale and thin … I can barely stand it.

Then, swam in the Wörther See lake … yes, it was cold, it was wonderful …, with amazing sky formations, straight parallel likes of the planes and the moon right in there, and the sun came out from behind the clouds just then, while I was swimming, and I said "Play me", and I felt Bob with me.

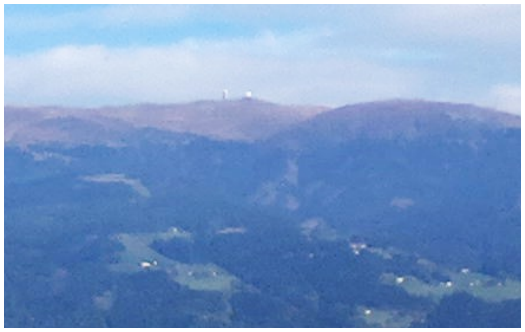
Then I got home, started watching the movie "**Bird Box**", just drawn to it … and I believe it's about people seeing the dead and wanting to be with them … How uncanny.

Then I walked Jacqui in the dark and somehow *babbled to myself* how the landlady had told me that she calls the house opposite "Haus der Sonne", ***"house of the sun",*** because a huge sun is painted on it. So I told it to Bob, and said it in English – and I was stunned! "House of the Sun", that's "Haleakala" in Hawaiian, our volcano, where we had been so happy! Our house in ***Pukalani, on the slope of Haleakala*** … suddenly it realized it that I had the same situation again – the "Haleakala" in the view of my home, right across the street! ***Like it had been on Maui!*** I had ended up in a very similar living situation … without realizing it. I mean, think about it, ***what are the odds*** of me ending up in a place where there is a sun painted on the house across from the place I live?

No odds, right.

So … "House of the sun" next to me, the rainbows when I moved in, the Koralpe-mountain looks just like Haleakala too … it's uncanny. *Hawaii is with me*. I'm not done there. It's right here! Or … it's just a greeting? Signs, that "they" are with me?

I had taken pictures while driving, when the Koralpe-Haleakala took me by surprise … and suddenly appeared behind the hill and rises … it is just like going to Pukalani!



This place with the view in the valley and to the castle, is the closest I could have possibly come to Maui. With the number 44 where I'm living, Bob's number, the astrologist told me that it was my lucky number, well, Bob's death day … but the house of the sun right in front of my nose every day always … and the rainbow was just so amazing and surreal … I am guided.

The dream may mean that too.

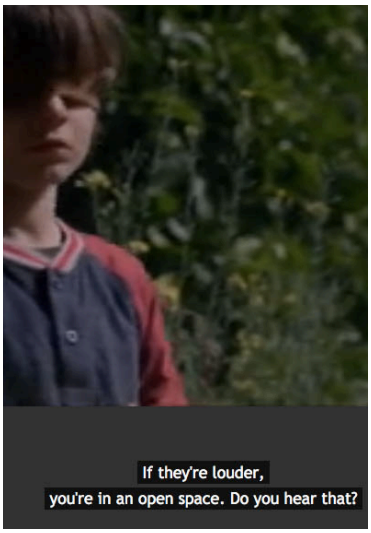
Walt Disney stands for his motto "if you can dream it, you can do it". How much clearer can "they" get? Now I'm curious how "**Bird Box**" ends, because the theme of the movie is really amazing, too.

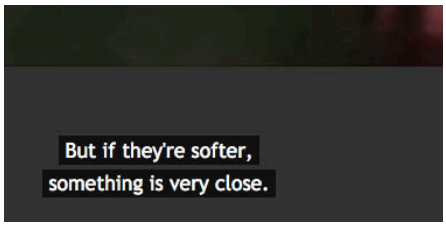
And of course, the **Griffen-mountain, where the castle** is, that got to be the biggest **stone**, ever. One huge rock. You go, Stoneman, you're with me. I believe it.

I longed for Bob so much in the forest close to where my mother lives … I wanted to see him. I'm looking forward to the workshops.

October 4, 2019 **– Message in a Bird Box**

Watching "**Bird Box**" the theme "***A little bit softer now, a little bit louder now***" was featured … the song having been chosen by Bob for Bob's and my last Hawaii-related project (a promo for the MACC for a hula-show"), where we worked together, as he asked me to help him choose the clips for the video …





Sometimes I think I can't stand the memories and the realization of the loss.

This morning, Google features a **squid**, creating the numbers 2 and 8, my numbers. And I've been saying *my favorite Hawaiian proverb* a lot, recently, as I had often talked with Bob about it: Pua ke Ko, ku mai ka **he'e**", when the Ko (sugarcane) tassels, the squid appears, meaning, the fishing season for squid starts. It's in November. Strange, how the November was always so important to me, and Bob died in November, and the HPV theme (and the ridiculous vaccination against it) kept following me around for years, and Bob died related to a HPV infection … and MEA 910, his license plate number, and it was the last day we spend with each other, 10 of September, 2018, as I left for Austria the next day to get medicine for him … it's all so tragic … not sure, how I can manage to muster strength, especially with my mother's situation, too …

October 6, 2019 **– A Hawaiian Tiki & Birds of Prey**

Took a long walk with Jacqui, at some point thought about "Regents of Clouds" and talked to Bob what I should do … and suddenly broke out in tears (actually, when I thought about Jane Campion and her agent and about female filmmakers' association the US that I should contact …)

I came by a house, with a man-size wooden carved **Ku-like statue with a mo'o** (dragon, lizard!) all along one side! What are the odds?

I sat in a strangely magical place near a creek for a while and felt dizzy, saw the green hill shift an move, took my glasses of and saw wavering vision … and then a **big bird** appeared high over the hill, and I thought how could it would be if that was a greeting from Bob … but then I said to myself, it was just a bird, I won't interpret everything as a message …

As I was about to cross a bridge across that creek, I noticed that the sound of the water had a different frequency there, a dark undertone … and I had the idea that I should go and try record "them" there … I will.

So J and I took a long walk all along the mountain face, and on the way back, I saw a **yellow bucket** on a cow's pasture, with the writing "We care, you grow".

I thought, okay … as it was in the middle of me complaining bitterly (aloud) to Bob … after having been in a spot that was so quiet, like "the quietest place on earth", the title of one of the films that Bob made (with Tom) and that broke his spirit … that he promised that we'd be partners and work together, and that I feel betrayed and don't let him off the hook and insist that he work with me …

I had watched a bit of "Dark Phoenix" (X-Men) before, and the theme is actually very poignant … oh shit yes I want to be powerful …

So as I was further on the way back … in a small settlement, suddenly there it was: A huge **picture of a brown bird** with spread wings on a van … and I thought "there you are again" … and my thought of a greeting from Bob in the form of a bird of prey was valid, again.

Also, I found a **rusty cup** that someone had dug out … seems to have significance, somehow.

October 7, 2019

"C" sent me pics of a beach with a **silver sun** … and that to the song about the "silver sun" … and it brought out ***the one impression*** I kept having right after Bob died, the silver ocean with the silver sun at Kealakekua Bay, with Bob, when we filmed for NOO.

And what "C" wrote … wow, talk about synchronicity! A song by "Bad Bunny" and someone else, featuring a moon and the songtext

"Ceux qui rêvent ont bien de la chance – Les autres ont des insomnies" (Wer träumt, hat Glück - andere haben Schlaflosigkeit)

Bad Bunny x J. Balvin - UN PESO (Letra/ Lyrics)
sunday · 611K views · 6 days ago
ceux qui rêvent
ont bien de la chance
les autres ont
des insomnies
2:05

Notice the "Bad Bunny" … the rabbit-challenge, right? And just take a look at my recent Walt Disney dream! "If you can dream it, you can do it!" Talk about a message!

Haven't gotten a "*raccoon*" yet! But, well, I got Haleakala! My view into the valley, the mountain, the rainbow, the house of the sun … it's a kind of comfort setting, having lost Pukalani. I will always love Pukalani and Haulani Street 222. This is my home. I want to be there again. And I will.

October 7, 2019

Dream of Sigi … and in my dream *I knew he was dead*, but he was there, and there was a **song** with the refrain "You really should be still here" …

… and me and my friend Elisabeth, from whom I haven't heard in ages, we gave up "our living spirit", so that, in fact, *we were actually dead among the living*. This enabled me to ***will myself*** into ***flying***, weirdly, carrying or covered by a fur-blanket, and watched by Sigi … who I was looking for most of my dream …

… in a kind of busy dark / nightly city-quarter setting … similar to that in other dreams, built on a hill, like the tiger-mask-dream from months ago …

No Bob anywhere.

All about Sigi.

I had talked to him yesterday (in real life, too).

I've asked him for help too.

Yes, he died kind of young, in 2016, when he was just 56. (I've helped him, more than twenty years ago … to start a new life, and he found a new woman and had 20 good years with her …

I've been thinking of contacting his partner Sonja, too. We are neighbors, now, in a way.

The dream was very painful … I think I realized that I had made a mistake giving away my life-force, because I had thought to gain benefits … but there were none, really … and I woke up …

But I did fly, over a roof, in the night, it was hard, though. And I showed it to Sigi, but entirely missed his reaction …

It was a dark and weird dream …

And I had a big headache, all through the night.

I was so worried about my mother … it took my breath away.

I called her at noon, and she sounded okay. I visited her, and she promised to go to the doctor for a check-up … and I'll ask her every day if she had done that.

She seemed a little better today, but I see her and I'm so sad about what had become of her. I wish her so so so well. She pointed at the same spot where she has pains, sometimes, like me: the right lower abdomen. Like "zwicken", pinching, … exactly, me too.

October 8, 2019 **– Edelweiss Soap**

… realized this morning, when I looked at the soap again, that has been in my new apartment since I moved in, must have put there by the landlady, that it features two "**Edelweiss**", typical Austrian mountain

plants … and I remembered the Edelweiß that I found / encountered twice in the month before finding the apartment.

I don't want to interpret everything as "on purpose", but it sure does appear like "contact", like attempts to remind me that the connection exists, even if I feel entirely lonely at times. I mean … how often does an "Edelweiss" come one's way?

Today is such a day.

The fact that my mother tried to keep me away from her door, insisting on meeting me at my car and then immediately criticized me for having a dog ("unvorstellbar, dass du einen Hund einfach so ins Auto lässt", "unbelieveable that you let a dog enter your car just like that") reminded me so bitterly of all the unfair and hostile treatment that I have received from her pretty much all my life.

I think it's a good sign for her, that she remembers that she doesn't like me, but it's painful for me. Still, she is so fragile and so weak, and I so much want to help her, but my heart sank so deep when she said that … On the other hand, it's kind of good that she remembers that she doesn't like me and my life, that, in fact, she kind of hates me, she's told me that before, because that means that her memory gets better.

It's just that sometimes I do need some help and love and support, too. But I won't ever get that from her. I don't know how far my power will go to help her. I guess I'll just have to do what comes to my mind.

The Edelweiss flower just now was a little comfort. But where is Bob?

October 8, 2019 **– Ribwort Plantain**

Driving back to Vienna … immediately a brown bird of prey showed up over the fields.

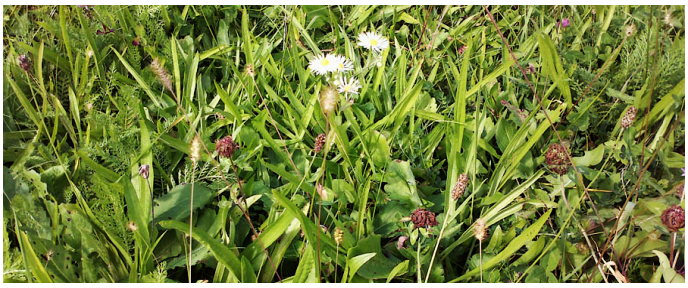
And: Barely an hour into driving, another brown bird of prey – right in front of me, crossed the highway. That was strange. Four brown birds of prey in two days … ?

Also interesting: In the morning, I had tried to find a certain plant, "***Ribwort Plantain***", "Spitzwegerich" or "White Man's Foot" in the forest, to no avail, to cure that strange mite bites Jacqui still seems to have on one inner thigh that itches and makes his skin sore … but didn't find any such plants. I reminded Bob that the plant had done good to him, too and that it was called "White Man's Foot" by the American Indians, because it just grew everywhere …

I'm just now remembering how Joyce and I had fought for Bob's life a year ago …

Anyway, so after leaving Griffen, I suddenly felt compelled to stop, after only a few kilometers' drive, to take pictures of the mountain **Koralpe**, that looks so much like **Haleakala**.

And as I left the car and stepped onto the small parking lot, I saw, that there was a nice meadow and it was *full* with **Spitzwegerich**! I mean – full! Almost a meadow of "White Man's Foot"! It really really felt like a message … especially since in the background there was a very loud water-sound .. and I had thought just the day before that I'd record running water for the frequencies … and as I looked, someone had not switched off the fountain on the parking lot!



I totally felt "contacted" that way.

Also, later, there were just uncanny **stripes in the sky** … and I got very strong impressions with them, they all had to do with "*we are living parallel lives"* and *"we are on the way to unite again*" … and the stripes did just that. I took pictures while driving, which was totally dangerous, but it was also totally necessary … like "our paths keep crossing" … and one of the lines having a large big "ball" attached to it (yes, like a tumor) … "Clouds are thoughts", that's what Bob and I talked about all the time. And with thoughts I mean powerful energetic phenomena.

And then … the weirdest license plate numbers, like BOOOOO and D-Tech and **BS 4808** R and others … all while I was talking with Bob aloud about the kind of connection we're supposed to have …

I miss Bob so much. Given what's going on in the world … I don't see much interest in life … except for sharing the idea of the survival of consciousness and making my mother and Jacqui feel good.
Other than that …?

October 9, 2019 **– The Envisioned Visit**
Back in Vienna, horrible **dream** … of Kolonistenheim and me, manipulating a pile of wood causing it to slide into some water, which, in turned, caused a whole big building to collapse and also fall into that water, causing a huge giant wave destroying … I don't know what, but I knew it destroyed a lot. I first tried to flee, but then ended up telling my grandmother (Maria) that it was me …
There were other women who took something from me or disrespected me in some way, but somehow it felt like the destruction was my revenge … very very strange.

Called my mother … she doesn't want to go to the doctor but feels good and takes the vitamins and mental stuff I gave her …
And:
Something amazing just happened. Many many times I had thought about H.-P. (old friend from back in the day in Vienna) and to ask him to go look after my mother, since he is in health-care (Shiatsu), and I also wondered if he would rent out rooms or an apartment in his huge house … and on Saissersee I walked by his house many times … in the last months.

So today H.-P. (who I haven't talked to or seen in many years!) sent me a message that he had just visited my mother (must have been minutes after I talked to her) to get my phone-number. My mom and he must both have been shocked … and he wants to meet me, will be in Vienna the next three days.
How odd. He did go see my mother! Under different circumstances I'd intended him to, but still. Wow. That's … something.

October 10, 2019
I felt overwhelmed with my translating of "*The Betty Book*" and started reading! And: I came across a **chapter about parallel and meeting and crossing lines!** It had to do with humans who died

prematurely … and what that meant and why it had to be and can't be helped. Just like I had seen in the sky and photographed, as they had looked so put there on purpose! Those lines, first parallel, then approaching each other, then crossing … and then forming weird violent "collisions"! Just like I would read in the Betty-Book! "They" knew what I was going to read!

"Another time" they promised. "All we can say now is that any progress or work has its accidents and failures. What compensations and faults there are, and how they are made good we will take up again. It is ALWAYS SOMEBODY'S FAULT!"

I brought up this aspect of the subject at our next meeting; for it interested me greatly. They told us that the whole matter was too involved and complicated to attempt; that the danger of getting a false idea from a partial statement outweighed the advantages. Finally they gave us a figure of speech by symbolizing to Betty.

Away back in history, said they in effect, conceive two lines side by side that are supposed to run parallel forever. But there occurs a deflection. It may be so slight that it could not matter in the least to them at that time. They go on and on through time; but sooner or later they will meet. Then they will arrest each other, or one will cut across the other. But now from the point of view of the greater harmonious proportion, something must be done with the crisscross tangle. The remedy is in pruning the lines back, cutting them off, cutting them short. And, they told us, back in the source, in those lines before they began to deflect, lies a germ of life from which will grow other straighter lines when once the pruning has been done.

So … it's fascinating reading about the true nature of impacts we have on other people … could I have saved Bob the man? Could I have helped him keep his body for longer? My answer is, yes.

"Why is the world run the way it is?" said the Invisible, Betty's voice changing drolly to the measured tone in which they articulated. "Well, the world is run as it is to demonstrate individual responsibility."

A moment later Betty returned to the idea of avoided responsibilities being like derelicts turned loose that wreck or damage those with whom they come in contact.

"I can't get high enough up to see why they wreck one and not another," complained Betty.

"That's too big for now," they intimated. "That is Fate.

"Do I gather," said I, "that there are, roughly speaking, two classes of those whose lives are cut short; those who are pruned back, and those who die by accident in running against these derelicts?"

"That is vaguely it," admitted the Invisible, "But they are not sharp-cut little things like that; they are big blended things. But never mind."

Yes, it's about our spiritual prowess, our measure of enlightenment, how we deal with the energetic influence of … well, of everything!

"By combinations of harmonious force it is possible to check an impetus even when you are headed straight for a derelict," said they.

"If you see it!" I pointed out.

"Or if somebody sees it for you! " they amended.

"Besides, if you accumulate enough harmonious force, there is an automatic action. Your own impetus is strong enough to fend you off. It CAN be. There is something you can generate that both quickens your senses and subconsciously directs you."

Humans are supposed to evolve in terms of dealing with their life-force while they have a body. I wrote about that, on hundreds and thousands of pages in "We Creators of the World" … I don't think that all my work and my insights are supposed to be for nothing?

"There are laws that supersede laws," said they. "There is the blind following of law; the unspent impetuses we see in all nature. In our study of these natural laws we find we can direct and harness them. Now the world is full of unfulfilled responsibilities. They go hither and thither like atoms in the air. It seems blind chance whether they hit you or somebody else; but part of the time they hit one or the other because there is no superseding law." "I seek for a controlling force in all this random action," said Betty. "Something in me tells me there is a controlling, superseding force."

"Your spiritual instinct prompts your questioning of seemingly random impulses. Union of your volition with spiritual force (our old friend spiritual contact) governs those random impulses; just as understanding of the law harnesses the forces of nature."

I asked whether one with highly developed and long continued spiritual contact would be able to avoid these "accidents" and so be exempt from untimely death.

"Not exempt, but greatly ordered," was the reply. "Often sorrow is a quickening agent, one of the gates of wisdom; and it may be necessitated by individual need. Then there are spots, torpid spots, that have to be surgically treated. You must remember that collision with these derelicts that have been turned loose does not necessarily mean death. It may mean merely obstructed tendencies or desires."

"I referred to deprivation of chance for earth experience," I pointed out, and received the following partial explanation:

I guess I just have to trust that everything will work out the way it's supposed to. And it's supposed to … how? Actually, a part of me knows. Has always known.

"Those with unfulfilled responsibilities sap other people's output. They are like parasites. Sometimes that involves a crime that terminates some healthy existence, without fault of the person attacked. You want to know about the innocent person who gets in the crossed line of growth. If this crossed line had come in contact with a line of superior force, it could not have crossed it. Therefore, it can harm only those of depleted vitality. This depleted vitality, which is depleted spiritual force, may be from inheritance. That again, you see, is unfulfilled responsibility."

"Wheels within wheels!" cried Betty in despair.

"There is a seemingly innocent victim, isn't there? pursued the Invisible, "But he wouldn't have been a victim if he had possessed superior spiritual force. So that was a good deal his part, too.

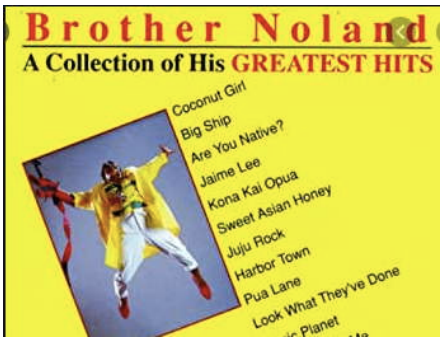
October 10, 2019 – **Coconut Girl In a High-Fashion World**

I just experienced a "message" of the strange and even funny kind.

I had shared my "sky lines & the Betty-Book-text" insight with "C" (making a pdf with the story and pics), and went for a walk with Jacqui.

This afternoon, I had taken a walk with Michael, the poet, and he had told me about some woman who had confused "***haute volee***" with "***haute couture***", "high fashion".

Just the other day, actually, several time, *the tune that Bob had liked so much*, had come to my mind, by the Hawaiian musician Brother Noland, "**You're my coconut girl in a high-fashion world**, huh!" Bob had often sung that. (And he also sang "*Are you native?*" in a funny voice …)



Now, I'm in intense talks to Bob about me needing to know if he wants to stick around with me and helping me or what he needs and wants … So first of all, the line "what can I get you?" that Bob had always said to me had appeared several times in movies and stuff I read.

And then … the mentioning of the "**high fashion"** *by Michael today* … it was kind of strange. *Never never ever have I heard those words said to me, except in English in that song* … by Bob, once we had heard and seen Brother Noland perform the song together … Oh, I miss the time doing production with Bob so much, I really sometimes don't want to live anymore.

So tonight, just a few minutes ago, I took Jacqui for a walk … and right next to the door of the house where I still live, yes, *my door!,* on that metal box right next to the door frame, was – a **coconut**!

What are the odds! First I felt confused, and I actually grabbed the coconut and weighed it, … it had a hole, so someone had taken out the sap … and I put it back, it looked like a perfectly fine coconut …

and the song came to my mind … *"You're a coconut girl in a high-fashion world, huh!"* How often had Bob sung that when he saw me with a coconut … and suddenly it hit me, that just a few hours earlier ***Michael had said "high fashion world"*** … as the combination of "haute volee" and "haute couture" means just that!

That's is no coincidence. That's spirit speaking. Bob's spirit.

And he said to me:

"You're my coconut girl in a high fashion world."

I think I got it, Stoneman. He wants to tell me that he is with me and that "nothing" – ***wow***! Just *now* I felt a *strong electrical charge right in my heart!* It really startled me! Different than an emotional surge, 'cause it appeared directly in my heart! – so that … nothing had changed … well, it did.

Can it be? I'm doing the workshop tomorrow.

I just sold two teak wood chairs that I had been using for ten years now, for 80 bucks. They wanted to give me 100, a sweet young couple, but I gave them 20 bucks back. I'm moving away, it starts feeling like it and real.

And I'm the **coconut girl**. Does that mean I'm supposed to return to Maui? To Hawaii?

But I couldn't bear it, being there …

Just realize that I wanted to send "C" a pic of Bob and me, but I came across a pic of my Hawaii driver's license with the Haulani Street 222, 96768 Pukalani address. It wants to break my heart, I feel it. But there is something above those memories and longings, the grief and the pain, and that's the need to spend my time with useful things, so that the time goes by fast. I want to be with my mother, I want her as my friend and confidante. I hope I'll be allowed to have her. And my dog, of course.

And I want to make those films. I have to take efforts to find the proper supporters.

I'm the **coconut girl** in a high fashion world.
Right, Stoneman?

Also: Today I went to register for self-insurance at the **SVA**. And on the waiting-monitor I read the name "Rosa Piberger",the woman who had once lived in the apartment right below mine, and who had moved out about three years ago! I found her sitting close to me, and she was reading and didn't realize that her name had been called, so I approached her, greeted and told her, and we chatted a bit …

She seemed a bit feeble and told me about a new love in Malaysia and how much she enjoyed traveling and her money-need … so it dawned on me, that whenever I'd be in Vienna, I could visit with her, or I could invite her to Griffen. She is a sweet one!

How weird that I'd meet her today!

I'll make sure to meet her again before I leave here!

> Montag: 7.30 bis 17.30 Uhr (ab 14.30 Uhr Journaldienst)
> Dienstag, Mittwoch, Donnerstag: 7.30 bis 14:30 Uhr
> Freitag: 7.30 bis 13.30 Uhr

Telefonische Erreichbarkeit: 050 808 808
> Montag bis Donnerstag: 7.30 bis 16.00 Uhr
> Freitag: 7.30 bis 14.30 Uhr

The HP had contacted me and wants to meet, haven't seen him in years, and then the chat with Michael was also nice today, he's a poet and I want to make a film about him!

October 11, 2019 **– Bob Announced His Coming & Glowing Stones Hitting!**

Wow.

I woke up with *Bob speaking to me* … he **said "I'll arrive at full throttle at …"** *with his broken voice* of exactly the time last year …

I think it was even October 11, 2018 when we spoke last time on the phone! And in that **half-dream**, he was on the phone! The voice was so direct and real, it **was not** a memory … it was Bob's sick voice. I was wondering, why the sick voice … and as I mentioned, I haven't heard Bob "speak" since his death at all, inspite of all our audio-talks … and one thing about the audio-challenge is, that I've been hearing a very very high frequency noise, at times, not always. It always feels like it's there "actively", as it subsides. I'm aware of tinnitus and all, but it's not that. It's some wave kind of high pitch noise … *as if I was trying to hear something, or if someone was trying to get some kind of high pitch sound to me.*

So this morning, half asleep … but still in a very very strange and vivid dream, **Bob's voice was there.** But then – just Bob, not "his voice" like I'd make it up, and it was no memory of what he'd said, *that was my Bob the way I knew him … when he was already sick.* And the **dream** had to do with that … it was so close and intense like someone really talks to you. Now, an hour later, I can barely recall the intensity and the directness, like it is with real voices, the memory is there, like from a real voice, it's not clear and I can't repeat it exactly, which means, that it wasn't made up by me myself.

So … this is how it came:

I **dreamed** that Bob and I were on some kind of **production** (actually, now I remember that the dream is divided by my peeing in the morning, and as *I went back to bed, I dreamed right on*). It was an **apocalyptic** setting, a large and wide kind of meadow-setting, a hill with something going on there, maybe some kind of fair or competition, or it was a movie-set. There were several other **people**, and one of them, I think, was Kimberly Caywood, we had worked with her, she was account exec at Cable Vision … oh it hurts like hell thinking that … equipment, voices, and Bob. Strangely, he didn't acknowledge me, *but he "knew" I was there.* I "knew" that in my dream and I was aware of it. At times the dream got lucid and I "knew" that I was dreaming, but I sort of discussed with myself that Bob was already very sick, which I "knew" in the dream, and I observed Bob, who held himself well, he was youthful, but I kept thinking of that **secret** in his pants, his horrible tumor …

And suddenly there were **clouds** of some weird kind, and g***lowing stones came shooting down from the sky*** (is that of meaning? glowing stones …? from above?) like **rocket**-type *meteorites*, and they hit hard and fast always very close to me.

People ran away … and as I turned around, I saw that there was an **ocean**, very far below. So the next ***glowing stone hit next to me*** … but nobody tried to film that … and the **grass** immediately began to **burn**, but I ran there and put it out with my feet, I was wearing *home slippers* … and I felt the heat, but I did put out the fire.

(Note/edit: Here I'd like to remind you of my previous note of my future March 18, 2020 entry, where I suddenly found the perfect imagery to illustrate what I've just described, that glowing stone hitting … here it is … you'll get to it in about half a year's worth of contact diary plot, and you'll really appreciate it then … but for now … just roll with it all.)

The production sort of moved somewhere else, but I was excluded, I could only observe.

Then there were **Bob's parents** involved, somehow, but it was more a knowing in the dream than a seeing, they "knew" about him being so sick … and I was, in the dream, so worried, that he'd do the wrong things.

I tried to get to him, but he evaded me … and I felt hurt, but I knew I had to pursue.

There was a weird scene of a group of people cowering in some spot, like refugees, and one of them was a young **girl**, who lay on her side, and a big man began to rape her, and I could see that from the direct side, his penis in her, him pounding her … it was so strange … I felt ashamed of seeing it, but I couldn't stop watching. ***Bob and his crew also saw it*** *and sort of were interested … but they dispersed.*

(Note/edit: Now that I'm re-editing this, March 14, 2020, it came to my mind that in the "Taylor Camp" project there were several interviews of people who were ***abused and even raped*** *in TC … but while that footage was in my original promotional version of the film, it all was thrown out later, and none of it remained in the film; I recall talking with Bob about that, several times, that the film was no documentary anymore, but it was turn in to a kind of fake-documentary, because John W. wanted a "feel good" movie … and I was very disappointed, also in the names of all the people who had a very hard time in that hippie-tree-house-commune, also relating to the behavior and bad deeds of John W. himself, back in the day; So that dream sort of seems to relate to all this.)*

In my dream, I **tried** so hard to get after Bob to be with him and see where he went, but ***he was already away.***

I had a cell-phone in my hand … no, before that, I **found** a **cellphone** and tried to read what was written on it … and I made my way to some kind of large house, even looked like in Vienna, in an alley, one of the big official buildings or the old royal building, but nobody was there. I knew I had to find out where Bob went …

During production Bob was giving instructions, with a strong sweet voice … his real Bob-voice … but I don't remember what he said.

And suddenly **Kimberly** C. was there, and *she held some thing toward me* and asked me if I could **find the "A"** somewhere … and I found a white tag with red written on it (or the other way around) and there were letters, **"A X X' E …"** and others, it looked Greek, and I told Kimberly she only had to look, it was right there.

I asked her where Bob was … and she said ***"Bob has to be operated completely before he goes on to …"*** (his next job, that was meant, but she didn't exactly say it). I was baffled that she would say and claim to know that when I was the expert on Bob's problem an in on his secret … and I was worried that he'd do the wrong thing!

What does that mean? She didn't say "operated on", she said "operated" … and it reminds me that Bob, in his final days, had told his sister that *he didn't want to turn into an operating system* … I now know that in those episodes – one of which I witnessed and didn't know what it was! – when he saw numbers running in front of his eyes, those were TIA. And he must have had several, even before I knew about his illness, because there were incidents over the years about his mental capacity and about his odd behavior, that point to a mental condition or a brain fart … and that's what he used to call it: He'd often say that he had "a brain fart", and he got very upset about himself. That was already years before he died … and I always thought he was just impatient and too hard on himself … but perhaps there was real condition in his head all the time … his fears, inability to articulate himself fast enough at times … anger outbursts, exhaustion, sinus problems, insomnia … lots could have been wrong. But he was just like I am: He liked to tough things out, no trust in doctors or hospitals.

I now realize that the events of this dream are very intense reflections of the real-life events … is that meant to be **evidential**?

So then, *I thought,* ***in the dream,*** that I could also got to Hawaii and search for Bob all over, and I **would** find him … but then Kimberly suddenly said *"He is going to Bodensee again to look after the kids"* … and I knew that it was a job that he had been doing (in the dream, nothing of this in real life), some kind of caretaking and babysitting, an easy job … the Bodensee I a big lake in West-Austria …

And in the dream I was very upset, because why would he do that? Why not share it with me? (Oh, real life equivalent! Bob always leaving me out of decision making, even when it concerned me, too.) And why would he evade me*? I was worried he was already on his way without telling me*, why did he exclude me

again … (Real life, too, in the years before his death, when I knew something was off, but he wouldn't share and wouldn't encourage me to inquire.) I was so desperate. I pulled out my cellphone (that I had found earlier in the dream) and ran downward through one of the big houses, looked like some old castle, through a large portal into a court, *and there were two phone numbers, 176 and 177, an I picked **176** …*

I found that the reception was fluctuating … and I moved back upwards … and a man came towards me, looked like a **traveler**, a tourist, and it was **Antonio Banderas**! We greeted each other briefly, he was wearing a suit, very dapper, and a briefcase … and I was thinking that I'd tell Bob about it.

So I called the number … and I listened, ***nothing*** …

Antonio Banderas came back and turned, and it wasn't him, but similar …

And suddenly**, Bob's sick and broken voice came on** … and I knew, in the dream, that he was speaking with bitter irony … and at the same I was so hurt that I couldn't reach him and so devastated … and I knew the message was in a way for me, but it was still his answering-machine that *spoke, with long pauses and garbled parts that I couldn't understand* (like the place and the time) …

… but entirely clearly, **like Bob was really on the phone** and I held the phone totally close to my ear, that his voice was actually in my ear … *so intense, so personal, him so alive and speaking* … but the way I heard him last … in real life, last year … so much strain, so broken, so sore, so old and sick: **"I'll arrive at full throttle … at …"**

No way to hear the other parts.

What an uncanny experience.

I woke up, lying in bed, entirely "awake" on a certain level, having the feeling that Bob was there … really there … that he had used that half sleeping state and ***my audio-focus*** to really make me hear something …

Strangely, ***my left ear had been stinging last night*** before I went to be. And right now, the right ear seems to feel a bit clogged …

The memory of his voice isn't clear now, I remember that he had spoken, but not so clear like it is when you recall something made up …

In the dream, and right while waking up, I thought that the message has a meaning I don't realize yet … because the **irony** in the dream-plot, *he was so sick, he couldn't do anything "full throttle",* but then, I have the feeling that the sick voice is only some kind of vehicle …

The point is:

If a discarnate person re-makes his old voice, he may not be able to produce his full healthy old voice, *but the voice that was the closest to his current state of being in terms of recollection*, which is the one he had before passing over?! That's my reasoning … ***cracking*** twice!

So my subconscious made something of "hearing" Bob … along with an actual audio-frequency?

I'll go to the *meditation workshop tonight* … maybe I'll be able to figure out something?

I have a strange feeling today, as if something had **shifted**.

Bob and my life with him is so close today. I can't give it up. I won't. I want to be back with him on Maui … I can't accept he's gone. I don't accept that our relationship is over. His body isn't here anymore … but then, he had been physically distant to me during our real life times together, too, and since we're both inclined towards asceticism in a sexual sense, we still had such an intense, rich and fun relationship. And in the years before his death, his body wasn't in my reach either, but I felt so close to him, always. But then … there was so much unfulfilled longing in me, has been, about being with Bob. it was never fulfilled … but it was meant to be. He wanted it too. When we had figured out that we'd want to spend the rest of our lives together, he passed away.

He isn't gone, though, I know that. Just not sure yet what to make of it.

<u>October 11, 2019</u> **– The Dream Came True!**

Strangely … right after writing the below I opened the internet Krone.at - and there is the image of an *Iranian oil ship that had been hit by two* **rockets** … and it's just like in my dream, where the glowing stones had hit the ground …

Kronen Zeitung
NACHRICHTEN BUNDESLÄNDER SPORT ADABEI DIGITAL FREIZEIT AUT
ANGRIFF IM ROTEN MEER
Iranischer Öltanker offenbar von zwei Raketen getroffen

So the **"I arrive at full throttle"** … also seems to ring differently! And: In my dream there have been missiles hitting everywhere, or meteorites, but "glowing stones"!

Is Bob telling me that he his "here" and sees and realizes my Earth-experiences? It's just too … clear to be coincidental! The image is really a reflection of my dream images and of what Bob said! "Arriving full throttle" … well, a missile hitting is the fullest throttle thinkable! But can this message be interpreted as "I see what you see? And time doesn't matter where I am now?"

Wow!

*(Note/edit: While editing it, I googled for images of "**meteorites** hitting" and "glowing stones" to illustrate the dream … and what came up, was an image of the "**Hoba meteorite**" in Namibia. I suddenly remembered that I was actually there and once was lying on that meteorite. Literally**. I was lying on a space object once**. Somehow that makes sense. Also I came across a photo of a round ball that really resembles the thing I was to find months later … you'll get to it …)*

Météorite Hoba Photographie prise par GIRAUD Patrick

<u>October 11,</u> **2019 – The Nearly Dead Cook**

Okay, I went to the meditation workshop. Guided meditations, very naive and very distracting because of very concrete images that one is supposed to follow … but I did get interesting encounters … it was all about "Geistführer", "spiritual guide from the realm of the dead", and the ladies running the center have a very distinct idea of how the spiritual world works. (I'm not entirely on their page.)

Well, I did follow the meditations, and my great-aunt Mitzi and her beloved husband Rudolf, who died of cancer decades before she died, showed up along with Mitzi's sister Johanna, my grandmother from my father's side. They then lead me to aunt Mitzi's real life apartment, where I was I think once or twice … and somewhere, in a door, Bob was leaning and watching. Nobody talked, even though the workshop lady kept saying that we were chatting, but we weren't. Not once. Mitzi was younger, and she seemed really to be

there … and yes, I have had impressions of her over the past months and I even had thought about her apartment in Villach, in the days when I was looking for an apartment in Carinthia. She smiled at me and held a white porcelain cup with a golden rim at me …

It was uncanny … because I really hadn't thought of Mitzi and Rudolf for a long time, maybe about my grandmother …

In another meditation where we were ***asking for help in a current problem***, ***Sebastian*** showed up, my mother's boyfriend who had died in the 1990s in a car accident. And he showed me the image of himself in a black and white checkered shirt, in a forest, with long red curls, and he threw into the air a whole flock of birds. His advice to me was … something like "let her feel great" and "let her be the bird she always wanted to be", and a **bird** came flying in a circle and ***landed on my hand***, and it had the face of my mother. She had always said that "she was just like a little chicken" … and in the meditation I felt that I could get her as a friend but I had to empower her, somehow. My question was how I could get her to be my friend and accept me and my dog and want to live life with me and travel, as long as it lasts. I want Sebastian to help me with that.

Another meditation was "beach and ocean", and I totally didn't get into this, but I saw myself on top of the clouds above Maui, floating with Bob, who held me around my shoulders and was behind me to my left, **and a buzzing insect flew right next to my ear** – *again*! Just when that scenario was on my mind!

Serious! And we were supposed to see some other person come, and it was Raylene! *(A Hawaiian cultural expert who died in a car accident a few years ago …)*

We totally did not follow the instructions, it was about seeing parts of that person's life that we didn't know … but I could only see the ***site of her deadly accident,*** and a big Fliegenpilz (Amanita muscaria) and a Gartenzwerg (dwarf) and a bunny. I thought to myself that I was making that up … especially the bunny. But there was something about the way I saw that accident site, that I have never seen in real life as such, but I can imagine it because I do know the area on the big Island Hawaii a bit … So Raylene was there … and the first love of Bob was - I.

(Note/edit: Editing this months later, I have to admit that I don't remember anything about the described.)

There was another exercise where the ***spirit was supposed to show us where he/she had been with us*** … and I "was Bob" and sat in the back of my car, saw me driving, I circled above Danube Island at New Danube as I was swimming down there, and he was also in other places I can't recall right now …

It was a mix of me having the opportunity to meditate and Bob being around anyway and some kind of, yes, judgmental, observation of the ongoings there at that spiritual center. So I decided I won't participate in the workshop tomorrow, where we, the students, were going to "get messages" from the spirit guides. I don't have the feeling that's something I need.

Crackling … Just now.

I did find a **five-pointed star** with a rose in the middle …

… and the workshop leader wore a t-shirt with a five-pointed star, and the woman I liked most in the workshop had pants with **blue roses** on them. Walking the dog later, I found **two piece of a kid's toy-stuff**, the one toy of my childhood that I had ***loved***. It's blue plastic circles in flowery shapes to be stuck together … with little slits … I LOVED LOVED LOVED that stuff! So I found two blue ones. They seem strangely significant.

Jacqui was so desperate when I showed up, after having left him for hours, and tomorrow is supposedly a lovely day, so I don't want to sit in the workshop room. I have the feeling that I already got what I needed to get:

Yes, I can connect, and no, this isn't the most effective way, and yes, Bob and I are already communicating, and yes, I'm supposed to learn mediality, but not with those two women, and no that workshop tomorrow isn't for me, and it costs 60 bucks which I want to keep for something else … and yes, I know a lot about contact with the dead … and yes, me translating Stewart's books is the actual training for me, in a way.

October 11, 2019

On the way to the workshop I also realized something about *Bob's sick and feeble voice like on a phone*, that said ***"I'll arrive at full throttle …"***

First: It's not a memory, he never ever said that … ***and***: His sick voice, ***only I ever heard it on the phone!*** When he was so sick, he didn't talk to anyone on the phone anymore, except to me. Joyce was with him, so she didn't even hear his voice on the phone. So it counts as evidential. It was Bob, this morning. It was him.

And ***suddenly*** just now … **the buzzing insect** that swished next to my ear during the meditation where Bob was standing behind me, as we were with *Raylene* … ***that was "full throttle" no shit!*** That insect … *and I looked around, then, in the room, there was no big insect like that* … and again, the second time, I had heard one ***surr*** just by my ear, when it was all about "hearing" Bob!

Yes, he did arrive at full throttle … at least, that would be a very literal "reading" of the events!

Also, what I immediately noticed once I had entered the workshop: The woman next to me had put a recording device next to her, and in my view.

Okay, I said to myself, I shall buy a recording device. I'll go for the audio-challenge.

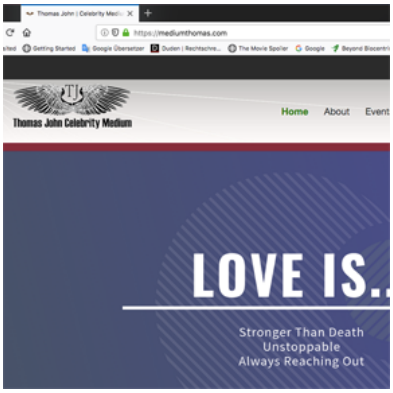
And:

One of the workshop leaders had angel **wings** tattooed on her arm! Immediately I was reminded of the birds of prey I had seen, including the one on the car …

And tonight, just now, as I was reading online about mediums,

I entered www.**mediumthomas**.com - and there they are again! Brown spread out wings. How uncanny.

So many wings in such short time. And never before!



October 12, 2019 **– Belated Voice From the Past**

Oh wow,

last night, the *vision of Raylene* and Bob and me hovering above Maui … and this morning I received an email from **Larry** Noa Kawaii III from Maui, ***one of the speakers of "Native of Owhyhee"***, in regards to the project "Kaweli" that Bob and I wanted to do … I tried to reach Larry to be the male lead character, about two years ago … And Serge King responded, too … (I had asked his opinion about "The Unobstructed Universe", he lives on the Big Island). Wow, it all feels so … guided.

I'm a little motived now. Will go out and reflect.

I did send the script to Larry. We'll see. Can't imagine being on Maui, makes me cry right away. (*Note/edit: Never ever heard back from Larry again, no "I read it, great", no "No interest", just nothing; I remember Bob having been so horribly frustrated and disappointed about people's inability and unwillingness to communicate … and he projected it all onto me.)*

October 12, 2019 **– That Haunting Voice**

Today, at a tramway station I was looking at the sky and saw a **weird twisted cloud** … and I said to Bob, sarcastically, "… **full throttle, huh**". I had been thinking a lot today, what that meant what he had said, "I'll arrive at full throttle …"

So I look back to the street … and my eyes meet a word on an **advertising board: "speed"**. Just when I was thinking that "full throttle" means speedy … and as I looked more closely, there is a kind of speed-competition by my internet-provider! ("3") That's too weird. I know, not everything is a "sign" … but it's not okay in my situation to simply ignore what feels even a little bit … "supernatural" or "telling". I'm only learning to be attentive, to distinguish clues from coincidences … although there really aren't any of those … since everything is connected and following some kind of "plan". Since I don't know what my real role in that plan is, I've decided to be attentive.

So Bob will "arrive at full throttle" … does it mean, that our communication or some advancement about our projects has to do with the internet? Computer? He was such a computer wizard, and it would be likely that he'd connect via computer, audio … that kind of stuff …

Of course "full throttle" can also have to do with frequency … something very fast has a certain frequency … well, like fast internet!

Oh my.

And I've been thinking why I was given to hear Bob's voice … well, of course: I had asked for it so often. And I still want it. I need to hear his voice … ***and his sick and feeble broken voice was so very very personal.***

Sometimes I feel confused about what to think. Things then kind of straighten out after a little while, when the meanings dawn on me …

The sound of **Bob's voice is haunting me** … so direct, so intimate, so clear, so close, as if he was still alive. But not a phone-voice, it was his real voice … **and I was *not* dreaming anymore, it was right when I woke up that he said it …**

October 12, 2019

Showering I came to think about the message about the "full throttle" again … and I think it could have to do with high frequency … so maybe my new "home" in Griffen is meant, with the high-speed internet connection I have there, or the high-voltage power-lines that run right up the hill close to the house where I live in!

Also … today I "felt" myself … somehow, and I realized that I'm simply an organism with a hole in the upper part to shove nutrition inside, with openings to suck in air and push it out, with more openings to be able to transport impressions from the outside world into my body to an organ, the brain … and with growths all over me, long and moving to be able to navigate through my environment.

And smiling and coughing and everything humans do is **not** some "personal expression", even though it is, but it's just some effect of the material processes in this organism. Geez, and we make such a fuzz about "us". But what we think "the person" is, our body, is just our shell.

When someone dies, the "creature" that "person" was, is not "gone", I don't think. The organism that housed an energetic being has stopped functioning autonomously. That's what happened.

(Remember the Coconut?)

October 14, 2019 **– Forever Living**

I knew something was going to come, relating to the *wings*! Just brown wings all over the place, even as tattoos on the workshop lady …

So today I walked a totally *unusual route* for a totally unusual visit … interviewing my old friend the *poet Michael* for a tiny documentary about him as a poet, which we started yesterday, on Danube Island … and I saw a **car** with a **sticker with a bird of prey** with two spread wings, reading "**FOREVER LIVING products**"! Okay! I got it!

Live forever! Who does that? Well, everyone. And Bob knows that now. He wants me to "get" it, understand it, trust it, too? The wings, the words … okay, *got it!*

October 15, 2019

Deja vu in the underground-train:

Coming from my last time washing at the women's center in the second district, where I went since 2010, … *Bob* entered the compartment, the Bob from September 2018, as he already looked like close to dying. It was his absolute ***twin***. I had the clear view of the man's thin bony face, his blue eyes, deep in the sockets, his white beard and his blond and white hair just like Bob had had it. And he was Bob's height and stature. I saw his eyes tearing up, from the side … he blinked, just as I teared up, but not while looking at me. *It was the dying Bob again.*

This **cloud** and **airplane waste stripe** really reminded me of the yellow bird of prey on the van. I don't know why I had to see this.

It's so hard, these days, realizing that I have to live without him.

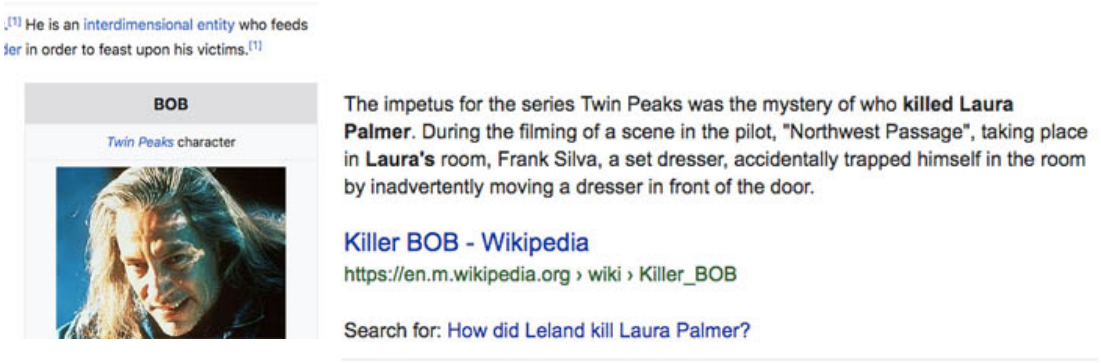
Frankly, I don't want to. I have my dog and my mother … but …

Bob is no more. It's unbelievable.

October 15, 2019 **– Bob, the Moon and the Dragon**

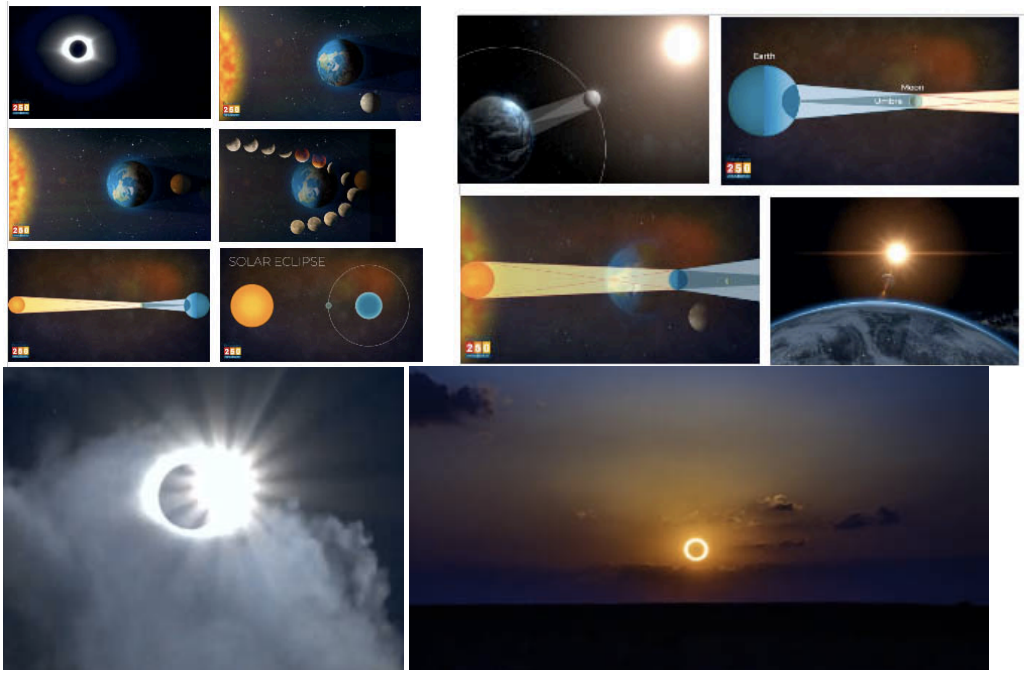
Something scurrile just happened … *for no reason at all* I was suddenly inspired to google the "**Twin Peak**"-plot. I actually never watched the series, I only remember that it was very famous decades ago …

Oh, geez, I had no idea that the solution to it all, was a supernatural entity by the name of "Bob"! So why in the would did I think "Twin Peak" out of the blue? Well, I guess to receive a message from Bob.


.[1] He is an interdimensional entity who feeds
ler in order to feast upon his victims.[1]
BOB
Twin Peaks character
The impetus for the series Twin Peaks was the mystery of who killed Laura Palmer. During the filming of a scene in the pilot, "Northwest Passage", taking place in Laura's room, Frank Silva, a set dresser, accidentally trapped himself in the room by inadvertently moving a dresser in front of the door.
Killer BOB - Wikipedia
https://en.m.wikipedia.org › wiki › Killer_BOB
Search for: How did Leland kill Laura Palmer?

to the wall, sustaining fatal injuries.[8] In his dying breaths, Leland
s a child he saw BOB in a dream and invited him inside, before
er knew when BOB was in control of his body. After Leland dies,
a philosophical debate with Sheriff Truman and Albert Rosenfield
was, and whether or not BOB was in fact a physical incarnation of
lemons.[9] Although the men cannot agree on a unifying idea, they
nclusion that BOB is a manifestation of "the evil that men do".[10]
on of BOB taunting him shortly after Josie Packard has a sudden heart a
ne heart attack by flooding her body and soul with terror, literally frighte
Annular

And what I read … "Bob is a manifestation of the evil that men do" … is that some kind of hint at the things that Bob said to me in our last few days together, "*I was such an ass to you … I'm sorry*". And on the website I opened, played a (British) video about **the subject** that Bob and I had been discussing over and over again … ***solar and lunar eclipses and the reasons for how we see or not see the sun, the moon and diverse shadows.***



At the beginning of the video, was the **moon** (Bob, from the song "Play me") and a **dragon** (me) overlay … So strange.

But then, not really, just earlier *I asked Bob to talk to me*, as I have the feeling I can't stand things any longer …

… and there were **amazing clouds** in the dog park just earlier, that I had to take pictures of, because those weren't "normal" clouds …

Researching a former boss and friend of mine who had come to my mind, Ricki St., I found an old email I had sent to her in 2006 … and it expressed my deep desperate frustration with Bob and his indifference and unreliability towards me … I was baffled to find this … I had totally ignored that Ricki had been a confidante … and that I had shared so much … as I read my own words, wow, *I felt the sorrow from back then and the longing and the fear* … I had come to live with Bob, I had trusted him and our relationship, but after just a year, things had become so different …

(*Note/edit: It would still be months until I'd realize what had actually happened …)*

So strange that I'd find that … maybe ***Ricki*** had just come to my mind for the reason that I *should go back and realize that toxic aspect of Bob's and my relationship?*

Also, when I was walking just earlier, the term "**impetus**" came to my mind … from Betty's and Stewart White's writings … and the term also showed up a Wiki-text about "*Twin Peaks*" … and I realized that Bob's impetus of wanting to get rid of me was never replaced by the strong enough impetus of wanting to be with me, and at the same time, my impetus to get away from this man who obviously didn't love me was never replaced by a new impetus trusting that possibility, because I never received from him a convincing proof of his change of heart …

So we were doomed, right from the beginning, when we had both entered our relationship, both so hurt and disappointed in other people, with so much baggage and coming for entirely fucked up childhood homes and circumstance. We had no chance. Our life together may start after my death.

I read my emails to Ricki … it's quite intense, and strange, how much I have actually forgotten of my old life in Hawaii … it was all so painful, and I do remember now how I was so uncertain about … well,

everything. I was walking on egg shells with Bob, realizing his disregard of me … his volatile temper, his problems with self-worth and inability to stand up for himself, let alone for me … and his deep frustrations about the women in his life … and it's expressed in my letters to Ricki.

That's why her name came up? Or am I supposed to reconnect with her? (*Note/edit: There is a very tragic story related to her, about which she'd confided in me, about a lover of hers who died.)*

I had a very disappointing experience with an acquaintance, who I started to consider a "friend", another dog owner … but today it became all too clear that she doesn't really care about me, she only wants someone to tell her always the same bitter stories about her ex to … she has time for me when nobody else has … so no, I'm done with that. No more abuse of my time and my feelings …

I met a few other people I've met over the years, dog owners … it was like a farewell. Okay, Evi, owner of Artus, maybe, is a young lady I'd like to keep in contact with, and maybe G. Right now, I don't think I can handle any more drama ... I need support in a healthy way, if I am to make something out of my life. And every single person I know in Vienna, is either very troubled or very unreliable. This makes it easy for me to move away. I used to have friends, but the event of Bob's death showed me that I can't count on anyone … because virtually nobody has given as much as a shit about me in my most horrible time of grief … people I've helped in the past and was there for them, but none ever called and asked how I was.

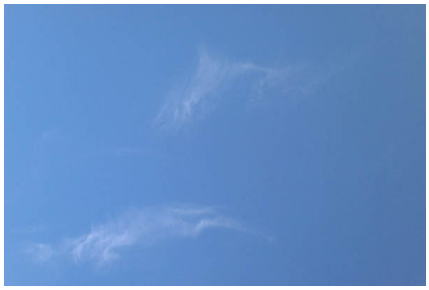
October 16, 2019

Dream of Bob … some Mediterranean setting, *he gave me advice about audio-work* pointing at the subtle differences …

I was so sad when I woke up, realizing the loss once more. In the dream, **Bob** and half-half he was a strange man, too, used some ***camera*** that looked like a drilling-machine to film himself fixing something at a pole or something, on the street. There was another woman, somehow trying to make a film, and she didn't know anything, but she was supposed to film him. Eventually *I took the drilling-machine-camera* from him and filmed him and showed the woman how to film B-roll, … and it turned out, around us was some traditional event going on with lots of people and ***parades in traditional attires***, with flowers and flower-covered structures that were carried around …

October 17, 2019 **– Flaming Book**

Today, the last time on "Red Mountain" before my move to Carinthia for good, I saw amazing **clouds** … a **shark of dolphin**, and … drawings. I urgently need communication from Bob. Maybe I'm getting it all the time … but I have certain needs about how that is supposed to be like, our communication.



Tomorrow I'll move to Carinthia for good … and today the therapist for dementia S. called my mother, who seemed "totally fine" (yes, when you don't know my mother), and I talked to Dr. Will … and I feel so lost and alone with a huge task. How to deal with my mother … I just don't know. She is so feeble minded, so malnourished … and I can't make her acknowledge that and go to a doctor, and the only way to get her to a hospital is via police … and I can't do that to her. So I'll try to stick with her, hope the best and try to persuade her to take the nutrition and the mind elixirs … I don't know what to hope for, what to expect … but I can't make her go to a hospital, she is so afraid of doctors and hospitals and drugs. She said she is fine the way she lives, in solitude, in a nice apartment, with her car and her TV … and that would be fine, if her mind would be stronger … I hope that it's not dementia she has but a weak brain due to malnutrition … (But is she drinking alcohol?)

I realized that I need a new akku for my MacBook, and went to Mac4U to buy one. One the way, by bus, a car stopped next to the window where I was sitting, with the license plate "**COLT 87**".

Now "Colt" has a special meaning to me, see …, and the numbers 8 and 7 are special too (Kimba died August 7, 2001, that's why I got to Maui and met Bob, and last year, 2018, August 7 was the day I saw Bob again on Maui after four years …) I have been thinking over and over again why I got Jacqui so that I got "stuck" in Austria instead of traveling to Bob … but I've also found a lot of answers.

Also saw a car with the license plate word "kepa", which catapulted me right back to my Hawaii-life. "**Kepa**" means" to pick up", like a bird does when picking seeds.

So then, in the bus, a man entered – with an amazing *picture on his T-Shirt*. A **flaming book in a hand held like a "crystal ball"** (talk about "*kepa*").

It totally spoke to me like "in your hands is flaming knowledge" … (*Note/edit: Was this pointing to my thousands of pages long book about the true energetic nature of human thoughts and of the energetic nature of the entire human existence …)*

So I thought "too bad I can't take a photo", but sure enough, I left the bus a stop too early, but that man did too! And I got my picture! He wasn't even surprised that I asked to take a picture of that flaming book in those hands … very amazing.

I do take it as a message.

Sort of sad that I'm leaving this apartment, my "Büdchen" (little shack or flat), that was my home for so long, since 2010. I thought Bob would see it. But then, I also spent so much time here writing (screenplays), instead of being with Bob or with my mother … and I have a very hard time coming to terms with my choices … somehow.

Wrote a short email to Joyce today … I saw that she responded, but I couldn't make myself read it yet. Neither did I read the response by Serge King to my question whether or not he likes Stewart White's work …

October 19, 2019

Watched the movie "**Leave No Trace**" … and only at a walk the day after, today, I realized what I had seen! How the movie relates to "letting people go", "separation" and "*the soul wants what the soul wants*", and finally, "nobody is alone in even his strangest disposition, but when the path is chosen, some people can't help but follow through, even if it means that they must leave their loved ones behind".

At the end of that movie, one of the main characters walks along a lonely path – and then takes a turn into the woods … and a rising aerial shot shows how far out in the middle of nowhere he is.

His daughter, which whom he had been living in the woods for all her life, let him go … because she had found out, that the locals of that place knew that someone else was living in the wilderness, and they'd put food out for that person, regularly. So the daughter was confident that he'd be fine, out there … ***among like-minded people*** … even though he thought that he'd be alone.

This movie had significance on so many levels …

October 18, 2019 **– The Richard Synchronicity**

Final moving day: Left Vienna and my beloved "Büdchen" in Flachgasse 22/31, 1150 Wien and drove to Griffen.

To my absolute horror the fridge in the basement of the house I live now, made a hell of a noise, and a constant sound in my ear all night long. Sometime at 10 am it stopped. That's unbearable. Barely slept, neither did Jacqui. The landlady and her husband weren't home. Nobody was home.

BUT: Back in my new apartment, I decided to watch some trailers, since the free WLAN was on, and I went to "Rotten Tomatoes", and the first thing I see is two movies back to back: "**Jo Jo Rabbit**" and "**Jay and Silent Bob**".

What are the odds, I thought … those names together?

MOVIES OPENING THIS WEEK
Get Tickets
40% Maleficent: Mistress of Evil OCT 18
64% Zombieland: Double Tap OCT 18
93% The Lighthouse OCT 18
77% Jojo Rabbit OCT 18
69% Jay & Silent Bob Reboot OCT 15

On the way, interesting things happened.

Right off, when I asked Bob if he was close, a **car** drove by, **license plate** Nr. "**JO 782 FU**". Later I thought whether that meant "fuck you"? But the other letters make perfect sense. And maybe it's "for you"?

Immediately the parallel lines and a cross came up again, from airplanes, yes, but so poignant. Three planes drew a perfect triangle the way they flew towards each other and their paths crossed … I felt told "We're all here, with you".

Also, I was thinking that Bob should be with me at all times, I want him, and I love him, and he did love me too, after all … and I kept following that truck that I had been following for an hour … and I read the interesting license plate numbers, a lot of them with "BS" and "SM" … and I thought "Well, it should be RCS, for Robert Curtis Stone, then I'll believe it …" and suddenly I "saw" the license plate number of the car I had been following: "SRC …" (a foreign truck)! Geez, I was struck!

Then, on the way, I began to question again whether all of this, with Bob being gone and me in that shit situation with my mother was in fact part of a plan. And I had to think of **Richard**, the "Stephen" from "Our Unseen Guest", a book I had just printed out to read in detail … and I couldn't think of his name, so I tried around. **Then I said out loud "Oh, Richard Hall! Richard … are you here, too?"**

And **in that instant** a bus passed by me, and it read "**Dr. Richards**" …

So, folks, *never ever* have I seen Dr. Richard Busses on the highway, ***only*** in the moment I ask a certain discarnate Richard Hall whether he was around?

And again I must remind myself that they don't have "***time***" like we do …

So everything is possible.

The situation with my mother scares the shit out of me …

I'll have to call her. I'm so worried. I feel so … I don't know, numb and weird often. Where is Maui, where is Bob, where …?

October 20, 2019 – **WO OOO8 to My Aid**

Went to see my mother today … deceiving, her appearance. In reality, she is worse.

On the way, I was looking at two parallel clouds, thinking about how the here and the beyond are "parallel" … and two cars passed by me, one with the license plate number "**WO 333 DI**" and the other with the lpn "**WO 333 BI**"! Seriously! Perhaps they belonged together?! But the odds of seeing this ***just*** as I was thinking: "***Parallel***" …?!

And on the way back, after a *swim in the Wörther See*, at the beautiful pier beach where one can't go in summer with dogs … nobody was there (until I was in the water, then a woman with cap and down jacket came on a bike and watched me, in disbelief) … it was so so so wonderful, swimming! The lake has maybe 17 or 18 degrees Celsius … so on the way back on the highway, I was struck be a *depression*, suddenly, realizing that my mother in her demented state actually does and says exactly what she wants to! And I can ***not*** do whatever I want to! ***When have I ever?*** And a lot of times it was because of my mother … all my life … I'm so patient with her, I have to totally back off when she feels uncomfortable? She rejects everything I do or say … but she keeps repeating the same stuff and forgets everything. She is mentally ill! And I'm supposed to bend over backwards to accommodate her? I'll have to think what to do next …

Driving, I felt a sudden urge to sort of let myself "sink" … and like a dark muddy haze or a black cloud came over me … and I felt suddenly dead tired, and I thought that death comes in an instant, for some people, and it's out there waiting all the time … and that even the impetuses and the intentions and brains of other people are "tools" to our soul, when it wants to return to the beyond … and I almost closed my eyes …

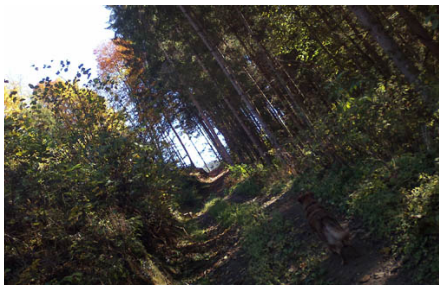
And whoom! A **car** drove by me, and the license plate number *totally woke me up* and brought me back to "normal": "**WO OOO8**"! It was like a call out of "Woo! Achtung!" Because "8" in German is "acht", and that means "care" or "be careful", if used as an exclamation, at the same time!

Okay, again, ***I was surprised shitless*** … but then, I know that I'm not alone. Never.

I just felt so helpless with my mother. I'll have to write to the dementia therapist …

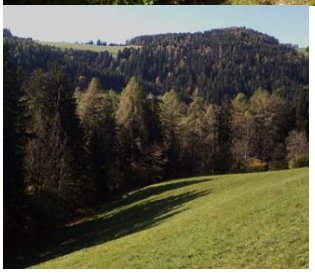
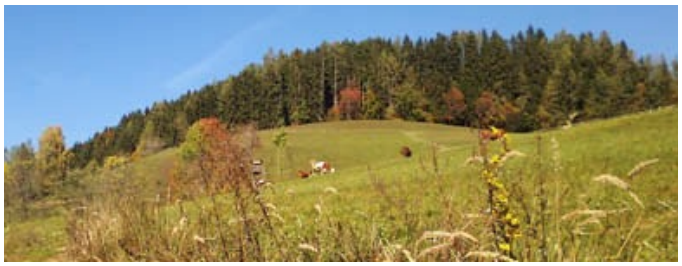
October 21, 2019 **– Path to the Mushrooms**

Today is the death day of my brother. I took a **walk** with Jacqui, thinking of hopefully finding mushrooms, and I felt like eating some, after I had found a single one yesterday, a ***Herrenpilz***, and I fried it and ate it, and it was delicious.



And on the way I talked to Peter, explaining him that it never occurred to me to try and connect with him - although there were signs! Smoke smell suddenly, my mother noticed it, Peter's ex-wife and me also - because I didn't consider the survival of consciousness the way I do now. So I ended up at the wood pile in the curve next to the creek and the bridge like I had about two weeks ago, where the bird of prey had been. I felt drawn to that hill, and Jacqui kept looking up, too, and suddenly I notices ***a path***!

I hadn't seen that before, so we walked up that path, really steep, through the dense forest, nobody around, no mushrooms, and I ended up on a lovely **pasture**! Actually opposite the pasture I was headed for. And: **The moon** was right above that other pasture that I could see from where I was. Leaving the forest and before entering the pasture, was a kind of portal, from tree branches and vines, and one had to walk through under it … ***like a portal to some other realm***. It was. As the pasture was dry and sunny and beautiful. We dove under the "fence", that was some kind of ribbon, I assume with an electrical charge, but there were no cows anywhere. I walked only little ways into the sun, and Jacqui and I sat down on the dry pasture grass, and I thought "What a great place to relax and communicate with the disca," … so I started talking to my brother again … I asked him, if he was able to do that thing he loved most in the world now, where he is: wind-surfing!? And AT THAT moment, a huge wind came up! Leaves flying around everywhere! It was uncanny! Even Jacqui sat up and looked around.

The thought came to my mind that if we were in ***cow territory***, and they'd feel threatened, we'd have to make a run for the ribbon and the forest … but no cows anywhere … and I sat down again, thinking of meditating and connecting.

Two minutes later I opened my eyes - and a cow was at the edge of the forest! Geez! She was far away and didn't see us, and she walked off and disappeared behind the hill.

Okay, I thought, now meditate … Jacqui was kind of nervous, but there was not a soul.

So I spoke to my brother again … and at some point I simply turned around, without wanting to, and the hill behind us was sprinkled with cows! They were close! Where had they come from?

So Jacqui and I snuck off that meadow … it was strange. *Why wasn't I supposed to connect more?*

I felt inspired to took another path than the one where we had come, and although Jacqui wasn't happy, I took another turn, kind of into the shrub - and it lead onto a clearing with lots of berry-vines and tree stumps, very warm, very buzzing with late insects, and I walked on, trying to see down - actually to the wood pile where we had sat before. A bird of prey appeared, promptly, high above us! (I don't remember exactly, maybe he had appeared earlier, at the pasture?)

And as I looked around "the corner" (into the gulch, where the creek is) – I saw two huge **Parasol mushrooms**! Fresh! Adult! Not one snail-bite … waiting for me!

I had been lead to the mushrooms! That was it! "They" along with my own "Aumakua" had known what I was looking for, and they had made me find the perfect mushrooms for my dinner! I find that very sweet of them.

October 21, 2019

After the forest-adventure … home, ate the mushrooms and felt like watching some movie … **Prometheus**? No. Others … then I suddenly found **"Stay"** in the "SciFi"-section of viooz, thought I try.

The reason why I now think it's a message in terms of "I'm watching" and *"I know what you are doing and what you're seeing"*, is, that after I had found out that I don't like to watch the whole thing, although it has to do with "the afterlife", I resorted to reading the plot on Wiki, and that now made sense! It's about the experiences of consciousness right before and right after physical death … and: In the description there is a scene of someone visiting **the mother** of someone – **who has absolutely nothing in her fridge!** Now, that's a big huge subject for me, that my mother isn't eating and I found her half-starved in August … and just last night I wrote a desperate email to the dementia-expert describing how my mother had said yesterday, at my visit, ***that she didn't need a fridge, because there is nothing in it*** … and I had seen that it's true …! It scared the crap out of me, because she should fill the damn fridge to show that she is better!

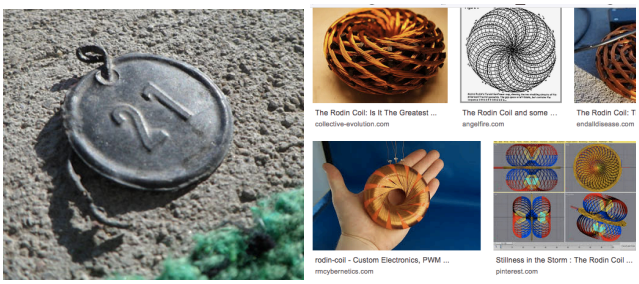
And then the line in "Stay" … and "Stay" is such a big theme in my life now, I want Bob to stay with me, and I need my mother to "stay", but as a mortal friend and comrade and maybe mother! And I've said that so often! How uncanny that there is a "mother and an empty fridge problem"-scene in that movie!

rare that he's dating an ex-patient. Henry, who had earlier claime
radicted by Sam when he finds Henry's mother (Kate Burton) an
's identity (she insists that he is Henry) and refusing to respond
m, but when she opens the fridge it is completely empty. Her he
her dog bites him.

aving his dog-bitten arm treated, Sam discusses the visit with a

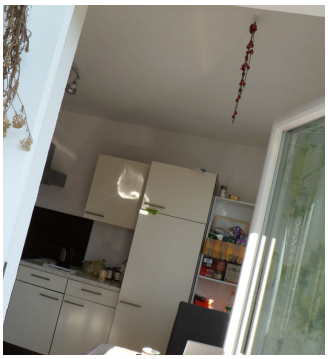
October 22, 2019 **– 21 and Full Throttle Again**

Actually, I forgot to mention: Yesterday, October 21, I found the **number 21** today on the way up Schlossberg during my morning walk.



On some kind of metal planchette. Yup. "21", the answer of the universe. It's such a spiritual thing for me, made me flash back to my book "We Creators of the World" in an instant, and then, strangely, "Marko **Rodin**" came to my mind. Weird! *(Edited for privacy).*

But who the fuck finds the number "21"? Just saying?! Well … I can almost hear Bob's voice in my head saying, – HOLY SHIT! Just as I was writing this, a **bird** came fluttering inside the kitchen where I'm sitting, through the open balcony door! It flew around my head and flew back out!



And yesterday I asked **my brother Peter**, who was a computer-expert for ***a life-sign*** – **who died on October 21, 1993**. How's that for … well, strange? Not strange. Hopeful.

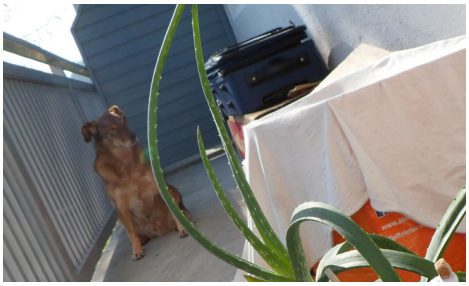
(*Note/edit: I would only realize it later, but see the strange* ***light-pattern*** *on the counter? A reflection of sorts, and I only saw it because I stepped outside of my new home's kitchen onto the balcony to take a picture of the route the* ***bird*** *took … I'll get back to that reflection later …)*

And I had another **dream** of **Bob**. We were traveling together, but it was not Hawaii. I asked him if he'd consider going back to Hawaii, and he kind of found that ridiculous. *In my dream I knew that he was dead*. And for some reason I lost sight of him while we were both in line to board an airplane, but we were on some kind of forest path (like the one I had walked yesterday), and I dropped some small black thing, which was my phone, in my dream (at least, I knew it). So then I tried desperately to find that phone, but didn't, and at the same time, in my dream, I tried to recall Bob's phone number, but it didn't come … there was the number **66** and **25**, I think, but I couldn't put together Bob's phone number …

Is it odd, that a few hours later I walk along a forest path and find literally the number "**21**", which is "the answer of the universe"?

Also, I realize that **Bob's suitcase** is standing outside on the *balcony*. Just last night I thought about ***it how an item that once belonged to someone, according to Hawaiian lore, stays connected with his***

"Ku" (equivalent to "energetic essence") always. And I had the feeling I needed to put it outside, that suitcase.

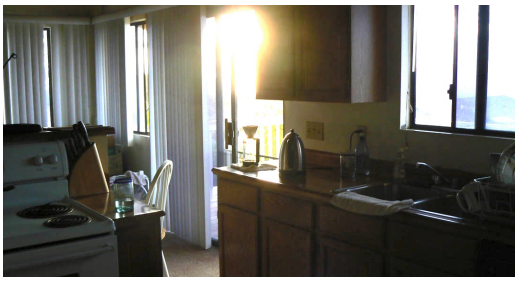


I have a bag that belongs to it, and that one is out there, too, but in a box. I couldn't bear looking at them, as they were gifts from Bob … and I remember the last night, before I left Maui in 2018, I was supposed to take the other suitcase, one size bigger, also a gift from Bob, but then I took the small one as I didn't have to take many things, *as I was going to return in just a few weeks.*

I have written in detail about "Ku" and "Unihipili" in my book "We Creators" … and here I am, back at the number "21" that I found this morning … and yes, I get it, folks, I'm supposed to work on … well, on my work.

Before going to sleep, last night, I read a tiny little bit in "Our Unseen Guest" … so my question really is: "Folks, is all of this happening to me and Bob part of the Betty-Stewart-Richard-et-al-project?" I think it is.

This morning, after I had found the number "21", I told Bob, "***Please, don't let me live 21 more years***"?! And I miss our home in Pukalani so much, our beloved "housie" so much …



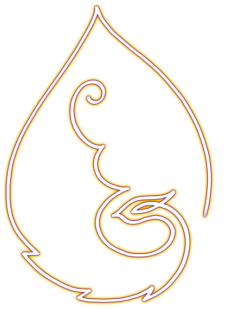
It's very hot today with sunshine … and looking out from the balcony of my new home it feels a bit like housie, because I see into a valley from where I live now, too … and towards a mountain … and I can hear the highway, ***just like in Pukalani*** … so my longing is so painful today. My heart pounds, actually, realizing all this … the way I found this place, it was kind of … unconscious. I'm not entirely sure. I remember seeing the ad for this place several times, but I kept thinking that it's in a place where I don't want to live, so far from my mother and so close to where I grew up with my grandmother Maria … who was a … well, character. I learned a lot of "witch"-stuff from her.

Before making coffee I told Bob that I was making "hot black", like we'd always joked … and suddenly I had that sinking feeling realizing that he is gone, and I'm fucking alone in this fucking obstructed state … but I do know I have a "kuleana", and I'm supposed to make the most of my remaining time …

Full Throttle? Actually, I just realized something …

I got up to look outside for *the* **bird**, as there are birds singing full throttle … ***Oh wow!*** Remember *Bob's voice* I heard a few days ago, I mean, really heard, not a memory, but in my ear, his broken voice from when he was sick? He said ***"I'll arrive at full throttle!"*** Was it the bird?

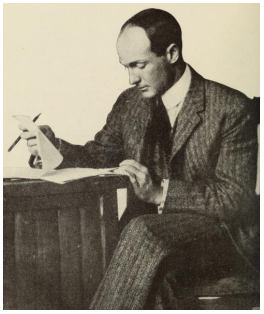
And there is something else: Last night I watched a movie, and a line stayed stuck in my mind, something about "… a **ruby** which is a most precious **stone**" … and I found it weird, because he didn't say "gem stone", but "stone" … and actually, the **bird** circled around a chain of fake (glass/plastic) **rubies** that is dangling from the ceiling close to the balcony door! This chain I had once bought as props for my movie project "Child of Man", about a young woman who wants to succumb to paranoid schizophrenia, yes, "wants to", after true events relating to a ps-woman I know … and I felt the urge to hang it up right there …



And … It suddenly occurred to me, why the reflection, those rubies had made when the bird had circled around them, looked to familiar to me: It's my own **logo**. For the **film production company** I founded in Austria for Bob's and my projects, "Lunawai Films & Media". Handdrawn on Maui in June 2014 … ***a dragon and a drop of water that is at the same time a flame …***

Bob loved it.

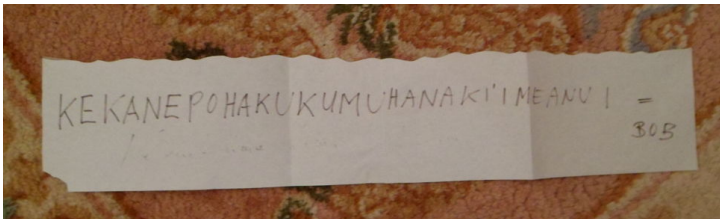
Now, those connections and my realization of them may be the practice "the Invisibles" had told B and St about … and I feel "like Stewart" today again, very much. I keep thinking of what he did and how he felt in the seven years after Betty's death … and sometimes I have the feeling "I know". It's simple … it's what I'm resorting to, the only thing I can do … write. Write, write, write. To get through the day and the night.



So this morning has been … well, exciting, to say the least!

I had forgotten … Bob was such a *birdfreak*. (Like his mother.) He could just watch those **Myna birds** on the veranda for hours, and he got a kick out of my friendship with a Myna-bird I had christened "***Jeremy***" … oh geez, it's like automatic writing, I hadn't thought of that … so **Jeremy** … he was a **Myna-bird** with a broken foot, that's why he was easily recognized. I met him in 2012, I think, and he'd become so tame, that in the morning, when I didn't get up early enough, he'd come and knock at the window to make me come and give him breakfast. Bob said that as soon as I had left, he left, and in 2013 and in 2014, when I arrived back on Maui, Jeremy was there, too! And the same game … eventually he'd come and hop onto the table as we had breakfast and would wait for us to share! Bob loved that so much.

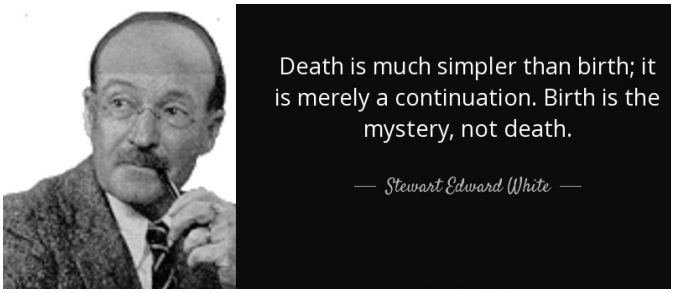
So, yes, he could have … I don't know, "used" a bird to say hi?! Maybe he had to prepare that for a while? Maybe him saying to me, in all my efforts to "hear" him, ***that he'd "arrive at full throttle"*** … was the heads-up! Oh, I wish for all that to be just like that … but then, I don't have a reason to doubt it, either.



It doesn't make me miss him less, though.

And one more thing:

Yesterday, **the slip of paper** that I had made long time ago on Maui, with the Hawaiian name I gave Bob on it, handwritten by me, "KE KANE POHAKU KUMU HANA KI'I MEA NUI", fell into my hand, while I was looking for some other document … the one the medium Alice had known about … because Bob had told her about it as "evidential" … well … it seems like I'm getting nudged and prodded …



Yeah, well, sure as shit I need them to give me something if they want me to "function".

Keanu Reeves would be nice for me to be able to move on with "Regents of Clouds" … no idea how that will happen …

The story with the books seems to fall into this category of *"intensifying Dani's role & functioning"* … as I had felt compelled to write to Joyce, Bob's sister, after so many months, just a few days ago. And she had responded how happy she was to hear from me (ignoring that she owes me many responses to previous emails, too), and aside from telling me of the birth of the son of her daughter, named W. on July 6, … she also told me about the **many many books** that she had **found** *in her grandmother Lois' house*, in Anza, where she lives now. I have just washed a handmade shopping bag that grandma Lois had given me, many years ago, when Bob and I had been visiting there … and I loved loved that places!

Hey! Something else just came to my mind! There, at Lois' place, I had started picking up apples, to help her and because they were lying around. Lois' dog, I don't remember his name, I think Milo (?) was a very shy one, but he did join me, and Bob was a little confused about my interest in those **apples** … but I couldn't let them lie around. And this morning, before taking the turn to Schlossberg, I also found **apples**

along the street, in the fog-wet grass, and I picked them up, with Jacqui watching, and I put them in a doggy-bag and carried them with me … and right after I found "**21**" … so yes, all is connected. Grandma Lois dies a few years ago, and I'm sure Bob is with her and with her husband, who had severe Alzheimer's, and it was a very sad story Bob had told me, how at some point he didn't recognize Lois anymore and tried to kill her …

So I read Joyce's email the day before yesterday, and she told me about the **books** … and ***bang***! Another amazing thing! Just shortly ago I came across the one and only screenplay synopsis Bob had ever written, and he had sent it to me and asked me what I thought about …

… just now I realize how much we never followed up on, Bob and I, so many missed opportunities, so much unspoken and undone …

… so that story that Bob had written was about **a lonely man, ordering books from EBay** and storing it somewhere, and we don't see what it is. And one day – bam! World war, no more electricity anywhere, all internet data gone (that was actually also a book I had written in the 90s) … and the man sits back **in his tiny house near Kaupo (Maui)** and reads all the many books he had gathered over the years!

Talk about … well, what, actually? Synchronicity?

One thought just simply shot up in my mind: "There is only one Universe."

October 22, 2019 **– Inca and Disca**

Just recalled that on the way to Griffen from Vienna, a car with the license pate "**Inka 8**" passed by me … right after I had left, and I call "them" "Disca" and my kind "Inca"!

October 22, 2019 **– Walking the Field With Bob**

Right after writing the above and sharing it with G., I went for a walk **on the wide field** with Jacqui, a place I love because it offers big views of the area and of the castle and the mountains around …

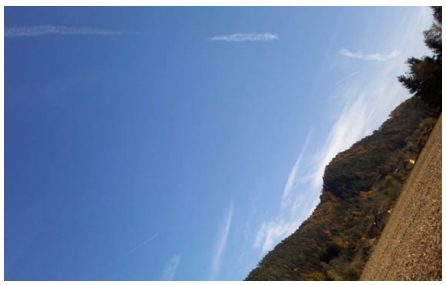
And of course I was telling Bob that *I want us to be the first "inter-realm" couple*, and how our relationship was the way it was just because we were meant to be that. Of course I want him and I need him to let me know very clearly if or whether he is in this with me, if he is already with me, and what I must or can do to support him. If he has "returned" to my realm from his realm, where he still is, but … this must be a difficult situation for him, and I want to support him. He promised. He wanted to be with me after all, but because we couldn't do it in the material realm, we probably can and must do it now … we wouldn't have come up with all those projects …

I wouldn't have done all the decades of research for "We Creators" … and written relating screenplays, and I wouldn't have learned all of the film-related things through Bob if it wasn't meant to lead to a big big … well, success. And the success I see now, would be the sharing of all I've learned in "Regents of Clouds" as big-ass blockbuster SciFi-movies and then "Creators of Stone" and "Masters of Choices" about the "Beyond" … I do believe that it's my "kuleana" to bring that about.

Bob and I talked about it so much, he believed so much in it … I do believe now that he totally wants to manifest it. He doesn't have his old body anymore, but he has his new body and his new status, and he'll do

it from there … I think. And one way, of course, is, for me, through a lot of money and for him to help me get that money.

So as I was pondering upon that, just earlier, walking the field … I ended up facing a big stone, adorned with a vine with red berries.

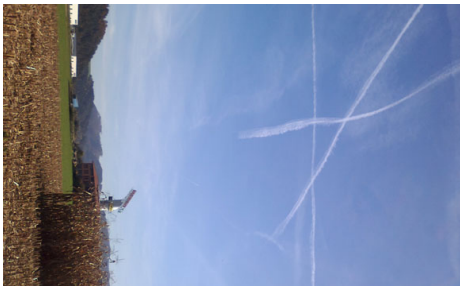


And then: The **lines in the sky** … interrupted … and then parallel and crossing …

Ha! *It just occurred to me!* That was what Bob and I did in **Pukalani**, **we "walked the field"!** And while doing that, we'd talk about things or just think and be together! So here I have found *a new field where I walk, actually found a perfect path around it, like Bob and I did walk around the field on the Pukalani ground all the time* … and it's a reflection of "walking the field with Bob" when he still had a body. I'm walking the field with him too, now. I'm talking with him, all the time!

How cool is that? So … wow, I really take time to "get" things, and I always thought I was smart.

That was also a **subject** we talked about walking the field today. That I'm just not sure I'm "getting" and "interpreting" everything right … and that's where I need to find help, like a "station" … and then there was *a moment, when I was standing on the field, talking out loud, staring at the castle and the stripes and clouds … ready to meditate and "receive" a "message"* … seriously … imagine me standing there my arms spread, eyes closed … and the phone rang! Motherfucking shit! I jumped! And it rang only once! My phone never rings! Barely! And the only moment it did, was the moment I tried to do a "Stewart" and open myself to messages, in that vast space … and it turned out my friend Silvia had only pushed the wrong speed dial!



But then – guess what? I was supposed to turn around! Which I did, to see the display better, as the sun was so bright the other way … and I look up, and I see the weirdest **triangles** in the sky, made from planes stripes (whatever the hell they are called) … and those triangles struck something in me.

Like an emotional flash. Of course, it's not about "making clouds" or "making stripes in the sky" … *it's for me to see them in the proper moment* to receive some kind of hint or inspiration … They make me think things that Bob would say … and he had a good sense of humor … And suddenly I said to myself "***center left right, center left right***" … that was what Bob taught me when he was already so sick and I needed to put his phone into working mode. Bob could no longer remember numbers, so he remembered directions, and center-left-right middle row and then center-left-right bottom row was his password.

And I realized that me finding a number today after dreaming numbers … and GEEZ! FUCK! I'm scaring myself right now! **I dreamed of Bob's phone too and not remembering his number!** *Just remembering it!*

I just don't know what to say anymore. It's so miraculous how everything falls into place right now. The **dream**, the numbers, the phone number, Bob gone, me trying to catch the plane, Bob saying in my dream with sarcasm that no, he didn't consider working or living in Hawaii again … me trying to recall his phone number after losing that small black thing that I "knew" was a phone, but was just a small black shiny thing (not sure what that is) … and then I found the number 21, literally, and later I see the triangles and flash back to "center-left-right" … relating to Bob not recalling numbers … well, I do think I'm on the right track.

I think Bob wants to help me win in the lottery.

And here is the point on the "i":

Last night I stumbled across some astrology-ad, and for fun, I signed up to get a message from my "guardian angel", … long story short … I was told that I'm on the verge to accomplish something unusually big for mankind … I kid you not, and I'm also on the verge of winning big in the lottery, meaning if I wasn't gambling yet, I should. Yeah, right. Talk about wishful thinking.

That I read all after *finding* the **"21"** this morning, actually.

And coming back from "walking the field with Bob" I suddenly realized how that fits. How spookily that fits.

No, it's not spooky. I totally want to be with Bob as "inter-realm" couple!

I have always been fascinated by the ancient Hawaiian lore that says that "Aumakua" can be "fed" literally by sharing the essence of our food with them … and Bob and I have had some great snacks and yummies together in the last year …

Just remembering: One of the last images I have from leaving Vienna on Friday last week (it's Tuesday next week, now), is a van with the writing "**Bobo and Partners**". I had seen that one before, a few weeks ago … but I was struck by it, since "Bobo" is the name of Bob's tumor. Yes, we did have a relationship with that tumor, since it could be touched and watched changing every day.

Plus, something else.

I have been fascinating with plants that I haven't ever seen grow out in nature, wild, except in my grandfather's garden, when I was a child. They are called "**rabbits' ears**", being so furry and soft like actual

rabbits' ears and having the same shape. So I found some of those again today, and I decided to take one with me to plant …

… and as I talked to Bob I said to him, "Remember how our ***rabbit-challenge*** came about, you being my "Harvey the big white rabbit"? So … and then I had another one of those ***emotional flashes*** and I looked down on the rabbit ears … and I knew: He is still playing! The rabbit challenge is still on. Oh geez, it's all kind of wonderful. In all its bitter fucking sadness.

I still hesitate to look up the same day last year … something must have happened then, … Bob's last two weeks of living … well, of his physical body living … I find it meanwhile outright stupid to think that "someone dies" when only his or her material shell meets its expiration date and disintegrates, freeing the body and person that has evolved inside of it and with it's help …

October 22, 2019

I saw the TRIANGLEs again! After thinking about it and refusing many times, I started to watch "**Prometheus**" today, finally. And around minute 15 a doctor pulls out a cube, and there is a triangle made from triangles used to project mysterious relating depictions from mankind's history about … well, their origins …

It's kinda stunning. More and more.

Something else:

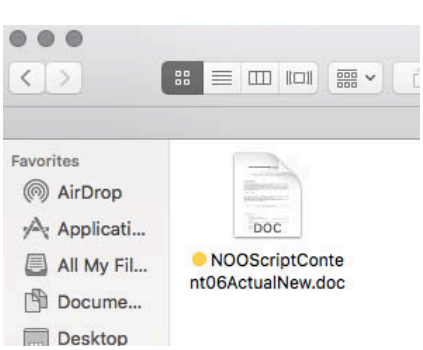
I had never succeeded so far to download the pics from my phone onto my MacBook. I had to go to an internet shop or the AMS in Vienna. I was thinking of finding an internet cafe soon …

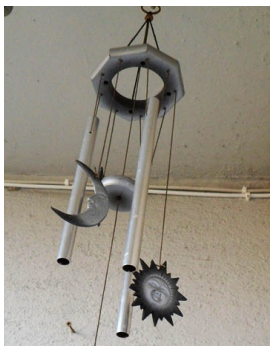
And this afternoon, after taking the pics of the field … the triangles and all … it occurred to me that *Bob would have known how to do it* and that there must be a way to connect to some other device or something to download the pics! Of course it must work.

So although I had tried so many times before, without success, I connected my phone with the MacBook again … and a "Photo"-program initiated! And I simply clicked "yes", and the photos downloaded! I have them! I did it! Bob showed me … he wouldn't allow me to be a dumbass under his guidance, at least, not in a tech-sense!

Mahalo, my love!

Also … not sure what I did, but out of the blue, **a "NOO"-screen** popped up … it felt like a greeting, too. "Native of Owhyhee", that's my big Hawaii history documentary film that I worked on for so many years in Hawaii …





And everytime I look out of my window, straight ahead, across my balcony to the neighbor's balcony … as I'm writing this … I see the sweetest greeting of them all: Bob and me together, the way he sang to me, at one of our first dates ever: **"You're the sun, and I'm the moon, play me!"** *It's a windchime … and windchimes are a major plot element in "Regents of Clouds".*

And this **sun-and-moon-windchime** *was already there when I moved in*. To tell me that I'm in the right place? I don't remember if I saw it when I visited here for the first time …

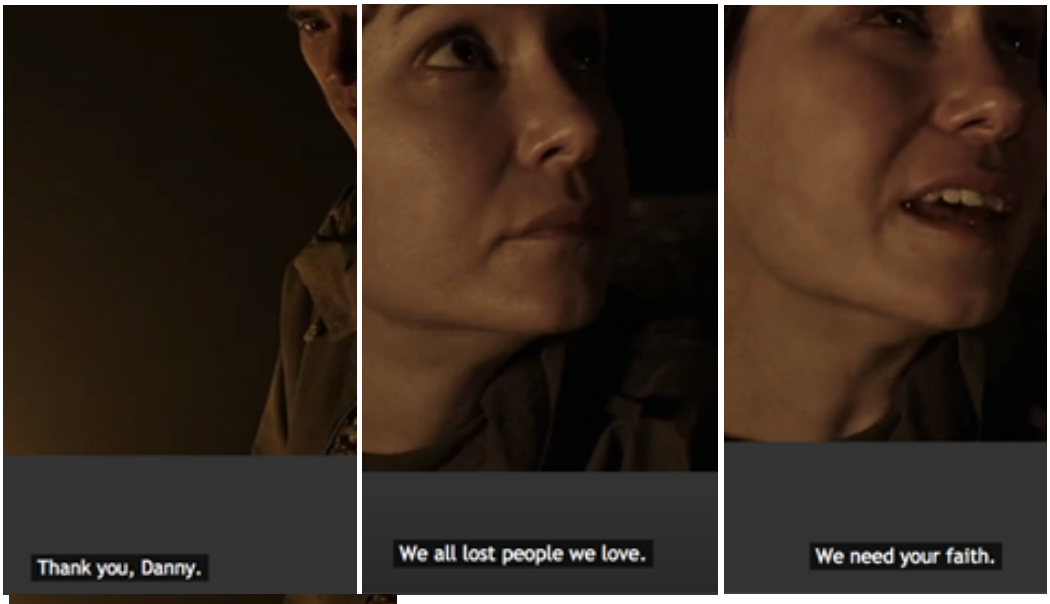
October 22, 2019 **– S in the Sky**

Okay … and as the daylight came to an end … I took another look outside, and I gasped! It was as if Bob was sending me one of his superdry ironic remarks … by a "**surfing S**" or also an "Alien-Spaceship-Rider" in the sky … and the picture speaks for itself. You can't make this shit up, to quote my friend "C".

October 22, 2019 **– Talking With Bob About P3**

Late night movie watching while working on pics for this documentation … I watched "Aliens: The Covenant" … and I was quite struck when a part came where crew member "Danny" talks to the desperate Captain … and it played out ***literally like a conversation Bob and I had*** … so I do realize that "communication" really goes in every way possible … is using whatever is at hand in the mortal realm.

"We won't let that happen, right?" - "Right, that's right!" I can hear Bob's voice so clearly saying that, and: "Thank you, Danny."



Also Bob saying "That's right!" often, when I had kind of urged him to admit something … it all was right there … it was so much that Bob and I had lived through, so many situations were touched by that …

That has been on my mind for a year now … Bob saying to me on the phone at some point, in a haste, as it seemed, "I love you. Thank you Dani, for everything." It was the last time I heard his real voice. Right after he lost his ability to speak, he did get coherent again, but he was actively dying, and never spoke like this again.

Our last talk ever was on the phone, me trying to get him to speak and to understand what he had said … and at some point I realized that he had fallen asleep.

Never heard him again.

But wait, there is more (literally quoting Bob here)!

Oh geez, **even "P3" showed up** … ***the name I gave the woman Bob once spent ten days in a mountain hut with … in 2013.*** It's a bitter theme for me, and I've talked to Bob about it in the last months … In one of the scenes, the talk is about "**P-three**", *"Patricia number 3"* …

Whatever that is in the movie, doesn't matter … It's the name I gave the woman Bob spent ten days in a cabin in the woods with, in the cold, in winter, after he had met her at the Friday Harbor Filmfestival. And this has been something I had talked out loud to Bob about, often. And her name was "Patricia", and I named her "P-three", because she was the third Patricia with whom Bob had had a relationship!

So what are the odds? I'm always asking Bob to prove to me that he is listening and to acknowledge what I'm saying. ***And the story of Bob and "P-three" is one of the most painful for me*** *…* Bob never even spent one whole day, just he and I, always he had something to do, always work … ever a whole day on a beach, we didn't make it to the olivine rocks or drive around the island … but with P-three he spent tend days in the snow and the winter in a barely heated cabin where the toilet froze! And they slept in one bed and never had sex, because P-three had asked Bob to "be good". And he was good. I found this to be an outrage that hurt MY feelings … and it made me wonder … well, so much. He really was "good". Lying next to a woman for ten days. Then she sent him a picture of her bare feet with pointed toe-nails, in summer 2014, when I was there, helping Bob with the film "From Trauma to Peace" … and he told her that "his ex" was there helping him, and she freaked out because he wouldn't fly over to her for July 4 and for her birthday. They broke up. Bob said he was relieved … because she misbehaved so badly and was so cynical. Woman - you should have fucked his brains out and not asked him to be "good" when he spent ten fucking days in a cold cabin with you and fixed the frozen toilet!

Jesus Christ …

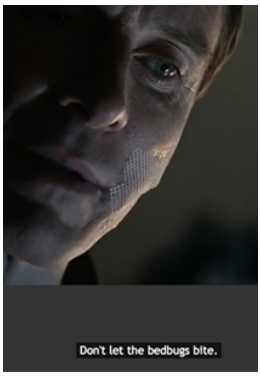
So when I saw and heart "P-three" … I was so struck … along with the "Danny"-sections! That I even watched that move is like a miracle, very unlikely I would ever had, but I was driven to it.

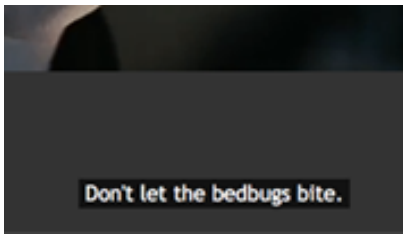
Bob knows I love love movies, and I want to make them, and we were going to make them.

So getting me to encounter "P-three" of all things seems to be a message of him telling me that he cares and hears me and is working on our relationship.

OKAY, *one more amazing thing:*

In the end, when the evil android locks Danny in her sleeping pod and won't let her out anymore, he says "Good night". And I totally flashed back to Bob and me saying good night to each other so long, not being able to connect anymore or share a bed … and Bob would say "**Don't let the bedbugs bite**". And I said that out loud while watching the movie, hearing Bob, and just then the character played by Michael Fassbender said it too! It was such a surprise!





Altogether, it felt entirely like Bob reminiscing with me, and that way proving to me that he is “on it”.

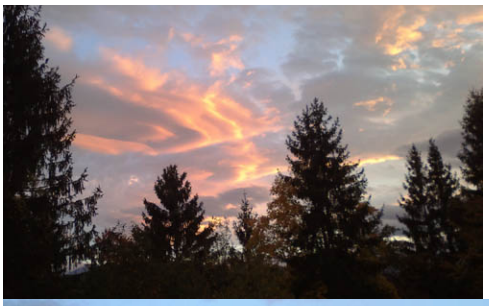
I have to try and not think about this.

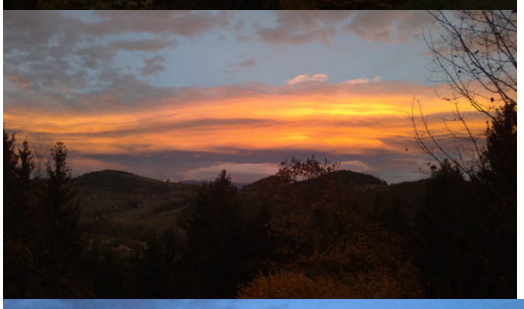
Movies help. But then … there is a scene like the one described … and I’m right back in the story of Bob and me. In the horrible part of it, losing Bob, who needed to leave his body behind …

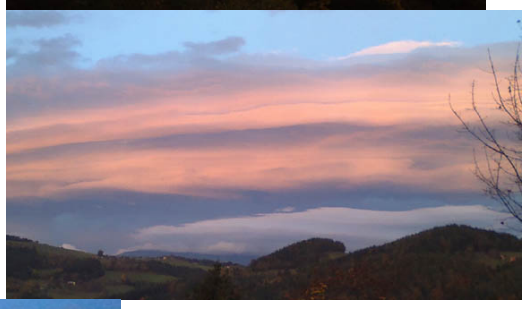
And I needed to learn what that truly means.

Danny in the film lost her beloved husband, and from then on she tries to make sense of her life and of everything. Oh, I can relate so closely.

Amazing scenarios in **Griffen**, at a late afternoon walk … as if the “Beyond” wanted to show itself from it’s best side, **sunset** de luxe.







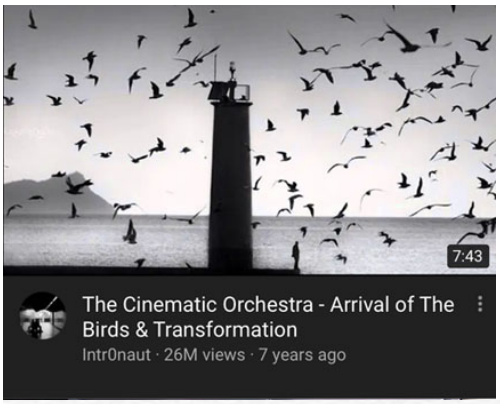
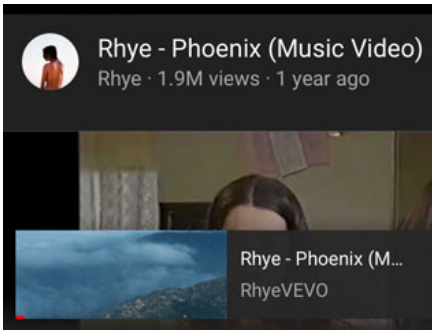
October 23, 2019

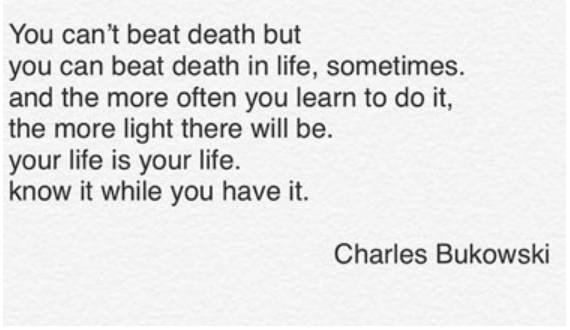
Started binge-watching "The Good Place", a satire about the after-life … but it has some amazing resonating points, and some stuff feels like Bob's right behind it! I did invite the Disca to watch with me!

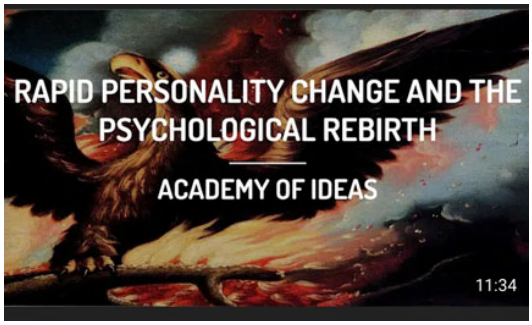
October 24, 2019 **– the Birds & the Stairway to Heaven**

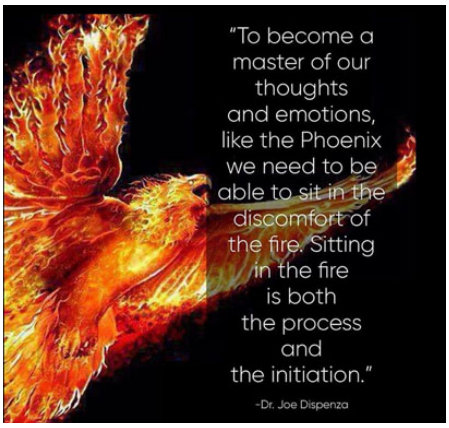
Amazing horoscopes this morning, by a new free astrology site, but really poignant, explaining how I feel given the constellations … *and how a big shift is happening and how I'm leaving things behind for good* … but it's not Hawaii or Maui or Bob or my plans, it's my ideas about how to deal or not to deal with my mother.

Ever since *Sebastian* showed up in that meditation at Divine Spirit Center and showed me *my mother as a bird on my hand* … I started to realize what I had to do. The day before yesterday I talked in depth with two psychologists (on the phone), so I know clearly what's going to happen if I give in to … well, the usual fears in dealing with someone like my mother. But my path is different. And when I visited her today, I got very clear … I see who she now is, who I now am … and how it's my job to handle this as long and efficiently as possible. It does not wear me out. It scares me, on the behalf of my mother and of others … but I can't disappoint her trust and force her into "care", I must still give her a chance and work on influencing her to take her own steps to improve her mind and health. It's still possible. I could tell by our conversation today, she was great. Forgetful, a bit confused … but still my mother. Not in her role. But that role she never had, actually. So the closeness we are able to have now will have to do for this mortal phase. And it will. I won't hand her over to other people when there is still hope that I can help her myself. I know I can.

Also, I received an amazing message from "C" … the synchronicities are going on so strongly, she sent me beautiful imagery of "The Handsome Ghost / Moon", of "**Phoenix**" and the "Arrival of the **Birds**", *because that's our ongoing subject*, the many **birds of prey**. She wrote they had been following her around since she visited the USA in summer, and now they were all around me and around her, too. And I sent her the image of the bird of prey with the words "Living Forever Products" … I mean, a message can hardly get clearer.




You can't beat death but
you can beat death in life, sometimes.
and the more often you learn to do it,
the more light there will be.
your life is your life.
know it while you have it.
Charles Bukowski




"To become a master of our thoughts and emotions, like the Phoenix we need to be able to sit in the discomfort of the fire. Sitting in the fire is both the process and the initiation."
-Dr. Joe Dispenza
It's very strange how we are connected, "C" and I …

*(Note/edit: And here is something else … in the days that I'm editing this part of the contact diary section, it's April 2, 2020 now, an **image** popped up, mysteriously, you'll read all about it, later … but just take a look at this … and you'll know what I mean by "Bob sees what I see" and "Time doesn't exist for the disca":*

See what I mean?

Just yesterday ***a man stepped into my apartment***, mistaking mine for the neighbors, and he startled me big time … And then I received a message from "C", in the evening, when she sent me texts to edit, that ***two men had just stepped into the office***! *Mistaking it for some other lounge!* What are the fucking odds?

Also, driving on the highway to and from my mother, I get very intense car license plate messages, that I could read right away! Like "**JO 64**", yes, my birth year, and on a truck in front of me "**MS DD 910**". And then, on the way back, I was wondering if I should take the time for a swim or strive home in case there were jobs … so right then, a car with "**JO 004**" drove by, and I read in my mind, and a voice sounded "Jo, go for it!" And I did. Swam in the crystal clear lake just before sunset, the water had 17 degrees Celsius, wonderful! And back home I discovered that I had not received ANY texts at all!

Before visiting my mother … I took a walk in the forest – and I found the literal **stairway** to heaven! An old ski jumping structure, I had known that it was there … but when I saw it and took pictures, wow, it was so … uncanny. I thought intensely of Sigi and Kimba, with whom I had been there so many times … and I did feel Sigi's presence … somehow. I keep thinking of his partner, Sonja, and I live not far from her now. Maybe I'll meet her one day? Or should contact her?

Also … an amazing experience of sharing the energy / impression of **Habicht-Pilze** in the forest with Bob: I felt compelled to smell and touch those mushrooms, and I squatted and touched them and closed my eyes and projected the experiences intensely to Bob …

… and I almost fainted! Not sure about climate and general disposition, but I did almost pass out "being Bob" and projecting the experience to him!

How odd! It was right after finding the stairway to heaven!

In the evening, I kept watching the ***TV-series "The Good Place"*** about the Afterlife … it has amazing twist and is thoroughly entertaining with some real deep insights, actually. And a Bob-**Lookalike** showed up, but not as a dead person but in a flashback to the living.

Well, I feel somehow … in the right place, today. Although I have flashbacks to Maui and to Bob and I can't believe, sometimes, that it's all over. But watching "The Good Place" gives me some … I want to say, "hints" … as there are weirdly close parallels to Stewart's and Betty's work!

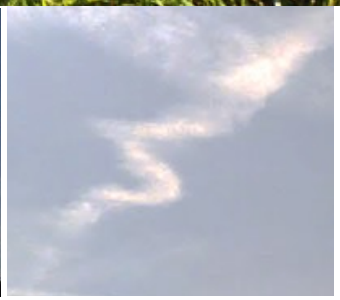
I got to share this with "C".

By the way, ***she told me, too, that two birds had flown into the office and circled around and left … just like the bird that had come into my kitchen!***

October 25, 2019 **– Stones Abound & Rabbit-Ears**

Slept pretty well, but had immensely intense **dream** – of me flying and teaching my niece Julia how to do it. Strange, in a way. *(I haven't been in contact with my niece for a while, based on her decision.)*

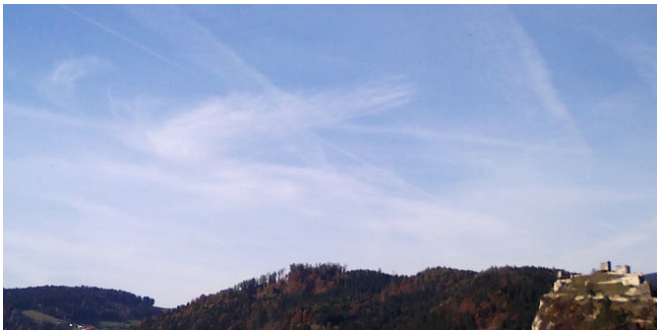
Then I took a walk around the field with Jacqui, and as I was talking to Bob saying ***"Shall we do the field?"*** like I'd always said on Maui, and Bob and I had walked around the Pukalani field twice a day, first thing before breakfast, if I didn't get him to drive to Baldwin Beach for a swim first thing in the morning, which is God's ultimate blessing upon humans, it's that wonderful, and then in the evening before dinner and sunset … we "did the field", and that was our thing. So I entered the field-path and talked to Bob, when a very interesting **round stone** appeared in my vision …



… had never seen it before, right at the path. Different shape, different size than all other stones anywhere in the area. So I said “Hi” to “Stoneman” – *and then I looked up!* And there was an **“S” in the sky**! I hadn’t called Bob “Bob”, I had always called him “Stoneman”, and his email-signature was always “SM”. Now that “S” wasn’t just an approximate “S”, it was a real “S”, nothing similar anywhere in the sky, and it stayed there intact until we left the field!

Then it disintegrated! I was so stunned, and I talked with Bob again about how he is becoming *a master of communications*, and I do think it’s his thing to work on improving out “sky communications”. We spent so much time sitting on the lanai, looking at the clouds and talking about what they meant … and “Clouds are thoughts” was our mantra. So no surprise that he is using them today!

He is getting so good at it, and just above the Schlossberg of Griffen – **a huge flying man shape appeared**! That’s not just something I “wanted” to see!



I’m quite suspicious of my own wishful thinking and interpretation, but that bird-man was there … and it wasn’t there by chance. Because three other things happened:

I walked to the end of the field right where the path descends to the ***huge stone***, that’s adorned with vines and red berries at the entrance to Poppendorf village.

I look to my side - and there were **the real rabbit-ears!** ***Yes, the plant!*** The one I've been thinking about, the rabbit ears of my childhood, that I loved so much! Geez, the "rabbit challenge" is totally on, still, … just look at the **rabbit ears**, on that sunny spot under a tree … just there where I walk by, on my new found "field-trip"!

Wow, I felt so … observed! And I was a bit *ashamed* that I hadn't see the plants before … It was like a whole group of Disca was around and finally being relieved and applauding me for seeing the rabbit challenge proofs!

So then … I took a turn, towards the little creek, which is overgrown by tall trees and shrubs, and suddenly I saw that huge bird-shape above the castle mountain. And as I looked up, a huge bird of prey, like a ***hawk*** rose *from a tree right above me*, and he was huge and so close, just a few meters away … and I could see his feathers, and they looked ***exactly like the hawk-mushrooms*** I found yesterday (*and over which I almost passed out*!) … so was that a sign, evidence, a proof, that Bob is with me and seeing everything I see?

I was walking the field feeling at the same time so sad and lonely, but on the other hand I simply chatted with Bob …. amazed by the **sky-sights …**

Do you see the strange "***puka***", hole in the sky? That's not a reflection, that's actually there.

I also freaked out on Jacqui today and threatened him, because I thought he had *eaten* something he had found on the field! That's so dangerous! Maybe it was just grass, but I didn't see what it was, and it scared the crap out of me, and I really got so angry at Jacqui, slapped after him with the leash and chased him (didn't actually hit him, didn't intend to) … and the poor guy didn't know what was going on … if he had actually only eaten grass. If not … I scared him rightfully. Very close to the rabbit ears place is a good grass eating spot for him, and I went there, today, watching the sky-"S" … and there he maybe did eat grass.

Then I went shopping to Billa and took another little walk with Jacqui along the creek that runs under the highway bridge with the "**real ghost**"-drawing … it's a very nice path to walk the dog … and my favorite plants grow there, a variety of huge-bud *Springkraut (*Impatiens glandulifera, Himalayan balsam)! You touch the seed pods and they explode! I have always loved that plant, there is also a small variety, but either of them … since my childhood, gives me a blast touching them and see them explode and the seed by catapulted away, somewhere … to grow and spread …

idea from a partial statement outweighed the advantages. Finally they gave us a figure of speech by symbolizing to Betty.

Away back in history, said they in effect, conceive two lines side by side that are supposed to run parallel forever. But there occurs a deflection. It may be so slight that it could not matter in the least to them at that time. They go on and on through time; but sooner or later they will meet. Then they will arrest each other, or one will cut across the other. But now from the point of view of the greater harmonious proportion, something must be done with the crisscross tangle. The remedy is in pruning the lines back, cutting them off, cutting them short. And, they told us, back in the source, in those lines before they began to deflect, lies a germ of life from which will grow other straighter lines when once the pruning has been done.

This was admittedly vague, and left many gaps; but, we were assured, it

Betty laughed heartily at this.

"They are laughing at you," she reported. "They say that is like the child asking 'what is the sun?'"

"Why is the world run the way it is?" said the Invisible, Betty's voice changing drolly to the measured tone in which they articulated. "Well, the world is run as it is to demonstrate individual responsibility."

A moment later Betty returned to the idea of avoided responsibilities being like derelicts turned loose that wreck or damage those with whom they come in contact.

"I can't get high enough up to see why they wreck one and not another," complained Betty.

"That's too big for now," they intimated. "That is Fate.

Walking that path, it did dawn on me more clearly than ever, that whatever happened in my life and in my life with Bob, and especially what did ***not*** happen in the last years of our lives, was meant (!) to get me to the point where I'm at now …

I insist on being together with Bob, on working with him, on being close, being a couple. He is my soulmate, and I love him and nobody else, and I know that he loves me too. He shed his pod already and got catapulted out to grow and spread … and I'm still in my body … but so what? Why shouldn't we still be together? We can and maybe shall be the first conscious ***Disca-Inca***-couple, and because I am who I am and a total documentarian … and because of my decades long research about the energetic nature of mankind and the power of thought … *I developed into the perfect "partner" for dead Bob* … and he was the

perfect Disca for me, and our relationship and all it's pains and misses and fails and things we meant to do and didn't get to … all that is part of the plan that was already in action in Betty's and Stewart's days. Bob and I are maybe something like the next step?

And they knew exactly that I would start researching death and the beyond after Bob's death. Bob had to die to get me to continue what has been my destiny. I was kind of "seeing" my and Bob's path walking down that path along the creek … and somehow it seems to have to do with *me almost passing out yesterday* that I feel so much clearer … (I even thought of that man from the Big Island golfshop today, on the field, who committed suicide and who almost got me … which is another story, that I described in "We Creators" …)

So it felt so clear and smooth and flowing as an insight … that Bob and I are, in fact, devoted to each other and to our projects. And we are together … we just don't really "feel" it yet entirely, not him and not me, we are learning to "know" each other.

That's actually a term that "Eleonore" in "The Good Place" said yesterday … it gives that Biblical term an entirely new meaning.

And the mere fact that "The Good Place" suddenly popped up on "vioozhd.org" and I totally felt drawn to it only to discover that it's a show about the "Afterlife" … geez, this isn't a coincidence. *It's a greeting, not about the content, obviously.*

And my new feeling about my mother …

I will not abandon her. I will not see her as "incapable". She has her role in the entire project, too. Of course she has …

And thinking about Bob's and my time, and him abandoning me and rejecting me, and me hanging on, and him being grateful and in the end embracing me and crying about the lost time and telling me how much he wants to be with me … and me, learning all that I learned from him and through him … and him calling me "his writer" and "his researcher" … and him being so interested in everything "unusual", "conspiracy" … and I found the book "Jesus The Man" by Barbara Thiering in his house, and reading all of Dr. Thiering's work and being in contact while she was still alive, gave my take on research and knowledge and actually truth an entirely new spin … and the threat that I received when I wanted to do a documentary about that woman's 30+ years research on who Jesus really was … and that she deciphered the Bible … and that this knowledge is being oppressed now, and that I know it in all detail … and few other people do … and Bob knew about this project ("Barbara The Woman") … and he was so excited about it … ***so I may have proved that my capacity of mind really is big and that I'm serious about facts and truths*** … but not to him, but to "them" I proved it .

Many things opened their petals today, in my mind, like foreshadowings or like their meanings finally got revealed …

Because although it all is about the spirit and the energetic essence of man, it takes a body to continue the project and bring that knowledge to a different level … to get more people to realize that "death" as we know it is not "the end" at all … *it's an ending, yes … of a phase …*

When I met Bob, one of the first things he said to me, as a joke: "**I was praying for the perfect body, and then you showed up!**" And he thanked God for that. What he meant was that he had just bought a "BowFlex" exercise machine (which I used then, too), and he had wanted his body to be perfect. And then I showed up. And in that month, in May 2002, I was in a very very good shape physically. I have always been.

Just last night, after swimming in the Wörther See I saw myself naked in front of the mirror (I've never had a full body mirror, but it came with the apartment) … so, I thought, wow, I have the body of a 35-year old. But my face is that of an old woman, and my hair is white. My friend Rebecca had told me upon her visit two months ago that when she saw me after all those years, she felt I had gotten *younger* … and that when I had felt like shit. So my body is very strong … but I don't "feel" it anymore, the way I used to.

That's why it was so strange *yesterday in the forest, when I felt that I could pass out.* But I had packed Glucose candy, wisely, *for some reason,* and I took some, and I looked at Jacqui who was sitting on the

forest path, panting, worried … and after the second almost-fainting-spell, I pulled myself together … and all was fine.

And I felt so much so deep love for my **mother** … She had been such an ass to me, for so many years … but I realize how much she has suffered, after the death of the love of her life, of my brother, of her brother, her father … and nobody there to help her … and she didn't have access to the information I have … so I looked at her yesterday, and she was so sweet and happy to see me, and doing her dementia thing, but not so extreme like before. So I knew that I had a job to do there … and that there is not the slightest feeling of bitterness for her, after our "tough" times. I only want her to feel happy. No matter her state of mind … I want her to feel good. And I think I do have some means to help her with that …

So today is a very intense day.

The realization that **the project "The Bridge" is real,** struck me so deeply … there are so many things that play into it … my ability to finalize my Hawaii-documentary against all the many many many odds … I did not give up, death threats, abandonment by even Bob, having to learn editing, camera work, everything, years of research … loneliness … poverty … I still pulled it through. I do know that those people, who are, of course, Disca, too, were there, watching. And cheering and hoping, probably. So I did pull it off. And Bob helped … even when he was the full-blown asshole, quitting on me just because of his fucking emotional damage, and his need to blame his life's failures and pains on me … which he did. But I'm not the type to take that personal for too long … I can see behind such attacks … I can see the person and his/her pain and needs … that doesn't mean that the person comes around and suddenly is fair and sweet and loving!

But it does help me understand.

I had lived through a relationship with a heavy junkie, and I got him out of his addiction. All the things of my life … and how I got to research "***Huna***" and became a **ghostwriter** for the expert in the field of "the world is what we think it is" …

I'm actually right now – this minute – writing *like a maniac* … I didn't mean to write all that … but I'm so impatient, these days, I feel urgent, I didn't think I was able to put it all down in words what was on my mind … because it's so much, too much. Who could ever read something like this?

But today I kind of saw my life that's in front of me … like picture after picture .. like I had died! Maybe I'm dead?

No. I'm not. My dog is snoring next to me. And the church bells of Griffen are ringing.

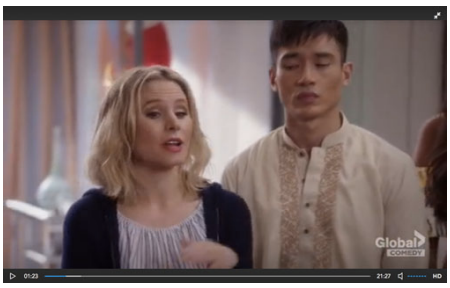
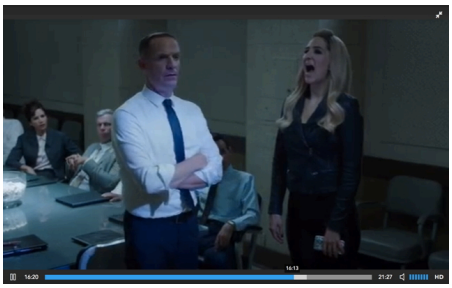
And I'm looking to binge-watch another season of "The Good Place" and of sharing all of this with my friend "C". It's a breakthrough, of sorts.

One thing is for sure … Bob and I want to be together … Oh, geez, I just looked out of the window, such weird combination of clouds and airplane contrails … I got to take a closer look … 'kay. Feeling dizzy from the frantic writing.

October 25, 2019 **– "A little bit chowder now"**

I'm just baffled … BAFFLED!

I'm watching "*The Good Place*", season 2, episode for, and at minute 1.23 – they are making fun of a "clam chowder" place with a "lazy river of chowder" (I actually love love love clam-chowder!) … called "**A little bit chowder now**" … that's a play on *"A little bit louder now"* – the song Bob and I used for our last official work together, the hula-promo for the Maui Arts and Cultural Center, *"A little bit softer now" to "A little bit louder now"* to put together the various hula-moves … and he asked me to help him pick the shots.

Weeks ago, that same theme came up through Peter Rosen, a Maui friend of us, who found ***"A little bit softer now" on a memorial planchette!*** Sweet Jesus … I don't know what else to say!

(A little later)

Getting even funnier! Picked an episode from season 2, somehow prompted by a review as I grew tired of watching them all, and it's about **windchimes**! A major plot-element in my "Regents of Clouds" trilogy! May I dare to hope?

October 26, 2019

Saturday, national holiday in Austria.

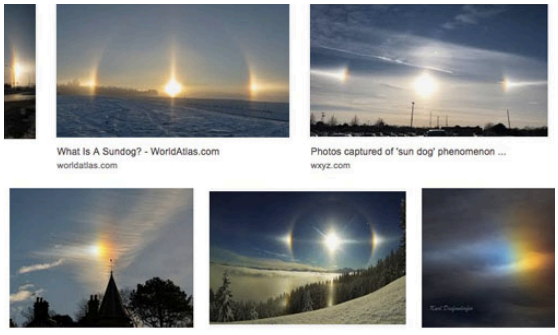
Had the urge to change my screensaver image from a mirror image of a mountain in a lake to a rising ocean wave …

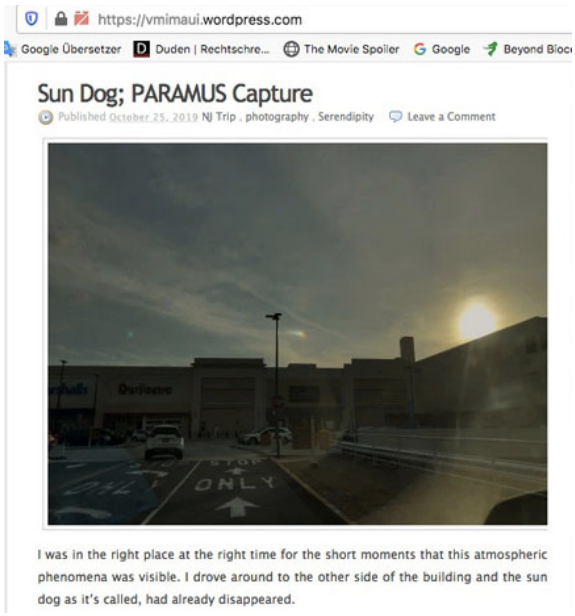
Horrible **dream** of being forced to ride a sleigh with a "bad" man (of the asshole type) sitting behind me and holding me, and I was dead scared because of the steepness of the slopes and the speed. In the end, he even pressed his dick against me, suggesting we have sex. It was so scary and disgusting. Then (in the dream) I met my former boss, Christian O. at an outdoor toilet, where I had to change my dirty bloody and shit on sanitary pad, only to discover that the exchange one I had was also filthy … so I thought just pulling my pants back up without … what a weird dream! So utterly unpleasant … I fell asleep again after that, and J did too.

Then I made "hot black" how Bob and I had always called the morning coffee we had loved, and I fell into a deep hole of loss and longing. Fact is: I do not want to live without Bob. That won't change. That's my truth. So let's see. I felt the sharp sting in my right abdomen again, today. Haven't felt it for a while … but it's there, along with a sharp feeling in my bladder, have been having that for many years … I had the weird thought that it was cancer, … and it pleased me. But then I thought of my mother … and of Jacqui and of my task. Not sure how much of the task I'm seeing is for me …

October 26, 2019 **– The Sundogs**

Is it weird, that I opened Peter Rosen's blog, and he had written about a "**sun dog**", which I had ***never ever*** heard before?

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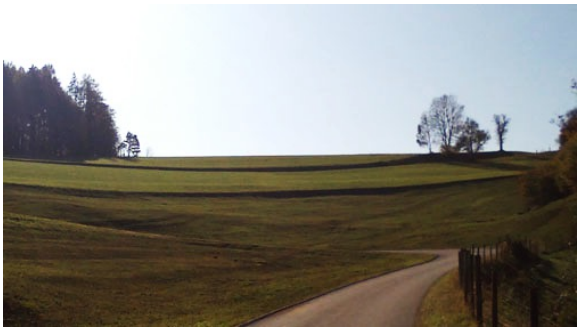
Sun Dog; PARAMUS Capture
Published October 25, 2019 NJ Trip , photography , Serendipity
Leave a Comment
I was in the right place at the right time for the short moments that this atmospheric phenomena was visible. I drove around to the other side of the building and the sun dog as it's called, had already disappeared.

Sun – me, dog – my dog, plus a dog being Bob's official reason for going to the hospital, which was either a lie or a mental glitch in his final stages of … I don't know, dementia due to cancer chemistry? And a "**sun dog**" suddenly came into my life. How … odd.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT: **I had called Jacqui yesterday "mein Sonnenwuff", "my sun woof"** *(and woof of course means "dog")* … because he was so warm in the sun, his fur was hot and, he had a real sunny golden flair! So … wow! I can only say wow.

October 26, 2019

Took a loooong walk with Jacqui up the hill to Kleindörfl, looking down in nearly all directions … then returned … The **parallel lines** that I had seen in the sky were there … **on the ground** now.



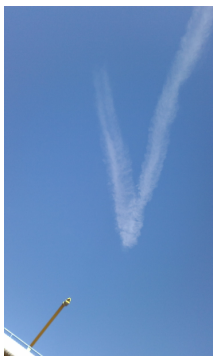
… and a Christian picture **chapel** with "Faith, Love, Hope" written on it … looked kind of … I don't know, meant to encourage me. And a beautiful actually fragrant **violet flower** … Bob's favorite color … such a beautiful Lily-kind-plant.

And at the point of no return on some path downhill that I had taken, looking for a shortcut home … I suddenly stood in front of a *shard*. In the deep forest. Jacqui and I had walked down the foresty hill until it was clear that the path wouldn't lead to where I wanted to go – and just as I turned around, I found a **shard of a mirror**! In the forest! A mirror?

Right in front of my nose. It's a half of a half moon! And right next to it I found one single **silver thistle** … shiny like the sun. No, of course not everything is "a message", but I think that I'm kind of supposed to learn to "pay attention". Because when I see these things, I feel some kind of "flash" in my "na'au", my gut. I see a lot of things, all the time, that don't "strike" me. But ever again, something like this happens. Like I walk down an uncomfortable wild path and then face that mirror shard and the thistle. They seemed to "look at me", in a way.

(Note/edit: Today, as I edited this section, April 5, 2020, I went for a walk and ended up finding this on my path … yes, ***a bunch of thistle flowers****!)*

And the **V-house**!



On the way back I saw one of the houses I had passed earlier from the other side, now, and **there is a big "V".** I've learned to take picture of sights that feel significant, because often they make sense, later. I've been wondering what *the distinct "V"-shape was all about that I've been seeing in the sky* … the "connection" and the "crossing" of life-lines, as Betty had described? Now, it can be that the way of getting me to see and notice another "V" (on the house) just points at the connection, Bob saying "I see you and what you see", or "I know what you see and I prove it" or "I didn't send it but I know what you're thinking" … *anything is possible.* And I just want to be as *open-minded* as possible (to not discourage him, because I feel that as long as I actually acknowledge what I'm seeing, he and "they" know that I'm working on my … well progress. Doesn't keep me from wanting to vomit many times, when I'm just flooded with longing for Bob the man.).

So back to "sun dogs" that are the reflections of the sun in ice crystals (in theory) … and as I'm "the sun" in the song and looked into the moon-part shaped mirror in the forest, was the sun reflected again … It just comes to me like that.

Also … on the way back, something else came to my awareness: **A tiny pink bull** on a **white stone** at the corner of the street where I live. It's called "Plaza del Toro", and it's very cute.

But today, walking by it for the mpfth time, ***I heard Bob's voice in my head*** when he had said, many times, he'd be "**strong like bull**", yes, in that Hawaiian pidgin slang … and there *is a bull on a white stone* a few meters from my current home … and that close to the **house of the sun**, Haleakala … today, I also got a breathtaking look at my personal "Haleakala" … as the Koralpe mountain seems to be my beloved volcano's absolute mirror image.

It's all very amazing.

Again … I refuse to live without Bob. On the way, hiking, I thought to myself that ***I can probably bring people in the afterlife together just by thinking of them*** … I think we all do that, and we're causing trouble in the afterlife that way, maybe. Can that be? That's why we must learn to keep our thoughts right, not just in order to create the proper "impetus" and protect ourselves and others in our realm from manifestations we didn't mean to manifest … but also to not harm those who don't have a body anymore and can't be directly complain about what we do in the "Ao", the "day world" (license plate number of my landlady: ***VK 552 AO***") … ***as there is that damn barrier.*** That thought came directly out of me, too (and by that I mean that I say those things out loud) right after I found the mirror shard and the silver thistle, the perfect sun image … I do know, not just believe, that we, the Incarnates, are totally influencing the Discarnates … and as I thought about that, I "heard" in my head either Richard or Betty talking about that barrier … that can't be overcome, not by the best of intentions and biggest love "just like that". It can be overcome, yes, through some meticulous … well, *effort*. Projection. Procedure. And many people have been working on it. But I'm not sure they had the background knowledge that I have after researching and writing thousands of pages about the human energetic nature and the power of thoughts …

So now I know why I did all that writing and research for. We do affect the Disca with what we think about them … and what if … if they aren't advanced enough to ward off our influence or direct it somewhere else, our energetic projections can wreak havoc in the "afterlife". No, that's kind of silly, because there, everything is so much more powerful … still, there must be a reason why I was flooded with such thoughts today.

(*Note/edit: It actually reflects that experience I had with those people in my twenties, who wanted to recruit me to be their "leader" again, like I had supposedly been so many times again, and who forbade any contact, because they said that because of my innate powers I could harm their efforts in this mortal go-around if I wasn't on their side …*) But if you are aware of your nature as an Inca and that you are, in fact, communicating with the Disca, and if you learn to read their messages and learn to make your own questions and outputs clear, which works already when you are only aware of what you're doing … then the "barrier" can turn into a "bridge".

And that's my "kuleana", to help bring that about. I think.

Got it, Bob.

Just earlier, as I was warming up my soup … I stirred in the pot and I said out loud ***"… just a little bit warmer now***" … and I had an immediate *emotional flash*, I even turned around, ***kind of "looking at Bob",*** because that would have been his kind of humor … after using that song … I think, he chuckles.

Damn, I do miss him so much, and I can't fucking believe he is no more. As a mortal. Yes, I freakin' know. But still. Sometimes it hits me … and let me remind you, Discas out there! **Many of you discarnates** – *and I include you, Stoneman*! – ***have never had to deal with a loss like I have and like many others have who've really seen their loved ones die!*** Stoneman, you have never ever experienced that! You don't fucking know what this is like … yes, from your side and watching and trying to "feel for me" … and maybe you can. But in fact, *as a mortal you never went through this.* Remember the poem from the beginning? It doesn't rhyme in the English translation, but:

You know if you have experienced it;
– and those who had to bear it may forgive me.
Think about it: One's own death one only dies,
but with the death of the others one has to live.

So you'll damn' well listen to my rants and accept that ***I am still a mortal,*** and I do have those feelings and shortcomings and longings … and I do not want to live without you. I miss being with you … with you, the mortal man. You took yourself away from me. Fuck you, Stoneman.

Although I know it probably is all part of a very fucked up plan, 'xcuse my French. Okay, I'm playing. But you got to **prove** to me, still, ***that you're with me on that***. Totally. Given the power of my thoughts … I will not release you from your promise! That we'd be together and work on our projects together, that was your promise.

Us both lying on your bed you grabbed my hand and said "We're in this together, Dani." Fuck yes, we are. And we remain that.

And you know … I do ***not*** share the idea that we must "let go" the dead. No, I insist that you work on being and staying with me, as the Disca that you are, but still as Bob, the Stoneman. You can do your afterlife-stuff, too, but I'm not "freeing you" or "letting you go" or "releasing you". And I do strongly believe that it's exactly right to think that way. That's the point. I can keep you close, and I must keep you close to enable you to evolve in the way it's meant for you.

I'm not moving on without. I do move on, *with* you. Suck it up, bro.

And now let's have something to eat.

I did learn a very mortal lesson, today, too. I took a turn into the forest on a very slippery path. I felt that it wasn't the right path, and I went anyway. And bam! *Without a reason* that I had seen (I had looked at the ground!) ***I sat on my butt, my hands in the mud.***

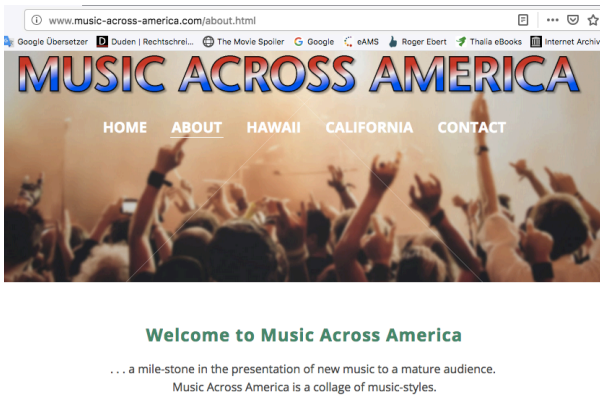
Well … okay, got it. It's that fast that one ends up in the shit when one acts against his or her better knowing. Got it. Thanks so much.

And of course I'm thanking my own Aumakua, too. My shark-spirit. And Bob's bird-spirit is hovering above it.

<u>October 26, 2019</u> **– Message in A Movie**

Okay – I just said out loud "ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME!?"

I'm watching episode 2 of "**Of Becoming A God in Central Florida**" … and a man hands another a book **"Building Bridges".** The other asks "Are you from California?", answer: **"Just passing through!"** This really took me by surprise … I didn't expect to hear movie characters say stuff that totally relates to Bob and me!



"Passing through" ... that is one of the flying words between Bob, me and "C" ... I told her about the music video for "*Passing Through*" we've made, reminding myself painfully about ***"Music Across America"*** (oh, it sounds so much like I'm talking about someone else, but it's Bob's and my story ... I might go crazy after all ... can't believe right now that I'm writing about *Bob who is dead*) ... But see, "Passing through" was mentioned between "C" and me in terms of communication with the Disca multiple times even in the past days!

He is listening!

October 26, 2019 **– Flashback by Movie**

Something else just happened ... as I ended up with "*On Becoming A God In Central Florida*" ... and you got to understand, I don't google the contents of TV-series or movies, I just surf around aimlessly and pick the one that simply feels "attractive" at the moment.

I just very painfully flashed back into Bob's ill-fated trust in a guru named **John-Roger**. I tried and tried and tried to get Bob away from that influence. But he had become a minister of that organization MSIA, and he didn't dare to quit because of "all the questions asked" (quoting Bob). Now, the series begins with one of the most painful things I've witnessed with *Bob ... him listening to a tape of his guru.* And the character in that TV-series episode ***does just that*** ... and is full of hopes and trusts and believes ... but his wife is wary of his involvement in that organization and in his trust in its leader.

All the weirder: The place where the main character works, sounds like "Rebel Rabbit", but it's "Rebel Rapids". A guy keeps telling to his wife how they'll eventually ***finally be so successful*** that they'll be able to do whatever they want, and that people will see them as successful power-couple ...

That really gave me the chills, because I've heard that so often from Bob, and there was always "just one more thing" that he had to do first, before finally working with me at our own projects. Then the husband makes **one** wrong decision, to work with a partner who is a selfish ass (like John W. and Bob's tragic horrible relationship), *and then he regrets it,* has an accident, driving into a lake, where he is ***killed*** *by an alligator.* That's just so fucking … poignant and symbolic for Bob's and my story.

It's breathtaking.

One day, many years ago, Bob was off island, and I cleaned up a lot of the house (which remained a mess to the end), and I put *all the John-Roger tapes and books and stuff* together … and then I showed it to Bob, when he came back, and he was so **thankful** and asked me to do with it what I wanted. I thought I'd throw it away, but then I thought I'd donate it later, to somebody, so I only *stowed* it away. I did. Soon, Bob had received tape (CD or DVD, I think, that were sent to him regularly), and it was in his CD-player next to his bed, and he was listening to it, probably falling asleep with it.

Bob's ***obsession*** with being "*humble*" drove me crazy, because he didn't get it … how it played into his fear of success and probably caused it. He used it, I think, as an excuse to never stand up for himself and shy back from being assertive and self-confident or: proud of his work. He was a genius. People took advantage of him. But he was so "humble", so he let them. (It took me a long time to figure this out, then I tried to make him see what he was doing, and that's when he turned away from me.) So, whatever I said … John-Roger was stronger. That guy died a few years ago, and his "teachings" were highly criticizes … well, I want him to apologize to Bob so badly and fuck the hell off, at least, now. But I'm guessing they're all *"Oh, it's all good, it all had to be"* right now. Fuck you both.

Me finding that story is … **weird**. Why? Because a little while ago *I had asked Bob* **whether or not he had met John-Roger** already, yes, in the "beyond"… maybe that's the answer, be, suddenly watching a TV-series about a "guru"?

I just remember now how much pain and fear and worry was in our relationship, always. Bob must have seen me as a real enemy to his … I don't know, *peace of mind?* But I knew that I was right and could help him … but he didn't let me. What a reminder, that series … I probably won't watch it much, but I'll get a taste of it …

October 26, 2019 **– The Shoulder-Rub in a Movie**

Alright … so I'm watching episode 4 of "*On Becoming A God In Central Florida*", and at some point I turned to Bob and asked him out loud if he thought all that applied to him … And I felt very tense and sad, sitting there … **then I said out loud that it would be nice if he would rub my shoulders like he had done last summer, to prove that he's here** … AND RIGHT THEN THE CHARACTER OF KIRSTEN DUNST ASKED THE OTHER CHARACTER *TO RUB HER SHOULDERS!*

Geez!

I don't know how else to express my … well .. bafflement.

It's so quiet in here, where I'm writing, in my kitchen late at night, and I don't see spirits or ghosts or hear voices … *but I keep getting those movie-scenes* that totally play out in some way what I'm thinking and saying and remembering!

A few minutes later, "Krystal", the "wife"-character, visits a guy who was on the list of her husband to try and get him to join "FAM", the organization, and he tells her that *he makes tapes with music* ***to help people die easier***. That's very interesting, because what Bob's sister Joyce did in the weeks of Bob's dying, she'd play music all the time to make him feel better. In the night that Bob died, though, I think there was silence. *So the guy in the movie just said* "**We all die … it's just that energy doesn't die, it just transforms itself** …" And if people were happy and relaxed when they die, "the universe would be better, the future would be better".

That relates totally to something "C" sent me … about us being here to love and evolve and be happy … it was already a confirmation. And now I hear it in a random scene in a TV-series that I'm binge watching?

So I feel compelled to look around and ask the Invisibles all over the place: "I got it, right? It's a way of communication?"

And I had just said into the room here, before the shoulder rubbing, "***I can't see you or hear you" (… "so at least rub my shoulders" …)***

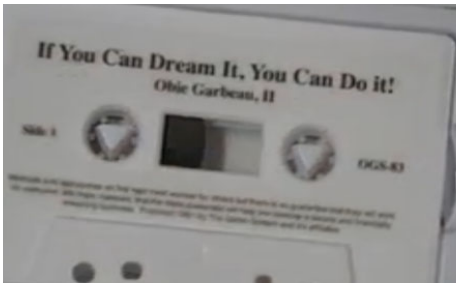
In the movie, the guy gives Krystal a tape for her **death** … "Krystal's exit". Bob would have gotten a kick out of this.

<u>October 26, 2019</u>

Episode 3 of *"On Becoming A God In Central Florida"* … the house number is **1312** … and that's a number I've been photographing months ago … until I found out what it means. That's not a "message" … but the fact that I'm aware of the number and it shows up like that ***can be a signal expressing "I see what you see"*** … *1312 stands for ACAB*, which means "all cops are bastards". On thing that's interesting on the picture of August 2019: "**Ea**" in Hawaiian means "independence", together with the word "ghost" before that, it's kind of odd.

October 27, 2019 (shortly past midnight)

And in the very end of the episode 5 … Someone puts a tape into a case, and it reads *"If you can dream it, you can do it".* That's a Walt Disney saying. And I talked about it a few weeks ago. I put it into the presentation of my business concept "CineDip", something Bob believed in very strongly, but he never did for that project what he promised to do, and it was as simple as connect with a man he had known for a long time, to only ask him to help us make the right connections. The character "Krystal" later has visions, and her face turns into a "sunflower" and even into the "sun". As we know, I'm the sun …



October 27, 2019 **– A Stone on Fire, Literally**

This morning, walking my dog … I had to slow down and make sure that I didn't dream anymore because of what I saw. **A stone on fire**. What does it mean? That Bob tells me that he is so eager and busy working on … our plans, hopefully? I also had a **most intense dream** of him, I was with him, knowing that he was dead and that my Maui life was over … I stood under the **shower**, crying crying … and I woke up, close to crying. I remember **Bob being there**, too, the tall self he always was, with a bit of an expression of disbelief, like there wasn't a reason to cry like this …

Waking up I realized that I can't grasp that the kind of life I had on Maui, was over.

Then I walked the dog. It was a cold and somehow foggy morning, and just down the road, there is a pond. It's not for swimming, and right now it's simply some gray water, no ice, just a pond.

And I heard a strange noise, like a *flame thrower.*

I realized it came from the pond … and as I peeked over the hedge***, there was a guy with an actual flame thrower***, ***holding the flame at a huge stone***, nearly as tall as the man himself. He held the **flames** at the **foot** of the large stone and went around the entire stone with the flame thrower. I took a picture secretly, and it was still quite dark

Now what comes to mind was that the last thing I did for Bob was, that I'd massage his feet every night, and he loved it … and they were quite hot, every time. I remember how alone I felt, back then, standing at Bob's bedside, him falling asleep, a living corpse, that's how emaciated he was, and the island in the middle of the Pacific around me, and the smells and sounds of my beloved "housie" … I was so scared.

So that *stranger holding a flame from a flame-thrower at the foot of a large stone* (granite, maybe) that was one of the weirdest things I've ever seen … Also, normally I don't have my phone with me that early … but this morning I had the feeling I should take it.

Oh, Stoneman. I miss you so much. I feel … I don't know, really.

This morning there was a man trying to set fire to a stone … which of course didn't burn, it was just such a strange combination … So just now I realize that it may have to do with my trauma of knowing that Bob's remains were transported "down the hill" one last time, and that he was "alone" when his body was cremated … maybe the scene I was witnessing this morning is symbolic in a way, telling me ***"Nothing can burn a stone, not even a flame thrower".*** Who knows. It's just so weird in that constellation.

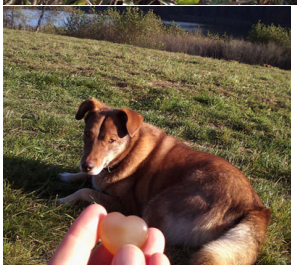
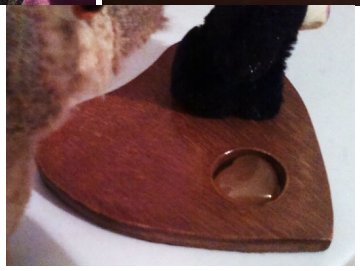
October 27, 2019 **– A Heart Shaped Gemstone No Less**

I just say it as it is:

I found a **heart shaped gem stone** in the colors of my dog in the grass at Saissersee.

I had just left my mother, who I had visited, and no way she'd want to go for a walk with me or would let me take her out into nature, to that lake, actually. I needed some place to calm down, and I love that lake, because this time *the meeting with my mother did not go well.* Her *dementia* was showing extremely, and she got very desperate and close to tears when I tried to insist that she understand how important it is for her to take vitamins and the aids for her body (nutrition) and minds …

So I walked along the lake shore, nobody around, Jacqui had a good time, and then I sat down on top of the hill, somewhat to the side, I the grass, as the sun had come out and I needed to feel warmed up. Inside, actually. I like watching Jacqui frolicking around, that gives me some joy, too. I sit in the grass and look to the side, and there it is:

I really sat there, holding that crystal gem stone, baffled. Later I put it into the hole in my **planchette**, it fits perfectly.

The *drive to Velden already*, though, was an interesting matter.

I talked to Bob intensely, and I got upset and told him **that I want him to show himself** … and in THAT MOMENT a **jeep** passed by me with the spare tire on its back and that was covered by a cover featuring an **eagle holding a golden cup**, *and everything looked like one fire.*

So I tried to grab my cell phone to take a picture, but the jeep was too fast. I talked to Bob and him obviously having a *bird Aumakua*, being solitaire, flying high above others but being fragile and dependent upon the wind at the same time, and *my shark Aumakua*, and how I must keep moving otherwise I die … which my dying brother had said in 1993, that I was like the comic character Daniel Düsentrieb, always on the way …

And THAT MOMENT **a large bird of prey** appeared right **next** to me above the highway and flew over me. And I mean *next to me.* So that I had to look to the side and then bend forward to see the bird … And a few kilometers further, another one did the same thing!

So I said to Bob … "Wow, those are amazing signs, if they are signs, but I want you to show yourself to me …" And IN THAT MOMENT a white Toyota (maybe even an Echo, the car Bob and I had last year) passed by me and cut in right in front of my car, so that I could see the **sticker** featuring **a bird of prey with spread wings** on the right side of its back! "Okay", I said, "you are showing yourself, in the way you can, right now."

I kept thinking of what the torched stone from this morning could mean, and I kept going back to "**Stone on fire**", and that can mean that he is really working effectively and doing his best and actually accomplishing things on his side. It gave me hope … and then those weird **car license plate numbers** came … one right after the other …

910 KI (Bob's car, and "ki" meaning power in Hawaiian and other languages), then **888 TC**, which is "Taylor Camp" and relates to my question whether or not I should contact John fucking W., and **888** is also a Hawaii area code ... then came **672 ES** (my car back 2002, a Mazda), then **777 XX** (can't remember the letters) and *right after that another* **888 HO**. The "HO" spoke to me … but I don't know yet what it said …

I also discovered one single **sunflower** on a field close to where I live.

So, well. Not sure what to think right now. Made an apple-pie for Bob and me.

Oh, and I did swim in the Wörthersee lake again, today. Lovely. So cold, so clear. I love it.

<u>October 28, 2019</u> **– Raccoon!**

And here it is: I posed the "**raccoon**-challenge" to Bob as soon as I realized I was going to live in Rakounig Street 44, several weeks ago. How would it be possible to bring the word "raccoon" or an actual raccoon into my life as "evidential" that Bob is "working with me"? Nearly impossible. Well, the fact that my new home is in "Rakounig street", and I had no way of knowing that when I responded to the ad … is already a good one.

Well.

Last night it happened. Remember the ***squirrel*** painted on the car, in Vienna, telling me that Bob is "on it"?

So somehow I felt compelled to watch the entire season of *"On Becoming a God in Central Florida"* … and there was always the feeling that I did not *want* to watch anymore. Yes, the story was kind of okay and would have been something that Bob would definitely appreciate given his experiences with organizations that change people's lives and thoughts … but last night I thought to myself "Why in the world would I want to watch the whole thing?" And the it happened: The character "**Cody**" said to the character Roger: ***"… we brought raccoons into the park***".

Raccoons. RACCOONS. There.

Of course there are "raccoons" in movies all the time, right? Not! Now to and try find a movie with "raccoons" in it!

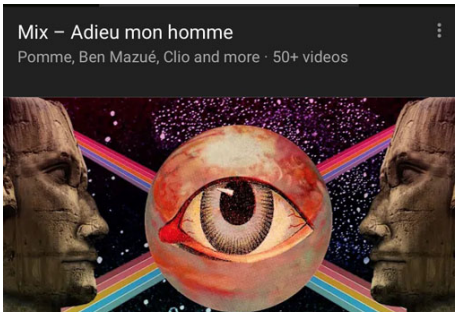
October 28, 2019 **– More Raccoons!**

Went for an evening walk with Jacqui, almost dark, in the forest, told Bob that for the other people I need to have more evidentials about the raccoon-challenge, like three times … but how should "raccoon" get into my life so often?

So I had started watching another series, *"Unbelievable"*, again … I let it "happen", I did not read up on it, did not search it, it simply showed up eventually, somewhere, and I clicked it on … and although I'm not entirely interested, I did start watching episode 2 as well, after a mildly interesting 1, and I'm at the same time ***knitting*** a warming cover for the ***pink bull*** on the stone … yes, that's were I'm at. Crazy, right? I have to do it. It comforts me a bit … not sure, how. But I can't stand seeing that pink bull all naked there, his skin broken, on his white stone … anyway.

I still got editing work to do tonight, for the agency … but first knit and watch, then work. And I've begun to make it a habit to make notes in this contact diary along the way, since my laptop is in front of me all day anyway … (due to my line of work).

Okay, I just was surprised breathless when a character in *"Unbelievable" s*ays at about minute 31: "I heard a noise, I though you were the ***raccoons***."



THE RACCOONS. Twice in a row. And my online friend "C" sent me this (from a visit to a zoo with a friend who took the rabbit-picture): Does this mean "I see everything", and "the rabbit challenge is still on?"

October 28, 2019 **– Peacocks**

Just remembered a weird, weird **dream** … with green balls with spikes, and somehow they had to do with Bob … and my communication with him. But I don't remember exactly.

What I did realize during my forest walk today, was, though:

On one of my first walks in the area with Jacqui I met several "Pfaue", **peacocks**.

(Note/edit: I've tried to make better pictures many times, but when the peacocks are close enough, they are also aggressive towards my dog when they see that we stop and come after us … so … I'll keep trying. But those birds are roaming the area all the time.)

Now, it suddenly hit me, that in *"On Becoming a God"* … one of the characters had just one wish, she wanted a **peacock**, *and her husband got her one!* Also, a peacock feather in Bob's house is an obscure memory of mine, but in my ***childhood***, peacock feathers were among the most fascinating items in my grandmother Maria's house … they were in an old closet "Kasten" … and I loved to look at them.

I think I might be trying to "see" something in everything … just because I want so much to be with Bob. But Bob is dead.

My Bob is dead. It's unbelievable. November 4 will be the anniversary of his passing. Already one year.

Today I saw the ***hunter*** again … (I've been seeing him around, in the forests, in his jeep). I keep flashing back to my first year on Maui with Bob, with a little boy named "*Hunter*", maybe five, six years old, in the next garden over, and the big fat white haired *grandma* screaming his name all the time … and there was that little scraggy dog **Irkle**, tied to the house across the street, ***barking*** day and night … half-starved … nobody did anything for him. I started sneaking food to him … but I didn't dare to approach him directly, so I'd throw stuff up to him, with the effect that sometimes it landed so that he couldn't reach it … But I did give him water.

Bob wouldn't ever help Irkle. He simply ignored the dog's suffering, wouldn't talk to his owner, Roger. His wife had died of cancer, I think, and Irkle was her dog … and the husband just let the dog tied to a running leash in the driveway and would leave for days … It was very strange for me that Bob wouldn't dare to talk to Roger about Irkle.

One day, Roger came to ask Bob and me who had entered his property and given the dog water and food … we totally denied it … but Irkle kept wagging his tail at me. I left, and Bob wouldn't speak up on Irkle's behalf.

One night, the whining and howling was horrible, and I went outside, along with a female neighbor from … and Irkle, blind already, was lying in a ditch next to the house and couldn't get up. Someone from the humane society came … and that was the end of "Irkle". Years before I found Jacqui, I actually found a

scraggy toy dog on a flea market in Vienna … the seller wanted a horrendous price for it … and I refused to pay. When I walked by a little later, she gave me the dog for very little money.

I do remember, though, how disappointed I was in Bob for never speaking out the help Irkle. I couldn't do much … I was a foreigner, but I did befriend the poor little guy.

In that respect, Bob was a stranger to me. His indifference … his refusal to speak up for himself or others who needed it … and yet, his strange off kind of "humbleness" … today I realize how torn he was in so many ways.

I just realize that he is now with Mother Filomena, too … what a story that was! (Maybe I'll tell it one day …) And then the event about the ***stand-up paddler in peril*** … Bob would have left the **beach** and just decided that someone else would help the guy … who was way out in the ocean, in a storm, totally in trouble, and people were watching the guy who kept falling from his board … I could totally sense his distress, but Bob just wanted to get home from the beach … But I refused. I did alarm a life-guard, who happened to come by, refusing to play along with Bob's ignorance … I loved him so much and still do, but I'm sure he is working hard on some of his shortcomings now.

I did just take a short night-walk with J and put the cover I crocheted onto the **pink bull**. Curious what will happen to that. The little body felt strangely real, wet from slight rain and somehow … I don't know, warm, even.

*(Note/edit: Something else just came to my mind … One of the TV-series' that Bob got to like and watched during the years that we weren't together was "**Bull**"! With Michael Weatherly! I remember now, Bob telling me about it on the phone …!)*

October 29, 2019 **– Stones Honoring the Sun**

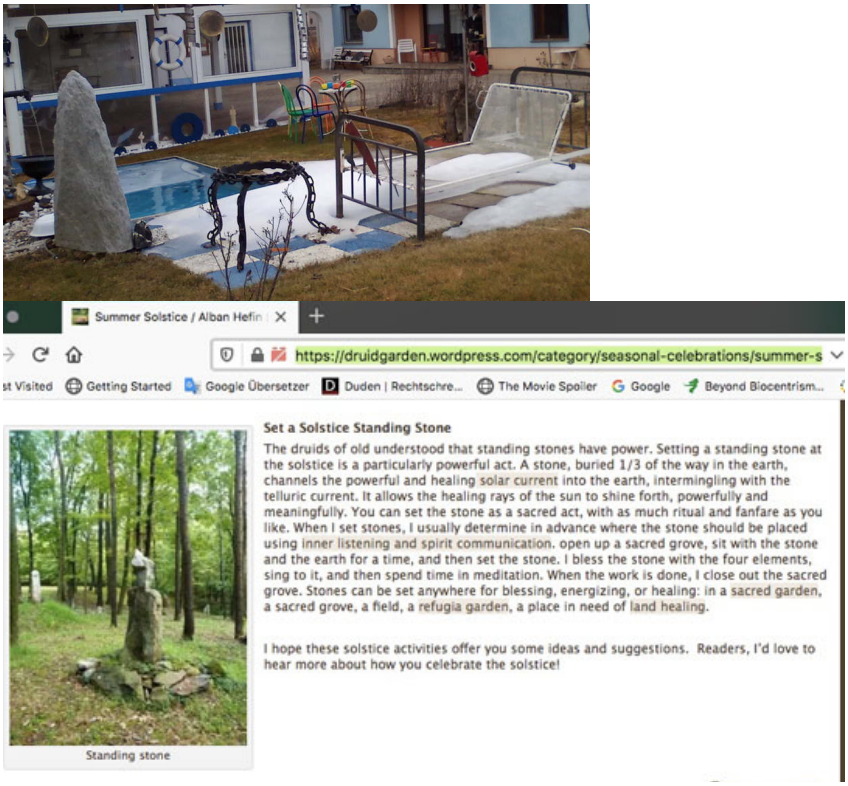
Just heard something incredibly interesting in episode 4 of "*Unbelievable*" … the two detectives are looking for a victim and talk to her mother who tells them that her daughter will be back "when spirit releases her". She is a **druid**, and the day is "**Alban Hefin**", when the veil between this world and the spirit world is especially thin" … (I once had a druid teacher, but that's a whole other story, explained in "We Creators …")

OKAY. GOT IT. Will look it up.

Done – it's June 24, summer solstice.
It's about … ***honoring the sun***.

So I googled it … breathless now … because I think I found what I'm supposed to find, a greeting by Bob:

I've been seeing those **standing up stones** everywhere in the surroundings, of where I live now … very baffling, people like to have big stones in their gardens. It took me a while to see it, but the fact that I always called Bob "***Stoneman***" gives the fact, that I was "drawn" to that area a lot of sense. The "Kane Stones" used to be a big subject, in my days of researching ancient Hawaiian traditions (upright stones, honoring the Hawaiian Akua "Kane", the highest of them all … *geez, I'd only have to put in my own DVD of my own Hawaii-documentary series and have all the Hawaii-images I want … but I can't get myself to even think about it too much*) … and now I see such stones everywhere in the gardens. Of course no stone is like the one next to the bed … *(Note/edit: This picture I actually shot months after this entry, but here is the stone in daylight:)*


Summer Solstice / Alban Hefin
https://druidgarden.wordpress.com/category/seasonal-celebrations/summer-s
Getting Started
Google Übersetzer
Duden | Rechtschre…
The Movie Spoiler
Google
Beyond Biocentrism…
Set a Solstice Standing Stone
The druids of old understood that standing stones have power. Setting a standing stone at the solstice is a particularly powerful act. A stone, buried 1/3 of the way in the earth, channels the powerful and healing solar current into the earth, intermingling with the telluric current. It allows the healing rays of the sun to shine forth, powerfully and meaningfully. You can set the stone as a sacred act, with as much ritual and fanfare as you like. When I set stones, I usually determine in advance where the stone should be placed using inner listening and spirit communication. open up a sacred grove, sit with the stone and the earth for a time, and then set the stone. I bless the stone with the four elements, sing to it, and then spend time in meditation. When the work is done, I close out the sacred grove. Stones can be set anywhere for blessing, energizing, or healing: in a sacred garden, a sacred grove, a field, a refugia garden, a place in need of land healing.
I hope these solstice activities offer you some ideas and suggestions. Readers, I'd love to hear more about how you celebrate the solstice!
Standing stone

And today I hear and then read about "**Alban Hefin**" – and one of the ways to **worship the sun is – with an upright stone! The sun! Worship it with a stone!** "Set a Solstice Standing Stone …"

See, it's all about stones … and my only thoughts in this world belong to my Stoneman.

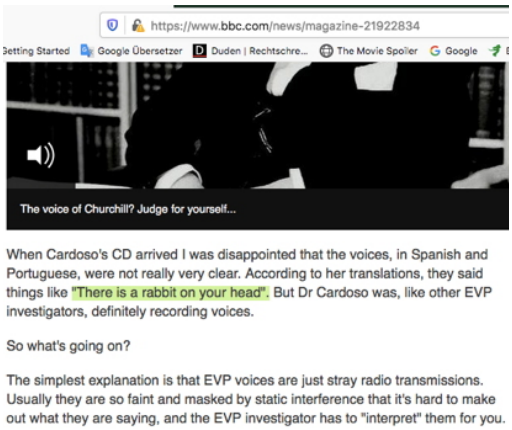
And he knows. "Stones can be set anywhere for blessing, energizing, or healing: in a sacred garden, a sacred grove, a field, a refugia garden, a place in need of land healing."

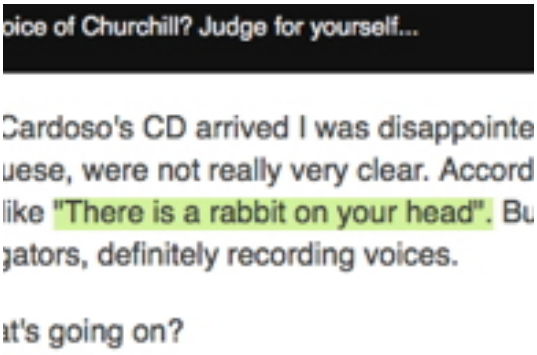
Yes, this makes me feel connected with Bob, the stone.

In the first episode of "*Unbelievable*" there is a scene of a **girl in the ocean** … and I could swear that's in Kihei, and in the background is the road to Lahaina, the spot where the West Maui Mountains touch the ocean in the South-East …

October 29, 2019 **– EVP rabbit & the Bob-Show!**

Highly interesting aspect of the *rabbit-challenge*! I felt drawn to go online and re-investigate Raudive's **EVP** (Electronic Voice Projection) work, and I opened a feature article about it, https://www.bbc.com/news/magazine-21922834, and the sentence, supposedly spoken by a discarnate person, "**There is a rabbit on your head**" is quoted!


https://www.bbc.com/news/magazine-21922834
Getting Started
Google Übersetzer
Duden | Rechtschre...
The Movie Spoiler
Google
The voice of Churchill? Judge for yourself...
When Cardoso's CD arrived I was disappointed that the voices, in Spanish and Portuguese, were not really very clear. According to her translations, they said things like "There is a rabbit on your head". But Dr Cardoso was, like other EVP investigators, definitely recording voices.
So what's going on?
The simplest explanation is that EVP voices are just stray radio transmissions. Usually they are so faint and masked by static interference that it's hard to make out what they are saying, and the EVP investigator has to "interpret" them for you.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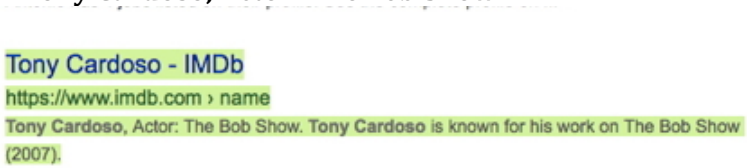
(The recording was made by Dr. Anabela **Cardoso**). Actually, the name Tony **Cardoso** popped up in my mind when I read that name … I once met a handicapped man, on the plane to Maui, *Tony Cardoso*. We sat next to each other and really liked each other. Bob and I were then invited to a "Tamales"-dinner at Tony's sister's place in Kihei … I remember that it was very awkward. Tony had taken a big liking to me, and I felt kind of attracted to him, but I was with Bob. And Bob felt weird there, too … just that he really liked Mexican food, and it was the first time "Tamales" for me … (but I wrote a feature screenplay with the title "Tamales" soon after … a police satire drama) So we spent that afternoon there. Then I sort of told Tony off, meaning that I was working on my relationship with Bob and couldn't even think of even just platonically befriending another man (I didn't want to jeopardize anything that was working with Bob …

So I googled "Tony Cardoso", I was curious … but I didn't find the one I had met, but instead something baffling again (on the IMDb):

Tony Cardoso, Actor: The *Bob* Show.


Tony Cardoso - IMDb
https://www.imdb.com › name
Tony Cardoso, Actor: The Bob Show. Tony Cardoso is known for his work on The Bob Show (2007).

How's that for … odd?

October 29, 2019 **– Swirling Critters**

Wow! I woke up because of a total turmoil in my mind!

After watching that criminal series, no surprise … reminded me of my own rape history, I guess … But I woke up, in beginning dawn … and I saw something that looked like a … I don't know, ***some swirling fishpond***, with all kinds of creatures moving and interacting … I opened my eyes, aware, that I was seeing something … and ***with my eyes open*** I looked at that scenario, which had suddenly turned into some colorful *comic box mix of critters swirling* … even some kind of thing with lots of sharp teeth … but the weren't threatening … just wild and right in front of me … and they didn't go away right away … ***I looked at my dog, at the room and back at them …***

I had to switch the light on … and even then there remained some kind of impression and it only went away slowly.

I thought that this resembles my idea of what Bob had gone through when he had seen the "*numbers running in front of his eyes*" … not being able to get rid of them, just having to wait until they'd be gone. It was a TIA (Transient Ischemic Attack, a short small stroke). So I thought maybe I had a stroke?

I did fall asleep again … and I know I had an intense dream, but only the feeling remained, no idea what it was about …

In the morning I had some serious *heart-ache*, literally, my heart stinging …

That always surprises me, how my heart, at times, acts up. And the sharp pains in my abdomen do come back at times … not too much.

I asked Bob today to accept the "lotto"-challenge. I need to have the power of this world, money, to be able to do what I think is my kuleana now: to manifest "Regents of Clouds". I wrote about my own fate years before it happened, in that spiritual sci-fi-franchise, and it did win "best script" in Hollywood for a reason …

I'm following my gut, okay. Today I found a **branch with two berries** on it, a tiny one, in a place where there are no other berries … It's just symbolic, ***"we got to stick together, we're special".***

… and I found a stalk with a freshly exposed **root**, right after that. Those two struck me as important of sorts … not sure …

<u>October 30, 2019</u>

Horrible **dream** of searching for my mother.

I found her in a new apartment she had moved in, in some building, apartment number 5, and as I entered the building, desperate and worried, young men came in too, and I thought they were out to kill me or my mother or had already killed her. When I entered the apartment, my worst fears played out: I found my mother emaciated and dead in her bed. Other people came in … and I think a woman *who appeared later in another dream*, some ugly woman, or at least unsightly, and it's still a familiar face, but I don't know where I know her from in real life … so in that weird apartment, with reddish lighting, ***I pulled my dead mother out of her bed*** and took her into my arms – ***and she woke up!*** She gasped and came to! She was *not dead*! The relief … I can't describe. In her real life weak and feeble kind of way she tried to

explain to me why she had chosen that apartment, clearly some kind of get-away or hiding place … oh God, I was so happy she was alive. The young men also came in, and they were no killers, just lived on a higher floor in the building …

I woke up in shock about that dream.

Then I fell asleep again …

… and then the one **person** and the one **theme** came again *that I've been dreaming so often*, even when Bob was still alive, and he'd also always get a kick out of me telling him about the dream: ***Keanu Reeves and I got together once again!*** Keanu has been in my dreams for many many years, and we always befriend each other. In real life, I don't find him attractive … but I do think he must be involved in "Regents of Clouds". I have decided that he must play a key character.

That ugly woman was there … kind of a *terrace* in a tourist place, very busy … but also some other place, I don't know, some gathering … and I was, strangely, some kind of filmmaker. I was also out and about among a ***big crowd of people*** … and I did want to speak to Keanu, but I knew I had no chance.

For some reason the ugly woman called me to her table, where Keanu was sitting, and in front of him she scolded me and told me how much I had done wrong and what a failure I was. I told her in the face, also in front of him, that I didn't agree and that (!) I still thought I'd be the right one to be with Keanu …

And for some reason she gave way, disappeared or something … and then it happened *like so often in my dreams* (but this time I was not aware that I was dreaming!), that Keanu paid attention to me, got really affectionate, and we ended up hugging and holding each other and kissing in today's dream … but somehow I had to move on to do something. And that ugly woman was also there, involved in some kind of project.

Then I woke up … just when Keanu and I were so intensely into each other, ***because the doorbell rang.*** 7.30 a.m. (To me, door bells in the morning are a traumatic experience for me, due to my life long time ago with my drug addict boyfriend.) The landlady came to tell me that at 8 a.m. (!) electricians would come and install some intercom device … I mean! Talk about a heads-up – not! So I was so dizzy from being pulled out of that dream …

This afternoon I decided to drive to 18-kilometers-away town of ***Wolfsberg*** – Wolf Mountain – to go to the pet shop Fressnapf for dogfood. I was thinking to myself that I can't get "reached" by Bob for *hints or messages via car-license plates* when I'm not driving much, especially not on the highway … so …

On the way back:

Boom! **WO 808 DG**! (Yep, Hawaii, Dani Girl Doing Good!) Or "Hawaiian girl going to get yummies for dog"?

Then:

WO DST 1 (Yep, Dani and Stoneman will be the first inter-realm couple!)

Then:

Boom! **WO 808 DS** … so Hawaii's area code within one minute? *When I had just thought about the communication via license plates and how I liked and appreciated it?*

And also:

Today I had figured out *something technical about editing*, and I swear Bob was patting my shoulder, proud of me. At the same time … that had been his thing. And merely the act of opening Media100, his editing program, remembering how he had made this laptop fit for me "***So that you can do some real editing, Dani***" after he had bought that laptop for me, in the last weeks we ever spent together … and looking at all the things he showed me and that he had done so often … it burned another hole into my mortal heart.

For my remaining lifetime, I'll be entirely in the service of "The Bridge".

October 30, 2019 **–Raccoon!**

Bummer.

Just as I was thinking how I don't see or hear Bob and yet need to hear from him so urgently … and I had just started watching a series that had caught my eye a few times, *"Raising Dion"* (turns out it's about a boy with supernatural abilities), about 11 minutes in, a man says "Don't make noise in the hall. **There's a raccoon living in the dumpster**."

(Behind the guy is the house number 9821".)

Three things I watch online, and in those **three** a **raccoon** is mentioned. *While I have challenged Bob with getting me "raccoons", somehow, as I live in "Rakounig Street" now …* and after twice I said that three time's the charm … ***and here it is.***

I sat down to watch this inspite of being tired and having a head ache, being totally driven. So. Okay. Raccoon times three. Not fox. Not wolf. Not bear. Not dog or car or bird or horse or beaver or rat … no. **Raccoon**.

Bob is with me. And it's watching series and films free online is what I love. And what he loved. He had downloaded films for us to watch when I came to Maui last year. We watched "Moana" and "Early Man". That's it.

I started editing a little bit the project about my "friend" Michael, the poet and the interviews I did with him in October for that matter. But he doesn't communicate with me, so that's kind of dampening my enthusiasm about editing.

Yet … in my mind a voice kept saying "You love doing that" while I was editing. Motherfucking true. But then, too many tears. I do love it, though.

I talked on the phone with my mother today. She sounded amazing … well. She sounded so ***normal*** like actually … not for many years, because she was nice to me and told me that she likes it when I visit her. Makes me think about lost time and missed opportunities. It's all very bad.

But … life in the mortal realm will end inevitably, soon enough. So now … imua! Forward!

October 30, 2019 **– The Visible Dead & Passing through!**

Talk about wishful thinking coming true!

How often have I bitched that I want to "see" … well, Discarnates. And at the same time I've been telling Bob to never ever "show up" in the night or spook me in any other way.

So here is the compromise: Without looking, I "found" a movie where dead people show up!

How that? I kept watching "**Raising Dion**", thinking it's kind of a family drama … and I almost switched off because of a kind of contrived and exaggerated and ridiculous way of depicting a boy's *superpowers* … but then came the scene …

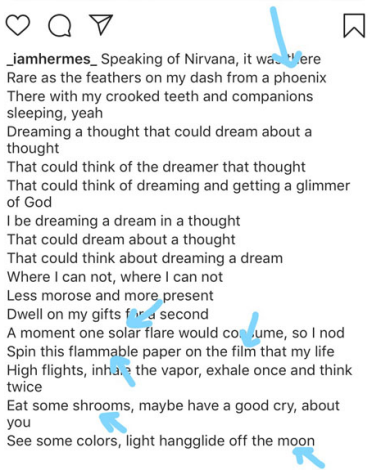
… they way Betty described, and Richard did, ***how the Discarnates are all around*** … and at the same time the utter wishful thinking how the dead could be seen by us … ***as the dead father of the boy appeared along with other spirits***, in the rain … and the mother could see them, and Dion could, too … *I just have to make these pictures so big … they are the fulfilment of my wishful thinking of seeing the disca.*

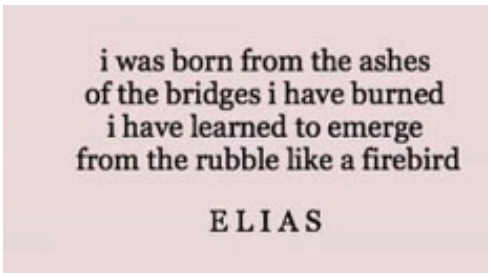
*So **I saw what I’ve been longing to see.*** What Betty has described.

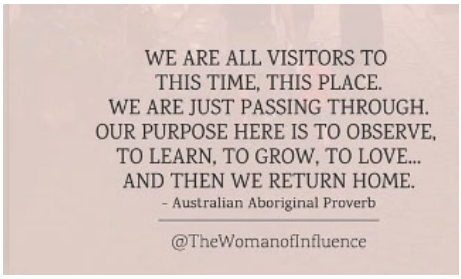
I’ve been lead to that scene. No way for me to know that this would happen. And again – I don’t read up on movies. I wait until something attracts my attention, somehow … and then I click on it.

It was – along with the scenes from "**Contact**" where Jodi Foster's character sees her discarnate father again – *the most effective depiction of spirits I could have imagined …* It comes, I feel it, as an answer to my urgent wish to see Bob. I know it's not possible … and he knows I know … but I he gives me as much as he can right now, *in terms of my mortal wish to see*, and at the same time he makes clear that he and the others are here. Around us. All the time.

From "C":


iamhermes Speaking of Nirvana, it was here
Rare as the feathers on my dash from a phoenix
There with my crooked teeth and companions sleeping, yeah
Dreaming a thought that could dream about a thought
That could think of the dreamer that thought
That could think of dreaming and getting a glimmer of God
I be dreaming a dream in a thought
That could dream about a thought
That could think about dreaming a dream
Where I can not, where I can not
Less morose and more present
Dwell on my gifts for a second
A moment one solar flare would come, so I nod
Spin this flammable paper on the film that my life
High flights, inhale the vapor, exhale once and think twice
Eat some shrooms, maybe have a good cry, about you
See some colors, light hangglide off the moon




WE ARE ALL VISITORS TO
THIS TIME, THIS PLACE.
WE ARE JUST PASSING THROUGH.
OUR PURPOSE HERE IS TO OBSERVE,
TO LEARN, TO GROW, TO LOVE...
AND THEN WE RETURN HOME.
- Australian Aboriginal Proverb
@TheWomanofInfluence

Yes, "***Passing through***" showed up again … "C" and I have very amazing connection, as it seems. She sends me stuff that really relates to what I'm experiencing.

<u>October 31, 2019</u>

Met a bunch of baby kittens! They live in some seemingly abandon farm or whatever that is very close to where I live. Jacqui was thrilled and scared and growled at them.

I've **dreamed** about baby kittens several times in the last days … and there they were.

Today I'm feeling so close to Bob, the entire morning I had a distinct vision of him on Maui, the feeling of being with him, the emotional flash that came every single time I saw him, even when he only came from the other room …

Just as I'm writing this *the same distinct impression came back*, as if I'd only have to turn around and there he'd be and I'd be back with him on Maui …

I long so much for it.

Joyce wrote to me today, that his remains are still in a box in his parent's office/bedroom *… and it made me feel odd.* I thought about how it would be to visit there and see and hold Bob's "cremains" … unthinkable, in a way.

It's still the body I knew in there … so strange. Also Joyce writes about storms and power outages and all … I want to be there, too. With her, with Bob.

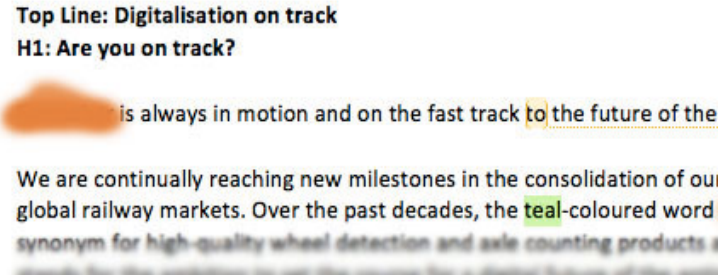
But first things first …

I can hear **Bob's voice** in my mind so clearly today … my memories of him and of his voice … never ever would I have thought that I'd talk about Bob as of a memory … I looked into the mirror today and found that *my face has aged considerably in the last months.* I actually like the idea of me aging. It gets me closer to meeting Bob again.

Our minds fail with time due to the fact that the brain's cells can't be renewed … and that's a very smart feat and proves that our brain is just a tool, it's not "us", it's a mechanism. And it has an expiration date. So old people who "lose their minds" are on the way to ***graduation, not to decline.*** They are actually highly advanced, as they are close to moving on … if it helps them to feel good in their remaining mortal phase, then it's okay, I guess, to help and support their mental functions so that the brain is able to keep maintaining the body … but if they are fine declining and not suffering and ready and on the way to passing out, literally, with the consciousness finally getting rid of the physical material mortal shell or pod or case … then that's what should happen and what should be appreciated and celebrated …

October 31, 2019 **– Bob's Beloved Teal Car**

In a text that I got to edit today, was the word "**teal**". It may be odd, but I have never heard any person in the world say the word "teal" than Bob, and it was the color of his beloved car.


Top Line: Digitalisation on track
H1: Are you on track?

[redacted] is always in motion and on the fast track to the future of the

We are continually reaching new milestones in the consolidation of our global railway markets. Over the past decades, the teal-coloured word synonym for high-quality wheel detection and axle counting products

And everytime I see a Honda or an Accord, I think of Bob.

And I swear to you, the many occurrences of "**910**", Bob's license plate number and the fact that just yesterday I remembered it again so intensely, him, in his teal Honda Accord, his beloved auto … and how he lost it … and he cried. Early in our relationship I called his car's color "turquoise" but he said "teal" … and "**teal**" has been on my mind a lot, as something typical "Bob". And here it was, today.

(Note/edit: The writer of that article was later asked by her colleagues to exchange the word for "turquoise", because nobody had ever heard of "teal". At that point of writing this contact diary I hadn't even realized what this license plate number of Bob's really meant.)

October 31, 2019

Met a **wood cutter** in the forest, whose saw I had heard from afar, and I had been wondering where in the huge forest he was. Turned out he was right on my path! So when I approached, he stopped his work, and he told me that the last time a woman showed up out of nowhere in the forest while he had cut down beetle-ridden fir trees, she had placed herself right in front of the tree – in the direction where it was about to fall! The woodman did manage to scare her aside … so he told me he got a shocking flashback when he saw me coming along … although there was no danger.

We chatted, nicely, he told me he had driven several millions of miles as a professional driver and now was a tech-editor for a big car company, I'm assuming Ford, as that's right down the hill! And the he likes to work by himself … he was very nice.

As I walked on, I passed by his tractor, with the license plate number **VK 19 SM**! There was my Stoneman again, whose signature had been "SM"!

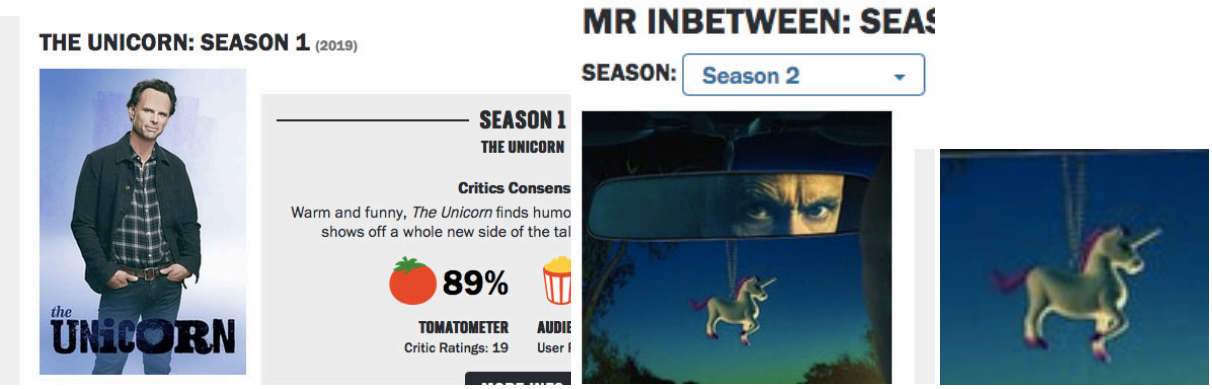
Somehow odd how *he told me that he thinks he barely escaped certain death several times, as a driver* … and ***that he has a guardian angel.*** Strange, the subjects we got into, i*n the middle of the forest, two total strangers* … I told him about the ranger on Maui who tried to escape the danger of stone fall in the Rockies where she'd been from, and she was hit by a rock on one of her first days of duty in Haleakala national park.

My mother told me on the phone that she had gone to by food for herself today, baked chicken with potato salad. I'm thrillllllled! She seems to really get better.

Thank God. Or whoever.

October 31, 2019 **– The Unicorn**

Just discovered that there is a new TV-series called "*The Unicorn*". Gee. After my run-ins with Unicorns in summer? What is that holding in store for me? From the image of the main character … a weird guy, for starters.



Okay, checked it out. It's about a man *who lost his wife a year ago* and starts dating again.

So I thought … well what a bullshit. And I went to some other TV-show, randomly, called "***Mr. Inbetween***". And the feature picture of the show shows ***a unicorn*** dangling from the mirror.

This is somehow special because for Bob's and my car on Maui, the white Toyota Echo, I found *a very strange toy animal* next to the car in Kihei, a ***fantasy*** animal between giraffe and all kinds of other animals … I called it "Chiqui", and also called the car that. Wondering what became of that critter. The dangling unicorn reminded me of it. And actually of the funny "**raccoon**" I found and also had sent to Bob with comments … he liked to receive that kind of stuff, of finds that I had come across …

A **raccoon**?

November 1, 2019

Dream of Bob and Bud. Both were visiting, where I lived, and it was strange that Bud was there too, but I was so happy, and I thought in my dream how I had always longed for Bob visiting. They were to take a

bus trip somewhere, I think to Italy, and I was supposed to come with them … There was a scene where I touched Bob's thigh and asked him if he didn't get into the mood for filming something or making a film with me. And he looked at me somehow surprised and in a way grumpy, as if he was uncertain what to think.

Bud had ***something weird mossy blue-green*** with him … and as they took off on their bus trip, but were to return, I decided to not join them, but I immediately regretted it.

I waited from them to come back, but first only Bud came, and he had written something and made a big deal of it … and I didn't see Bob anywhere. Not sure I ever saw him again in the dream … it was so odd, because he and Bud had to leave again, whilst I thought the visit was much too short, and I regretted not having joined them …

There were moments when it felt as if I was with them on the trip … there was *an ocean or a river or a lake*, and a location on a hill, or at least in some elevation. There were other people on that bus, that seemed like a train … and there was something about electricity. Either was there a thing I was supposed to get or one that I had and needed to do something with … It seems not to have worked out … and the dream ended with me being mad at Bud for being so overbearing, and somehow there was Bob again, but then not really … confusing.

I woke up with the feeling that Bob and Bud had had real-life size, as if they had been really next to me, so I remembered the dream not like looking into a TV, where the size of the people and things is small, but as if I could see them right next to me and compare their height and mass to mine, like in real life. Yet, both were in a way transparent …

So I was wondering if Bud had died? Or if Bob and I met in the beyond in my dream state and he told me something that my subconscious interpreted as Bud. I haven't had a dream of that kind and feel yet.

That was an entirely new impression … it was very real, in the way that I kind of knew that all three of us weren't "material", but then we still were there and connected.

Very strange.

In a way very sweet being with Bob, who was *his grumpy self* … and in a way had that ***surprised expression*** that he had often had, which then often surprised me, because I didn't see a reason for him to be that surprised about something that for me was natural and normal …

November 1, 2019

Visited mom – who seems much much better. Talking coherently, looking better. I found her again *without the nutrition formula bottles* that I had brought her only several days ago, and she claimed to have drunk them all. Which would be great. Good thing I brought her more. She called my dog, who she doesn't like, supposedly, "Flocki" and asked his name, and she suspected "***Kimba***", but that was my other dog's name, who died on August 7, 2001, the reason why I then flew with H. to New York and then Maui and there I met Bob in May 2002.

Driving back home I thought how I miss *car license plate number messages.* And I said to Bob that he fucked up so bad in his life, his own existence, too, and mine, and that I hope that he is well and shining right now … and right then a car drove by with the lp# "**WO WING 1**". Okay, wings you've got, I'm sure.

As if he was trying to convince me that he had been "talking", right afterwards came a car with "**910 FO**" and only a few cars later with "**910 GD**". "910" Bob's beloved car. And the last day Bob and I even spent together, September 10, 2018. The next day I left.

November 1, 2019

Okay. It has happened now. I found what I was supposed to find: The TV-series **"Undone".** *(Note/edit: To this day, April 5, 2020, I haven't watched it, only saw the trailer.)*

It's an *animation* movie about a **young woman with a near death-experience** (that doesn't really end) who *meets her dead father* who trains her (!) to travel time and space to change things so that he wouldn't get murdered, thus die.

Well. I'm just not even … so stunned as I should be. I feel rather a bit … well fogged … ("all fogged up", Bob would say) like the license plates I saw today would suggest (**910 FO and 910 GD**) …

"The only one in my family who believes in me is the dead one." Says the character. No shit. That's exactly the case for me, too.

And that's … a miracle. Probably just normal that the dead guy is played by Bob Odenkirk.

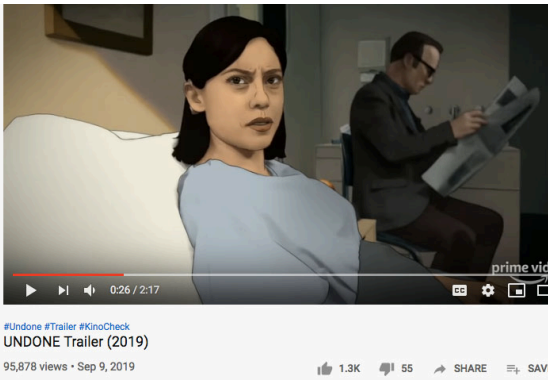
And that *he says things that could be right out of the books by Stewart and Betty White.*

Most interesting, too, that the reason why "C" and I are communicating, is because she has a hard time dealing with her father's death a few years ago.

Well, about the series itself … I don't care about that storyline except for the idea that the dead aren't really dead, but live on. But that the main character's father *wants her to help him to not die* … is also a letdown in a Betty-kind-of-sense, because why keep the body alive longer, when the soul needs to move on? It's a typical current-day mortal misconception.

The cooler project is our "*The Bridge*", which doesn't want to make the dead "not dead" in a mortal sense, but wants to stress that the living are at the same time "dead", meaning, living as energetic beings in the subtle realm, too, while being and having a body …

But just the fact that I did *find* that series … again … following an urge … that's a true milestone. I did tell Bob that I find it quite suiting to "communicate" via movies, in terms of him letting me know that "he sees what I'm seeing", at least.



The title "Undone" stands for me for the uprootedness of my entire life and being because of Bob's death … (not like the film intends, like "undo fate) the sense of disbelief that is so cold and scary *so often* … and weakens me. But then I see my mother and how she gets better and seems to be kind of content, and that makes me happy. Of course I think, wow, I should have intervened years ago … but it's an illusion that she would have allowed me into her life. The reason why she accepts me now is because of her dementia: She has forgotten in some ways that she hates me. She seems to have forgotten other things to, and maybe that's okay, because her life was full with tragedy.

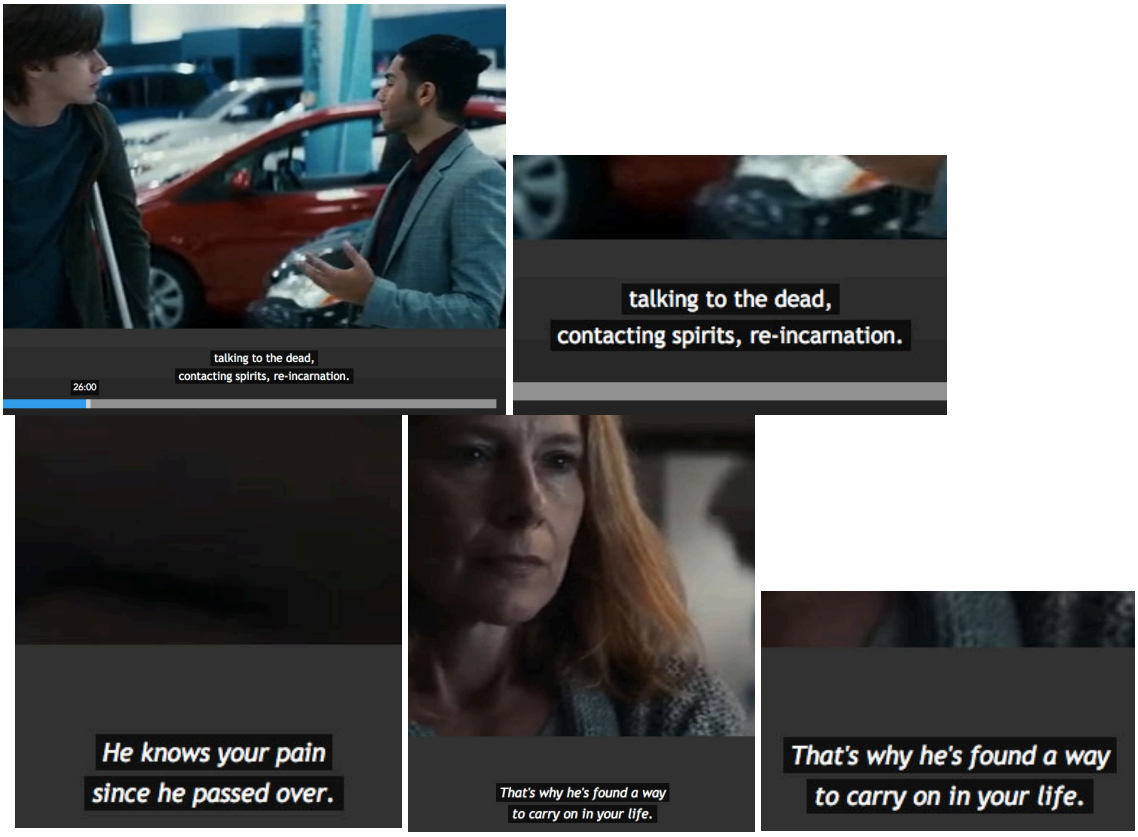
I saw a car license plate number today close to my mother's place, and it said "**VL 58 PO**". I had to think: Will I die at 58? "Po" is the realm of the "discarnates", the "Aumakua", the "dead". I'm going to be 56 in February. I know I can make a huge huge difference with "*Regents of Clouds*". Bob believed that too. So now … the Lottery-win-challenge is on, Bob, I need a fat sum of money, and then I'll show mankind.

November 1, 2019 **– The Prelude Masterpiece**

Oh-kay! That wasn't all for today.

So I took screenshots of "*Undone*", then somehow "*Strange but True*" popped up, and of course, that intrigued me. Actually about a woman being pregnant with the child by her boyfriend who had died 5

years ago. The story played out that it wasn't really anything "supernatural", but the little bit of dialogue that I saw, were the hints I was supposed to get.

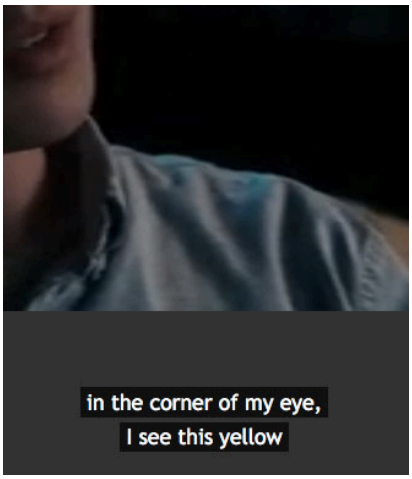

talking to the dead,
contacting spirits, re-incarnation.
26:00
talking to the dead,
contacting spirits, re-incarnation.
He knows your pain
since he passed over.
That's why he's found a way
to carry on in your life.
That's why he's found a way
to carry on in your life.

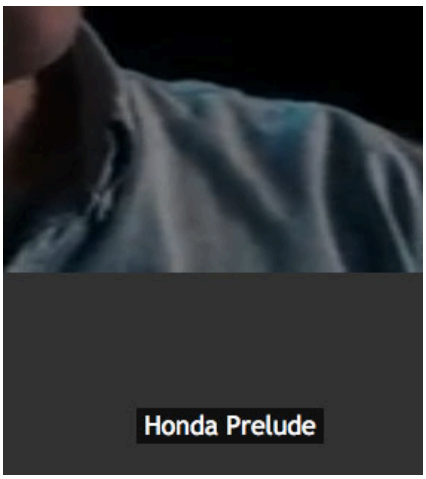
And then it happened: The character "Philipp" talks about some accident he had, and the car he mentions, is a "**Honda Prelude**". And that, my friends, ***was my beloved car on Maui! In 2003 Bob had gifted me with a golden "Honda Prelude"!*** He had received it instead of payment from a client who couldn't pay … and then it was my car for years … until Bob lent it to a "friend" who wrecked it, driving under the influence. Bob never asked him to make up for this, Bob would do production by bus now! I can't even start with that … it makes me sick to my stomach. But to bring a "Honda Prelude", my beloved car that brought me all across Maui for so many years into a film talk about communicating with the dead … well, I call that some kind of masterpiece.

And I swear to God, just earlier, when I had my tear breakout (like many times when I stumble across something that seems to come directly from Bob), I was*, in my imagination and memory, all of a sudden in* ***my golden Honda Prelude*** *and driving into the driveway at the Pukalani house again, Haulani Street 222* … and now, just a few minutes later, that young man talks of all things about how a Honda Prelude (like talks about that car at all?)

AND: I was skipping forward in the movie! ***I hit that section by chance.***

So the characters shares that he was working as a bike messenger in New York and *let himself be hit by the Honda Prelude.* And he says "I wasn't trying to commit suicide … I just needed a reason to leave, … to give up … without giving up".

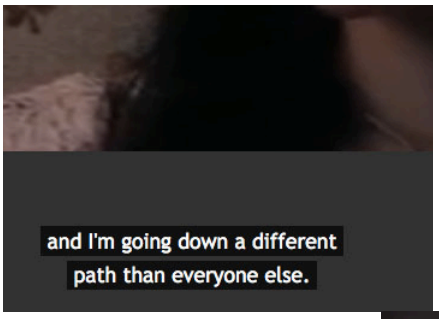


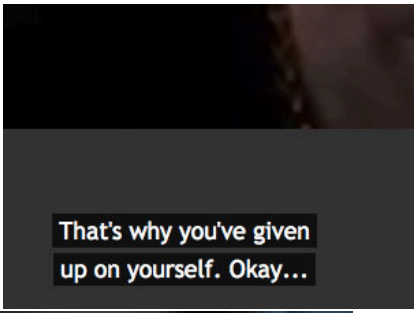


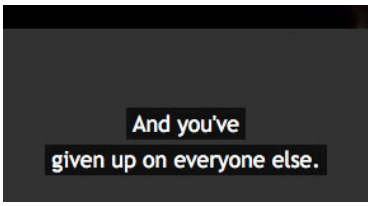
It rings on many levels .. . I’ve asked Bob the “**Why**” so often … and the answer just came in the film. I thought it had been like that. He was ready to give up and to leave … and him not being able to fight that HPV infection and getting cancer, ignoring it and dying of it, in the long run … that was Bob getting out of it all.

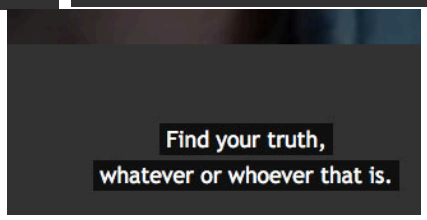
And something direct: The young woman who thinks she is pregnant with her dead boyfriend’s baby says *“I’m going down a different path than everyone else … but I know it’s the right one.”* Wherever the movie goes from there, I don’t care. I heard what was for me.

That’s not just synchronicity. That’s … communication.









So, yes, I do believe Bob is talking to me, through films. *Through using my habits and my favorite things and the medium that has been ours, his and mine … films.*

Want to break out crying so much right now, about him being dead. Doing it right now.

I’ve been thinking ***what incredible pain my mother has gone through***, losing the love of her life, Sebastian to a deadly car accident, then her son Peter to cancer, her brother Karli (my uncle was found dead in his car in a lake), her father (my grandfather was run over by a truck driven by a relative), her mother (my grandmother lived to her nineties, but suffered) … geez. And still she smiles and is okay, given her fate … and she looks at me with those a little lost but also gentle glances that I haven’t seen on her much … she was even a bit perky today. I want for her so so so much *to have some kind of a good time.*

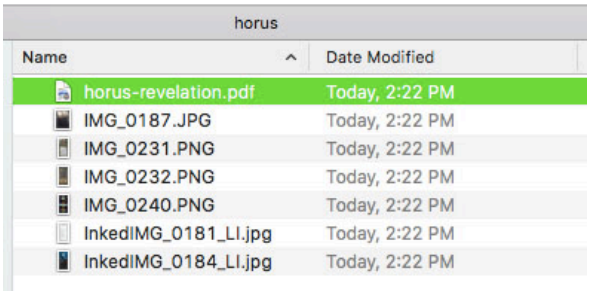
(... edited for privacy ... stuff about me being disappointed about people in my life right now who are incredibly reckless and thoughtless. I just have to stay away from those.)

November 2, 2019 **– The Horus Connection**

Okay! I got "material" today from "C" ... She had some kind of epiphany and saw connections between the stories she knows from me, her own stories and ... well, Horus.

The eye of Horus ... as a sticker, on a car, I saw yesterday, I thought about it ... it's kind of a flashback to my early years on Maui and my eye-infection that should have left me blind, but didn't ... back then, that **Horus symbol followed me around for days** ... it was everywhere, on stickers, T-shirts, as pendants, in dreams and films ...

What "C" had put together, I downloaded it at exactly 2.22 pm, and that's Bob and my address, Haulani 222, "the house of laughter".

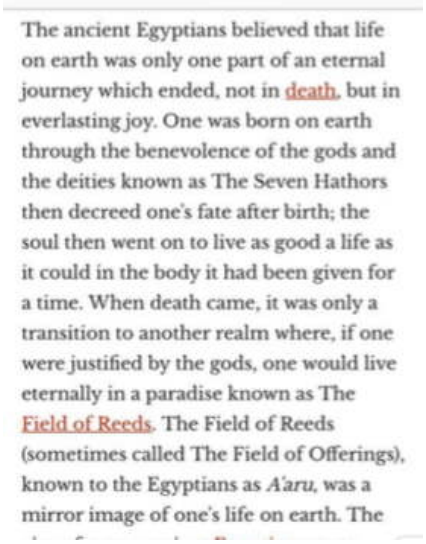


I've been emailing with "C" sharing with her at times, the birds of prey ... the field ... the reeds ... all kinds of things that I've come across in the last weeks and months ... She wrote that she was just sitting at home, not even wondering about anything, when suddenly, *like a computer program*, what I had sent her and what she had seen in her social media life, *suddenly fit together* ...

So, "C" gave me, what I never "saw":

Horus' right eye was "the sun", representing power and quintessence and the morning star, and **whose left eye was "the moon",** representing healing and the evening star.

All four of the protector-gods were depicted as mummified men with their respective different heads of jackal, baboon, human, and hawk. These were all seen as manifestations of Horus who was a friend to the dead. Horus was invoked at funerals for protection and guidance for those who had departed and for the living who remained behind.


The ancient Egyptians believed that life on earth was only one part of an eternal journey which ended, not in death, but in everlasting joy. One was born on earth through the benevolence of the gods and the deities known as The Seven Hathors then decreed one's fate after birth; the soul then went on to live as good a life as it could in the body it had been given for a time. When death came, it was only a transition to another realm where, if one were justified by the gods, one would live eternally in a paradise known as The Field of Reeds. The Field of Reeds (sometimes called The Field of Offerings), known to the Egyptians as *A'aru*, was a mirror image of one's life on earth. The

I had that immensely powerful experience in Egypt, many years ago … at Luxor, and I described it all in "We Creators …" Right now I find it interesting that I'm so into "***fields***" and "***reeds***" … and there are lots of those where I live now.

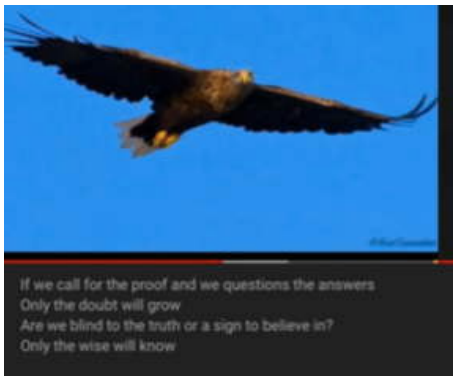
My main impact in all my "lives", as I was told by those strange people back then, in my twenties, was in Egypt of old, and again … my experience in a temple at Luxor was … well, not from this "world". (I stood in a doorway … and suddenly I felt my body change and I *saw* a whole scenario of a vividly populated place where in my reality there was only dust and an empty place between ancient rocks and sculptures … and then I looked outside, and eyes were in the wall … and I took a step through another portal and there was a statue of a woman, and I put my hand on her hand, and it was warm … of course, because of the sun .. still, it felt like an actual hand … and then the storm came … and I realized that all the other tourists were nowhere to be seen and I had to struggle to find my way out of that labyrinth of the temple … I was there with my mother, actually).

Having passed this test, the soul was brought across the waters to the Field of Reeds. Here one would find those loved ones who had passed on before, one's favorite dogs or cats, gazelles or monkeys, or whatever cherished pet one had lost. One's home would be there, right down to the lawn the way it had been left, one's favorite tree, even the stream that ran behind the house. Here one could enjoy an eternity of the life one had left behind on earth in the presence of one's favorite people, animals, and most loved possessions; and all of this in the immediate presence of the gods. Spell 110

In his role as The Distant One he performs the same task as The Distant Goddess, a function associated with Hathor (and a number of other female deities) who go forth from Ra and return, bringing transformation. The sun and the moon were considered Horus' eyes as he watched over the people of the world day and night but could also draw near to them in times of trouble or doubt. Imagined as a falcon, he could fly far from Ra and return with vital information and, in the same way, could quickly bring comfort to those in need.

Yeah, "The Distant One" …. that rings …

In the end, "C" wrote that even the symbol itself showed up … she wrote she had never heard of Alan Parson's Project … but it showed up on one of her social media accounts, and she was fascinated …


If we call for the proof and we questions the answers
Only the doubt will grow
Are we blind to the truth or a sign to believe in?
Only the wise will know

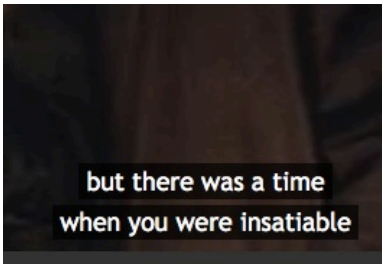
The song goes "We call for the proof and we question the answers / Only the doubt will grow / Are we blind to the truth or a sign to believe in? / Only the wise will know …"

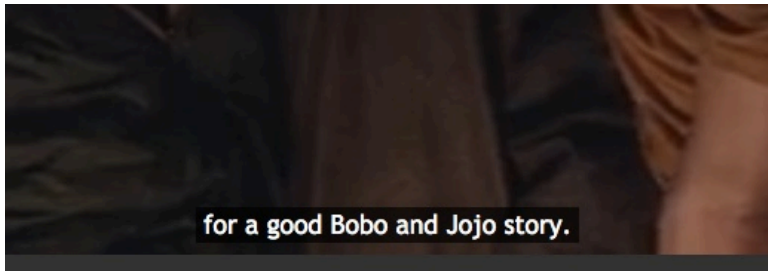
Is that encouragement to keep "seeing the signs"?

I got to run outside into the rain to let all of this sink in …

November 2, 2019 **– Bobo and Jojo Together**

So I was attracted to the movie *"Light of my Life"* … and it begins with a father and his little child talking about a story … "**A Bobo and Jojo story**". I kid you not.

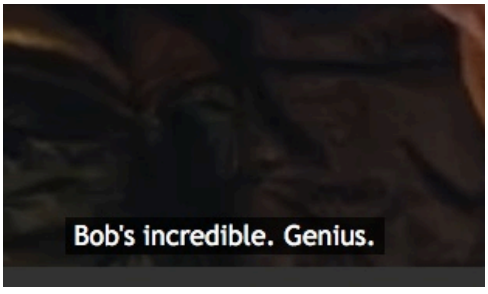




I fucking kid you not. It's amazing … he says the kid should have some **respect for the enduring characters Bobo and Jojo** …

(*Note/edit: I swear I had never ever before heard of those characters!*) Oh geez, it's such a flashback to the days with Bob, ***calling his tumor "Bobo***" and making even fun of that …

And Bob called me not just "Jo", but "Jojo" at times. It makes me realize that one days he and I will be stories … just stories. But the both of us will be together in the realm where he is now already, as equals.

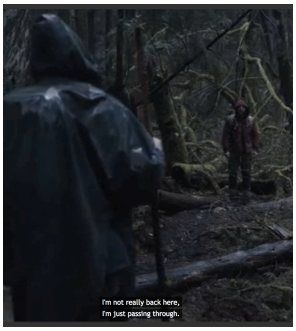


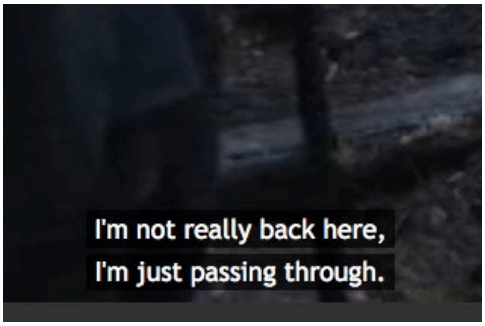
And a few minutes later, the movie-character did something typical for "my" Bob! He scratched and **rubbed his elbow** exactly like Bob would do … because of his psoriasis.

I've never ever ever seen anyone scratch their elbow like that. But in Bob's and my life it was a given. Bob had heavy psoriasis, all over his body. And in that movie, not only are there a gazillion Bob- and even Jo-references, the "father" character played by Casey Affleck has a *mannerism that is "Bob".*

So I do see how Bob lets me "see him" … when he can't really show himself personally to me. It's all him I'm seeing … in the most uncanny ways.

So … further in the movie, an old guy comes, who does *look like Bob*, and the father character tells him that he's ***"… just passing through"*** … a line which has been big for "C" and me in terms of synchronicity … and of course it was a music video Bob and I made for "Music Across America".



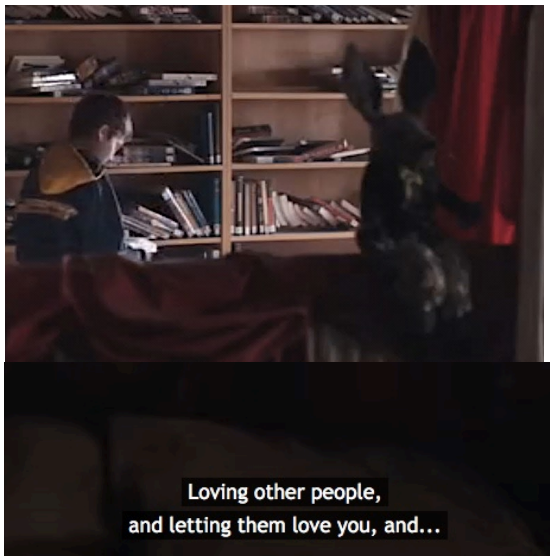


And "C" just shared that someone knocked very early this morning, and she didn't open, and then she found a Jehova's Witnesses pamphlet about "***revelation***"! After she had made the **Horus**-revelation for me, and now I had sent her the Barbara Thiering materials *about the true revelations in the Bible!*

Wow. She ("C") also has begun to laugh about it.

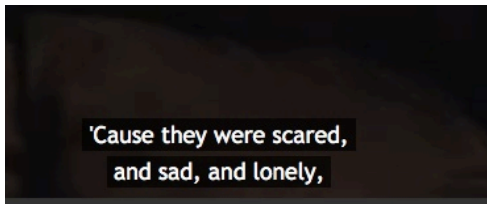
I wrote to her that "You can't make this shit up" should be running on a loop.

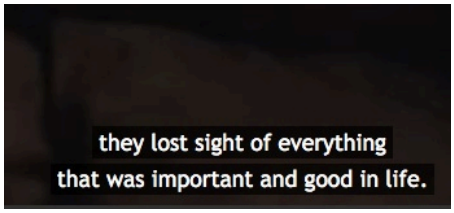
Do I have to be afraid of November 4, as that's the day Bob died? I don't know. What will it do to me? Still watching the movie "*Light of My Life*" … even the **rabbit** challenge is addressed, three rabbits under unusual circumstances, **a toy and a tiny figure … plus a rabbit sitting** (!) in the foreground like the figurine I had in the Pukalani housie, of a man with a melon …



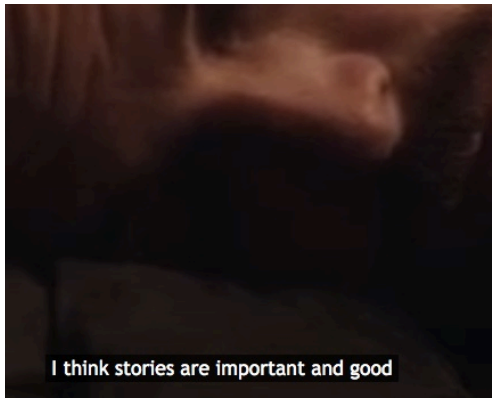
Many things are addressed in this movie that relate directly to Bob's and my story … Bob didn't feel good enough, a lot of the time … and he couldn't allow me to love him.

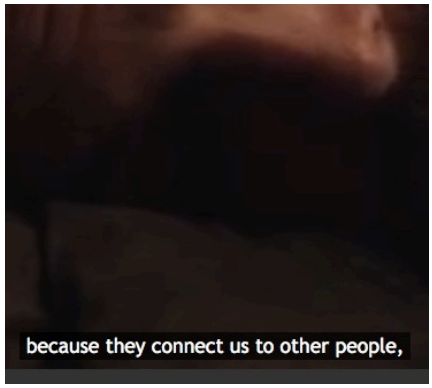
And so very touching … the talk between father and daughter comes to ***how some men get sad and scared and lonely, and that makes them angry, and they loose sight of everything that's good in life*** … that's what happened to Bob – before he and I even met.

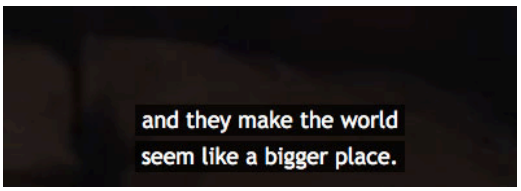


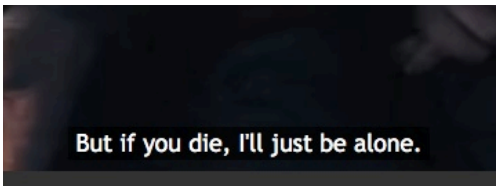


Bob called me "his storyteller", "his writer".

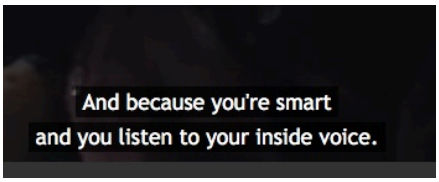








Eventually the little girl mentions how scared she is that something could happen to him. And then the father says just what Bob had said to me, ***"I'm not gonna die, Dani!"***



It's not that such things aren't said in other movies … what matters to me here is that these are things that relate to me literally and that have in many ways a comforting effect. What an amazing movie. That title would attract me, "they" knew it.

It's like an anniversary gift … how bitter.

November 3, 2019

This morning I re-read **"C"s Horus-revelation** again, in detail. And yes, uncanny details … the ring with the 15 gems/partitions makes sense now, that I found years ago. 15 or 21 gates to enter the afterlife … not long ago I revisited the ring and the numbers, researching again … so here I got an answer.

I had given it to Bob to help him, … but I took it back with me when I left last time. And the way the Egyptians saw the afterlife is the way Betty described it …

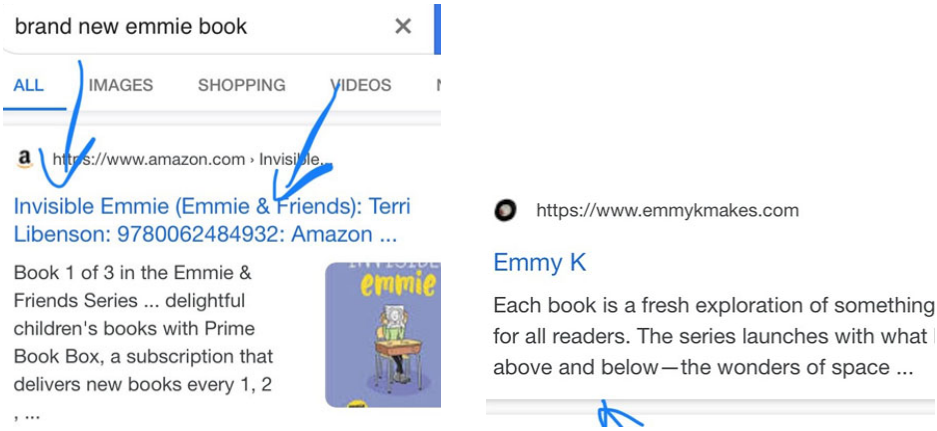
Also, this morning I went with J and then went back to bed, had the urge to somehow relax, invite Bob to give me messages, to connect … and I did enter a state that was kind of new to me … *I was able to go into deep relaxation*. Among the flashes of things and voices I experienced was the distinct ***image of a carved owl that came out of nothing*** … and a ***gazelle with long horns*** …

… and as I read about **Horus**, there were those two, again.

Last night, watching *"Light of My Life"* … there is a scene where the daughter holds a book, and the title is "**Brand new Emmy**". That's special because there are two people in my life to who this could relate: Emme T., with who Bob worked his last job and whose husband Jim had died a few years earlier; and E., "C"s dead father.

Yes, "as above so below" has been an ongoing subject … I had asked "C"'s dead father E. to maybe send me a message that I shall pass on to her, and **I had named him "Emmi"** in an email to her.

I told "C" about this, and she shared with me what came up when she did a random google-search …


brand new emmie book
ALL
IMAGES
SHOPPING
VIDEOS
https://www.amazon.com › Invisible...
Invisible Emmie (Emmie & Friends): Terri Libenson: 9780062484932: Amazon ...
Book 1 of 3 in the Emmie & Friends Series ... delightful children's books with Prime Book Box, a subscription that delivers new books every 1, 2 , ...
emmie
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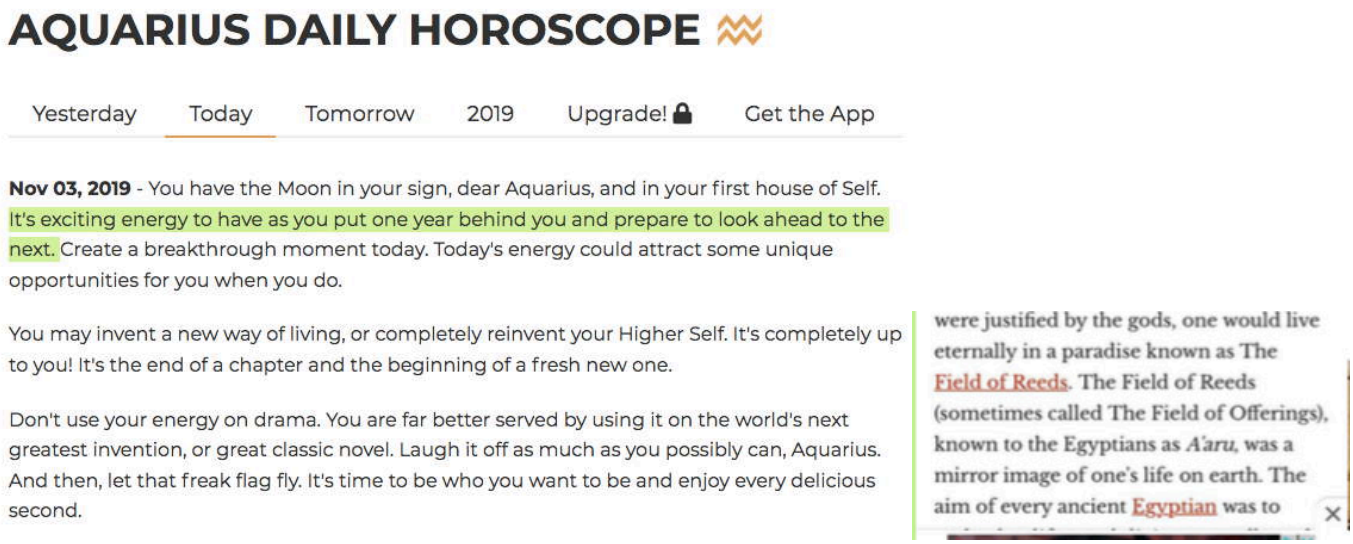
Emmy K
Each book is a fresh exploration of something for all readers. The series launches with what above and below—the wonders of space ...

And there is my horoscope for today … wow, "it knows" that it's one year since Bob's passing.


AQUARIUS DAILY HOROSCOPE
Yesterday
Today
Tomorrow
2019
Upgrade!
Get the App
Nov 03, 2019 - You have the Moon in your sign, dear Aquarius, and in your first house of Self. It's exciting energy to have as you put one year behind you and prepare to look ahead to the next. Create a breakthrough moment today. Today's energy could attract some unique opportunities for you when you do.
You may invent a new way of living, or completely reinvent your Higher Self. It's completely up to you! It's the end of a chapter and the beginning of a fresh new one.
Don't use your energy on drama. You are far better served by using it on the world's next greatest invention, or great classic novel. Laugh it off as much as you possibly can, Aquarius. And then, let that freak flag fly. It's time to be who you want to be and enjoy every delicious second.
were justified by the gods, one would live eternally in a paradise known as The Field of Reeds. The Field of Reeds (sometimes called The Field of Offerings), known to the Egyptians as A'aru, was a mirror image of one's life on earth. The aim of every ancient Egyptian was to

Note it says "*Don't use your energy on drama*." And that was exactly what I woke up with, today. I kind of flashed back to suffering Bob and my loss, but then, like wave after wave came good memories ***… and I found myself in housie in Pukalani everytime I closed my eyes*** … so intensely there I was … so direct, as if I was really there **and Bob was there** … I felt surrounded and embraced by sweet soft energy … I smiled.

Then I re-read the "**Horus-revelation"** that "C" had made … and there it was: "*In the afterlife, we can relive and recreate our lives in the mortal realm, if we want to …*"

… that's a question I had asked Bob: *"Is it true that we can live out what we want to, what we didn't get to do on Earth? Will we swim together again in the ocean?"* And I got the answer. One day before his anniversary of his transition.

His graduation. Congratulations.

Plus, I watched the movie "*The King*" last night, until very late … and what fascinated me was the depiction of *man to man fighting in a war in the 15th century* … it gave me such a clear image of what humans actually are … how mislead, how their bodies are so fragile, and how they abuse their minds due to false beliefs. It was like I was pointed with my nose to my "kuleana" once again. And that guy, the bad guy, actually, was *like Bob's twin.*

Okay. I accept.

November 3, 2019 **– Lost and Found**

Today, I took Jacqui on an adventurous hike in the forest … and promptly, we lost our way! But of course it's always possible to get back to some kind of street, this is not the jungle, still, we ran around in a really big storm (no rain, just wind) in the deep forest …

And I saw amazing things, like a **ruin** in the wilderness, that entirely reminded me of Maui, diverse heiau …

… also a stone with my mother’s birthday, **13 / 3** and a “H” engraved … and a strange turquoise blue arrow, pointing at the number “3”. Of course it has to do with wood works or with property boundaries … still, it was strange to encounter these things, in that wilderness, and be alone with them. I felt like I was deaf and blind, like I was supposed to “get” something, but I didn’t know what. And I didn’t try to figure things out. I never do. I have learned to photograph them, if they strike me as “telling”, but I know that some kind of insight will come, mostly not on the spot.

There were strange trees with dots on them that looked like some kind of “star pattern”.

<u>November 4, 2019</u> – The Anniversary

A year since Bob's death.

I had the worst night in a long time. Dizzy, vertigo, nausea … and Jacqui needed to go out in the dawn twice with very bad diarrhea.

(Edited for privacy … I had flashed back to a lot of details of Bob's frustrations in the last decades in his life, and I saw the connections so clearly, how one thing after the other had been added to his misery, to his feeling of being trapped, and I, wanting to help, had been the only person Bob didn't fear, but also he felt so inadequate that he had to hate my efficiency and the fact that I loved him, which he couldn't accept because he didn't love himself …)

Bob was virtually abused and taken advantage of badly, by many people. They didn't know better, but I won't forgive them their ignorance … I know, he does, right now, because he sees everything in the "Cosmic" context … but I don't. I don't know what my actual "job" is, still here, in this fucked up mortal realm.

My poor baby. He suffered so much. He really suffered.

I thought back to the last months before I had come to visit Bob in 2018, and that he had worked with Emme T. on the documentary film about the Maui musician Willie K, because Willie had gotten a lung cancer diagnosis. Bob was dead sick back then, struggling immensely at every production, but nobody saw how emaciated and sick he was … Willie began chemotherapy right now, and his family opened a crowd-funding account for him. *(Note/edit: John W. did, too, after Bob's death, and to this day, April 6, 2020 I haven't been able to communicate with John what the fuck this was all about …)*

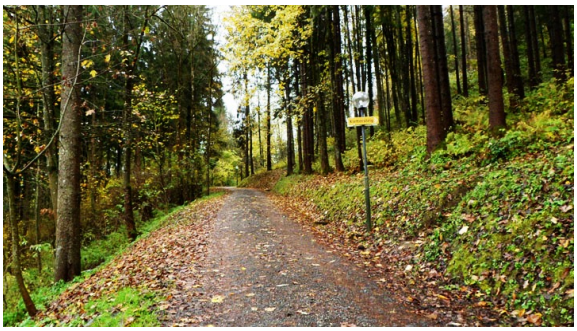
So I googled Willie K today, and I found out that he had been in a place called "**Belly Up Tavern**" when Bob died … *I can almost hear Bob laugh right now.*

Willie K with Kaleo Phillips
Belly Up Tavern in Solana Beach, CA
Sunday, November 4
doors at 7 pm • show at 8 pm • 21 and over only
www.bellyuptavern.com

Given the time difference between here and Hawaii, the actual anniversary of Bob's passing will be tomorrow.

<u>November 5, 2019</u> **– The Cave & the Penis on the Day After**

Pouring rain today, and I walked with Jacqui up the Schlossberg-path (castle mountain) … trying not to recall the same day a year ago, but my struggles were tough, emotionally, today.



I was chatting up Bob telling him that I had chosen not to focus on the drama, although it did come through all the time, and *that I do hope that he’ll let me know that he’s fine and doing well and moving forward, and* ***that he is with me.*** It felt kind of “empty” there, in the forest, like no “answer”.

And I said to Bob that I realize that in this year, although they don’t have “time” like we do, ***a lot must have happened for him, too***. He is in the process of development still, and getting adjusted in the “beyond”, and he didn’t come over there as a clean wise spirit, he was full of shit, which I’ve told him a lot of times, not of his own doing and fault, but still … so, yes, I talked about how I miss him and have realized, in my near-break-down yesterday, due to the weather … my blood circulation and heart got me dizzy and nauseous and close to fainting all the time … but I tool Hawthorne, and that got me better … how easy it is to die.

Talked to my mother on the phone, she sounded great, entirely normal minus the dislike she had for me, back in the day, and I could tell she is on a good path, because she *asked* me something we had talked about two days ago, and she told me that all she needed was peace and quiet. So I was a bit upset, because, no shit, I want “peace and quiet” too, but I don’t have anyone to ask me how I am or to comfort me or offer help and distraction. If I dropped dead on the spot, only the people in the house where I live would notice, after a few days. Maybe after two months, when the rent would be overdue …

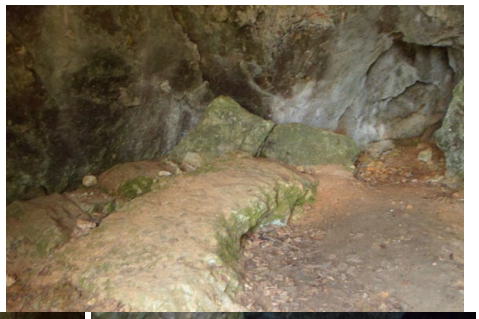
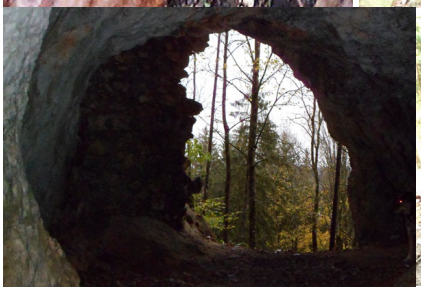
My mother made it sound like I had “disturbed” her when I had busted my ass to get to her to make sure she recovered … well, if I hadn’t intervened a few months back, she wouldn’t have peace and quiet at all right now, because she’d be dead, and in the afterlife she’ll be facing a lot of crap she did in her lifetime … anyway.

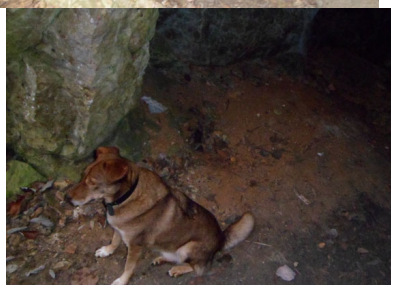
(Note/edit: I leave my original writings in here, this time, no editing for privacy, because it’s mainly about me.) There is still time to get some good stuff on her slate … and her remark sort of pissed me off. Of course I told Bob …

So ***I was walking up that castle-mountain path***, rain pouring, Jacqui flitzing around happily and taking a dump in the high grass, good dog …

And suddenly I got aware of that **cave** that I'd been walking by many times.

Only once I approached it (*on September 24*), **and I had found a "B"**, *yes, the letter B, as a sticker on a shard right at the entrance.*



And I thought, "well, if something is here for me, *I don't see it,* so I'll go." And at the next turn, I *saw something small and shiny* … and I picked it up, and it was – a **tiny penis with balls**.

A cutout from some kind of foil. ***One single penis, pink on one side, silver on the other, tiny, and right there.***

In the cave. I was … well, baffled. And kind of happy. Immediately I stretched out my hand and said to Bob "***Give me five, bro, I found it!***" and I stretched out my hand, to receive the "high five", and there was a very cold sensation on my hand.

Of course I was aware of it and thought about wishful thinking, but I did realize that I was standing "inside a big stone", pretty much, those rocks all around me, and I lifted my hand ***and placed it on the rock for the actual "high five with a stone"***, ***and my fingers locked in***! I really gasped. That very spot that I had randomly picked, had some kind of carving (but I think it's natural), ***that my fingers fit perfectly!***

So my fingers in the perfect position, I had the feeling that the rock was high-fiving me back! It was so strange!

But that's not all.

First of all my, horoscope says that my intuition is spot on today, true. I found the penis … and *nobody finds a penis on the exact anniversary death day of their partner who died in the aftermath of dealing with penis-cancer*. Bob's penis had been his and my concern intensely in the months before his death, and we had often joked about it, and then his sister Joyce joined in, and even she and I joked ... and at some point we realized that Bob's private parts had nearly totally recovered, and that his penis was emerging from the mess, pink and healthy (a few days before the rest of his brain couldn't reign his body anymore for the mortal tasks) …

So back home, I sat down to write this …

And as I opened my laptop – I realized that ***before leaving for the walk up the mountain castle***, I had ***changed my*** **screensaver**-imager: ***to a cave***, from the inside. A **cave**. Seen from the inside. *Reddish rock.* Like the cave that I was about to see half an hour later.

(Note/edit: Today, on April 6, 2020, I see something else in that cave and that screen saver … you'll get to the date, just check out the related image for now.)

Mahalo Bob Stoneman, love of my life. You are the greatest communicator ever. In your mortal phase you sucked at communication big time. But now … da best! I'm so very proud of you. I miss you and see you soon.

Plus … it just occurred to me, yesterday *I had asked Bob to use what he had made himself an expert in, to communicate with me* … the laptop that he gave me, just weeks before we saw each other for the last time, is "Robert Stone's MacBook" (because my previous laptop was his, and he had copied the entire hard drive onto this new one), and I read this everytime I open it … *it's still Robert Stone's MacBook … And I think he is actually "using" it …*

The Mosquito Incident:

Yesterday, I got myself to do some editing on the portrait of the poet Lupo Leichtsaycht, a friend that I filmed a few days before I left Vienna. And as I was using **Media100**, the editing program Bob had used, thinking how often I had watched Bob do it, and that it was actually his, and I repeated what he had said when he updated it … "***So that you can do some real editing"*** … and I said out loud, ***"No, real editing would only be if you were here, right here, doing it with me … or actually doing it and me watching" …***

… and the next key strokes I tried ***did not work.*** The editing was *frozen*, but not in a "restart"-kind of way, *it did the most strange things, so that I would not restart it, I couldn't even force-quit it, because it didn't show me a "problem",* ***it simply wouldn't let me do anything*** *except move the cursor … for a few minutes.* Then I said to Bob *that I got it* that he was around. ***And***: Like many times before, when I wished so much to hear Bob, a ***mosquito*** (!) surred by my ear, ***with an amazingly loud burr,*** *as if it was Bob speaking into my ear –* ***and right then, the program reacted and worked as if nothing had happened.***

I'm telling you, Bob is here.

He's probably sitting opposite me right away … or looking over my shoulder.

Last night, I stepped into my kitchen door, wanting to switch off the light for the night … (that was before the editing incident) *and I was carried back to the thousand times I'd been standing in the door of Bob's edit room*, looking at him, scratching lightly and playfully at the door … and I closed my eyes, and I could so closely see and hear him, **as if it was real** …

I do believe that in the beyond we can access anything we want … and boy, are Bob and I going to have fun again, one day.

(Edited for privacy … I had received an email from an acquaintance from the filmmakers community on Maui, and I had been quite happy for his sharing a contact address to a guy I wanted to get in contact with … but in the long run, that guy never even bothered to respond to me.)

I went to visit the **cave** again (didn't take pictures the first time) … *and up there I had a thought flash through my mind*: Just because for the Disca and thus for the consciousness or spirit or soul of the living "**time**" isn't that what it seems to be, on the mortal plane, **even a very short time of perfect happiness counts forever.** Because since you have it in your "self", *it will always stay with you in essence*, and when you don't have a body anymore, *you can dwell in it as much as you like.* Forever, if desired. Of course, your priorities change in the "beyond", I got that, but they don't have to.

*(Note/edit: Now, a few months later, I actually thing that "****living in an imaginary castle****" is* ***actually*** *living in hat castle for real, too. We can dwell in our memories even while we are mortals, and we are "right there", where we want to be, too. Our mortal story only provides the brain and the concepts of what we're doing, but recalling any memory of a loved one or of the time with them …. actually makes it all happen again, for real, in some way.*

So I'm assuming that aside from accomplishing a lot of tasks, Bob is now finally able to do something good for himself. At least, I ***want*** him to do that.

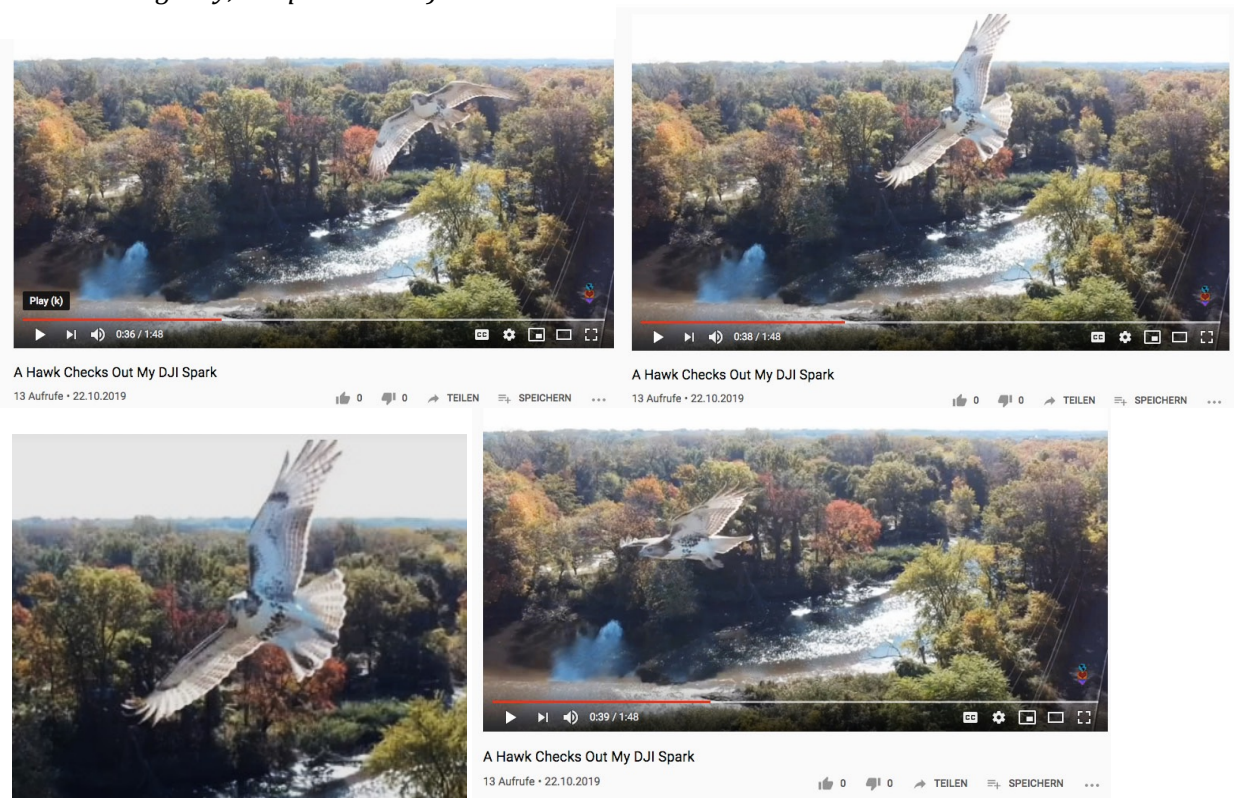
November 5, 2019

And ***wow***! Another surprise!

In all the talking about the birds of prey between "C" and me and the amazing events, and the Horus revelation! I'm asked by my old Maui-friend Peter Rosen today to check out his YouTube-channel and his

drone-pics … and there it was: He captured a **hawk *that looked right into the camera***! A hawk! A bird of prey!

(Note/edit: Again, like the cave image … just a few days earlier, I encountered that "hawk" again in the most amazing way, in April 2020 …)



An alter ego of Horus! What are the fucking odds? Minus zero! What does it tell us? There is only one Universe. (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OHIX7Akcefo) Now, Bob has "used" Peter several times for messages!

November 5, 2019 **– Joyce and the Hawk**

Okay, and here is the third one, the "charm". I told **Joyce** about the **hawks** and shared the video with her, and this is what she wrote back:

"Okay, this is interesting in terms of a phone call I had yesterday from an old friend (Bob's & mine, someone we had both worked with). He had spoken to me in the past about playing with drones as he's developed apps and such to be used on them. Yesterday he specifically advised me which one I should look at to start with, and ***I told him my biggest interest was in observing the hawks that live on my property. And then I open this video and it is exactly what I had pictured being able to do!"***

There.

November 5, 2019 **– Hawk and the Small Penis**

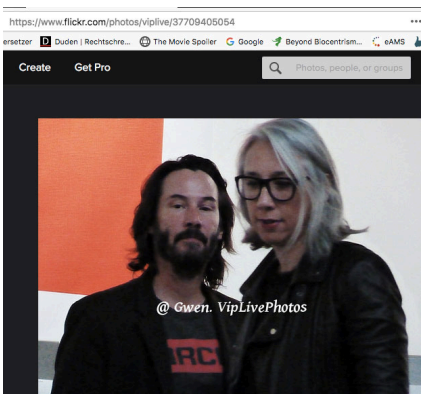
Oh geez, I realized something else while sharing the hawk-story with "C" … In Bob's ill-fated film-project "Taylor Camp", there is one scene that's my favorite of all! **The camp-inhabitant "Hawk"** talks about how most people in Taylor Camp were nude, but he preferred to wear swim trunks, why? And he looks straight into the camera and says, playfully: ***"Small penis."*** (Gotta get a screenshot of that …) **Remember I found a "small penis today"?** *(Photograph of "Hawk" and his family by © John W.)*

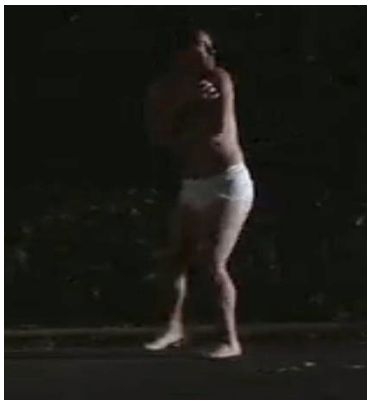
Plus, a **giant rabbit** of stone! was sitting in a doorway, on the way to the forest where the cave is. And I found a strange **marking** on a tree … remember, "***teal***" is Bob's beloved Honda Accord's color?

<u>November 5, 2019</u> **– Keanu and My Lookalike**

Plus … well, the day isn't over yet.

I found pictures of **Keanu** Reeves with a white-haired woman *who is a type like me.* Come on, Keanu, don't get distracted! It's me you're looking for …





And then, ***another bummer***: I found the TV-series with the title "*Living with Yourself*" with Paul Rudd, and there is ***a man running through a forest with a diaper.*** Well, the last time I saw Bob he wore a ***diaper***. *(His tumor was leaking in the front, and the only way to keep some padding attached to Bob's body was to wear one of those "diapers" that older people wear … or baby-diapers … I can't even being to imagine*

what it was like for him, to find himself like that … but then, before I had shown up, he had tried to help himself with kitchen towels in his underwear, during production, and it always leaked …)

I've never seen ***another man in a diaper*** *before, and then I see one on Bob's death anniversary?* Coincidence?

So the guy is ***running through the forest in a diaper*** … that makes me think of how often *I have imagined Bob as being with me near me in the forests*, and also that the man **running** around expresses a healthy condition … So is that what Bob wanted me to see and "get": **He is with me, and he is now running and being free to go where he wants?** The running through the forest in the diaper, naked … that man was "free" like Bob was when he finally transitioned?

November 5, 2019 **– The Night of His Transition**

After the arousing events of this day … I remembered something that happened yesterday, yes, on the anniversary of Bob's death … but somehow I had "forgotten" about it:

Lying in bed and relaxing, many memories of Maui and Bob's and my life in Pukalani came up … I thought.

But suddenly I realized **that it was dark** in my inner vision of Haulani Street, and ***suddenly I felt like being in the situation of the dying Bob! I floated in strange ways in and about the house, over Pukalani and the ocean …*** and I felt surprised and a bit upset, and I then saw the **dead** body of Bob in a way I never had, realistic, in the dark, with some light from the bathroom or from the corridor …

I had always "seen" the scenario in the light, *but Bob died sometime between midnight and 3 in the morning … and it was* ***dark*** *then.*

So it felt like Bob shared with me some of his experience. It was uncanny.

Really strange. I was *at the same time* the person experiencing the diverse perspectives, but then it was also ***like being carried*** … that was something. It was very strange.

And I was not sleeping.

In that time I heard Bob's thoughts going something like "***We must tell Dani***" or even calling out for me … like "***Dani, do you hear me? I can't help it"*** … and that's what the medium I. O. had mentioned, that Bob had called out for me, somehow … (*Note/edit: I haven't mentioned her due to privacy reasons … but I did a phone-session with her and her daughter in October 2019, which was odd … yet in some ways interesting.)*

That visit of Bob's death night in our house … was a strange experience. And at the same time I kind of ***enjoyed*** it. Don't know why. My sadness of losing that home, with Bob and the house and the island all being my home, subsided a little, I realized more than ever that without Bob it just means that it's gone baby gone. Forever – in terms of mortal life. Later … we'll be there again. I know it.

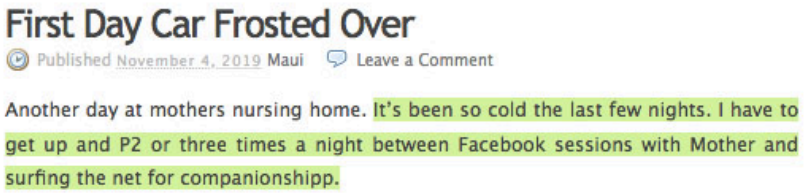
November 6, 2019 **– Using the "Friend" Again?**

Just when I thought "break" today, or "Bob is tired", I get **another really nice piece of communication** … and just as I'm writing it, there were actually two big ones today.

The second one first … comes *again* from ***Peter Rosen*** … I feel inclined to check his blog regularly to see what he's up to.

Now … ahead of this: I've been complaining bitterly to Bob about him spending 10 (!) days in that hut near Friday Harbor with a woman … who I called "P3" … and then not even have sex with her, only because she had asked him to "be good" … and the toilet froze, and Bob hated the cold … and it has hurt me so much for so long, as Bob barely ever took one half day for the two of us … and I kept asking him whether or not he realizes this all …

So today, I read the following on Peter's blog (actually from Bob's death-day, took a screenshot):


First Day Car Frosted Over

Published November 4, 2019 Maui Leave a Comment

Another day at mothers nursing home. It's been so cold the last few nights. I have to get up and P2 or three times a night between Facebook sessions with Mother and surfing the net for companionshipp.

Okay. Get it? "**P2**"!? ("… or three (times)" … *(Remember, "P3", the lady with who Bob spent ten days in a cabin in the snow in the woods? Where it was very cold?)*

Before I did that, I went, in the rain again, up Schlossberg, castle-mountain, with Jacqui. Back at the car, I couldn't make myself get in, and I took a path I hadn't taken before, right up at the parking lot. And around the corner I found a **dump** – with flowers! Lots of "**Bird of Paradise**"! I love those! Strelitzien! They stand for Hawaii like nothing else …

Also, today I started watching the movie "*After the Wedding*" … and one of the first things I heard was a guy chatting up a woman talking about ***"… Hawaii, on the Big Island".***

<u>November 6, 2019</u> **– Jojo & F•ck by the Lake**

Oh. Yes. And there is a film by the title "**Jojo Rabbit**". Just saying.

Well, watched the trailer to "**Jojo Rabbit**", and **of course a dead unicorn** showed up, too!

I just said to Bob, "And tomorrow we're going to **Faak by the lake**" (pronounced as "fuck by the lake"). I could almost see him lift his eyebrow, smirk and give me a dry "**S're**". *(I did go to check out an apartment there, but it wasn't for me.)*

November 7, 2019

Discovered a ***new path*** in Griffen, walking with J before driving to see my mom and look at that apartment at Faak. (Won't work out, too small, too stuffy, and constant noise of the elevator in the hallway. No wonder she didn't "have" photos. The area is lovely, though.)

The path is beautiful, along big bodies of water, with lots of **reeds** …

Mom seemed more confused today … but when I called her later, to share the apartment visit, she seemed so clear. I worry she is making up what she tells me about getting the nutrition drinks herself from a pharmacy, because I think she showed me the same, from the fridge, that she had showed me days ago. I'm worried. She doesn't sound bad, though, still much better than in August …

Broke out in a Hawaiian song on the way back … and fully into tears. What a fucking life.

November 8, 2019 **– The Face & the Penis**

Took a walk with J, a new path, I discovered yesterday … and suddenly I saw the **"ghost" graffiti** under the bridge with new eyes … and it shows a red woman's face, sad, and a green man's face, sad, with a dripping penis and balls right under the man-face, reading "**Just a bad day, not a bad life**".

Okay, I thought, I get it. In terms of our eternal nature, a fucked up life is really but a day.

Before that I walked through the fallen leaves … and I reminisced the film I saw last night, about a gay couple raising a little girl, actually adopting her from a homeless woman … I was totally smashed into my past, today, thinking about that … *thinking about the abortion that I wanted to stop, but the docs and nurses would just go on,* because they didn't want me to interrupt the schedule … and suddenly the rabbit challenge had another aspect: When I was pregnant, then I had bought a small ***plastic or wooden rabbit*** figurine (don't remember exactly) and I had carried it around with me representing the baby I had in me … after the abortion I put it on the grave of a friend, H., who had just committed suicide … and just now realized that *I hadn't thought of him as a discarnate ever*, …

So the **little rabbit, my baby** … the thoughts occurred to me whether or not it's possible to raise a dead baby in the beyond … and if Bob could do that, and raise my baby? Is it possible to have a child in the beyond? Does Bob know her? Will he raise her? Is he doing it now? Why those thoughts? Will I hear about it? *Is this all just batshit crazy, what I'm thinking?*

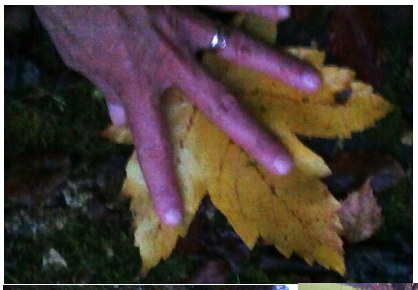
Then I went shopping, and at Billa they had **Helleborus**-plants. The plant that was supposed to save Bob. Probably would have .. if his soul had agreed to some prolonged time in the mortal phase. It all looked really good … (I bought the plant to bring it to my mother as a gift.)

More images
Helleborus niger
Plants
Helleborus niger, commonly called Christmas rose or black hellebore, is an evergreen perennial flowering plant in the buttercup family, Ranunculaceae. It is poisonous. Although the flowers resemble wild roses, Christmas rose does not belong to the rose family.

Geez, I thought … and as I carried the Helleborus to my car, I looked up and there was the image (original size) ***sticker of a human skull*** on the van next to mine …

There was another movie last night (the TV-series "**Modern Love**"), *about an older woman, in her 60s, maybe, who met a widower Ken, who is still mourning the loss of his wife to cancer 6 years ago.* But **they get together** anyway, first meeting through their shared hobby jogging … and they **become a couple** … and **then Ken dies!** I thought, okay, how fucking unfair! He really was just passing time until he'd be united with his loved one, as his real wish was to be with his dead wife. And the other woman, Morgan, I think, was left mourning now … but in the movie, of course, she didn't grieve (yeah, right) and walked away from his memorial service … began jogging, through New York. ***I was expecting her to drop dead … but poor woman, she didn't.*** I realized that I'm just passing time, too.

Plus: The other day I found a **single bright yellow leaf** on my path. Like some kind of "special being". It spoke to me. On my path. Like "look at me, I'm here for you".



And the same thing again today, this **time one single bright red leaf**. Like that loner again. Like me. And at the same time as if it wanted to comfort me.

Well, and one more: Does it count as "demanding attention" when I find a package of "**beef jerky**" on "my field", in an Austrian country, while walking my dog by the name of *Jacqui*, and it reads "*Jack* Link's"? (Mind you, no (!) other garbage on that field path!) Also, "C" showed me a **ring** she had come across, I think it belonged to her father.

"C" also sent me a picture of her **father**, with a **bird** on his shoulder, very similar to my picture of *Bob with the birds seemingly on his shoulder*, but really behind him. And the **folklore pair** in the background … it may be important to not that the **folklore pair** is on my ***pillow*** that I'm using every day, when I'm writing, for my back or to sit on it. It's a very precious gift by my mother, who sent it to me all the way from Austria to Hawaii in my first year on Maui …

<u>November 9, 2019</u>

Had an erotic **dream** of Will Ferrell …

Strange, too. He was some kind of motivational speaker or coach (not him directly, but someone who looked like him), and the story had to do with some kind of **train trip** or something, and he got a **group of**

people who were kind of **stranded** or **lost** on some form of **square or plateau** realize *how they could move stuff from somewhere to somewhere else or how to sell stuff or simply how to get stuff or get something done* … I don't recall what it was, but it was some kind of **achievement** that he **encouraged**, and it had to do with some **tool** *or program or method he was promoting or selling or teaching.* So he was very popular and fancy and beloved and admired. For some reason he came up to **me**, who was kind of in a **corner**, and he came so close and his mouth was talking to me so close to my mouth, that I thought we'd be kissing, and we were about to … as he also told me how beautiful I was and it was all about him and me getting together.

It seemed so clear and easy to me to do what he proposed … and eventually he said to me in front of all the others, **"So what is it that you'll have to do now?"** And I said, "That's totally clear, I have to go back to Vienna and establish my business there." *So it was strange that in my dream I "knew" that I had moved to Griffen!* But the dream didn't have anything to do with that …

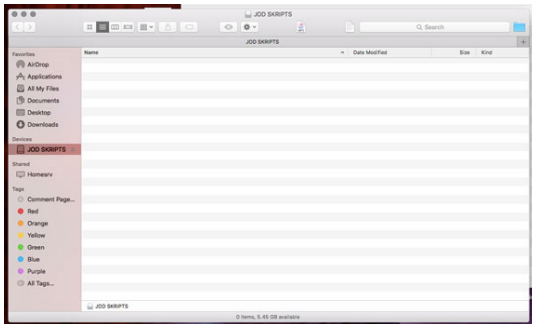
I woke up, it was morning, and I had a warm and romantic and sexual feeling about that encounter, it was very confusing.

In the morning I saw that "C" had sent me **pictures …** *and they were baffling.*

Often I don't really know what to think about "C's" and my relationship *(it's a connection that is sort of "not approved of", but I can't share why not, but it's a very simple reason, nothing mysterious)* There is no way that she'd by accident come across images **and** felt the need to share them with me! She is present on social media and simply receives material or is pointed at them … and very often in the last months they have "fit" spookily …

November 9, 2019 – **the Wiped USB-Stick**

I went to vioozhd and found "*The other guy*" … a movie with Will Ferrell, because I totally felt like watching one … but I had seen it before, long ago … so I kept thinking of switching it off, and I was very close to doing it … when a **cop**-character talked about homeless people, and he said "… *not long after that,* **a momma raccoon came along** *(and gave birth on the floor …)"*



Yup. Momma **raccoon**.

Was lead to the raccoon-part … because last night, something happened. It was November 8, Friday, and I was working on the "Contact Diary", right after I had written a letter of what to do (for people, generally) with all my work in case of my death … because of my chest-pain, sometimes I think that it feels like lung cancer, has been since 2013, on and off …

So I took a picture of that kind of "will", and I copied it also onto the **USB-stick** – AND IT WENT BLANK.

Like blank blank. *I hadn't touched anything.* I haven't ever seen that before. All that stuff that I had copied over onto the USB-stick for an hour, as safety-copies – GONE. I did ***not*** delete anything, *it simply went blank from one second to the next*, without a reason. It read "0" files … I took a screenshot … and I immediately had **the sense that Bob was there** … as it happened right when I copied over *that one tiny file*, the photo of the letter and the envelop and the USB, … so was **Bob reacting to me talking about my death?**

I thought about what Bob would do, as I couldn't imagine it all being gone without having been deleted, so I *ejected* the USB-stick, then put it back in … and **everything was back on it!** It was all there.

So I take it this way: Bob has responded to my request … CRACKLING AT THE WINDOW NEXT TO ME! RIGHT NOW! Just like in Vienna! … that he connect and communicate with me through digital means, in which he was a champion in his mortal phase. I didn't even watch a movie last night, then … I read a bit more in "*Our Unseen Guest*", and it felt great.

I sent a card and the DVD with the "Native of Owhyhee" documentary and with "From Trauma to Peace" to Stephen Hamel of Company Films, where Keanu Reeves is the companion, yesterday, asking for collaboration.

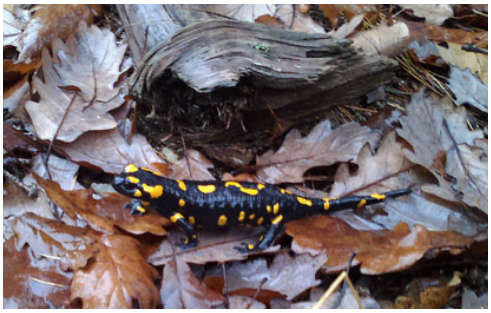
I feel strange, in a way. So *dizzy* so often. Kind of *gloomy*, too. Today I found the second **fire salamander dead** on the street here, in the neighborhood. That's bad. I think. I am a fire salamander (that's the very old name I got in the 1990 on the island of Kauai, Kapueohoamo'oahi, the own, friend of the firesalamander). *Are they dead instead of me?*

November 9, 2019 **– The Firesalamander**

Took a long walk with Jacqui, along the new path in the forest … but then I took a detour and walked up the hill, not knowing where I was going. Up and up some forest hill path we went, and then I saw a small path along some kind of ridge, that I felt totally attracted to.

So I headed out towards the end of that **ridge**, the edge of it …

… and suddenly I *almost* stepped onto **a fire salamander**! A live one, this time! And the thought flashed into my mind, "in the end, you'll find yourself". I found that entirely cheesy, geez, this isn't some esoteric movie …



I immediately thought of what kind of message that was … and I felt very lonely and very much longing for Bob, even started to cry. Who could I possibly share this with?

And then on the way back … I just walked, not really thinking … a **round, egg shaped stone** lay right in my path. The weird thing: I had come along that path and had not noticed it!

There it was, a round stone in an area where there ARE NO SUCH STONES ANYWHERE! Where the hell did that stone come from? On the wet path, with all sharp edged rock like pieces of stone, not one round stone …

I felt the urge to sing the theme song from the TV-series "Outlander", and I sang and started crying. Then I sang Hawaiian songs and cried more, but I realized also that the **stone** had been very close to the **fire salamander**, on the way back. *So is that the message?* We are very close to each other, and I'll find the stone once I'll have "found myself", at the end of my path? (Talk about cheesy again!)

Is my learning that I must learn to "read" and "hear" those kinds of messages?

I cried and said to Bob "Show yourself!" and I looked around in the rain, over the foggy fields, and ***suddenly I realized that he had just done that*** …

So Bob Stone on my path … and me, the fire salamander, on the ridge … a ridge just like Hanalei Ridge on the island of Kauai, so long ago, where I had had a very profound "mysterious" episode of ***seeing myself in the past***, standing there … I felt myself there, I felt that I looked different, had a different body, different clothes, but I totally felt myself standing there … overlooking the ocean … kind of towards Maui, *where I would meet Bob several years later*. (And yes, I did use this scene in "*Regents of Clouds*", in the first installment.)

Not just a regular stone … just looked at the picture. I photographed it the way it was there. I did take it home, though.

And on the way further, crying, before I realize that Bob had shown himself just there, I flashed back to the episode last night, with the entire USB going blank, with the screen telling me "nothing there" … and I realized that it's all about ***"knowing how to look".*** And then **one single tiny corn seed** showed up. I mean it … like showed up. It was lying on the ground.

I was on the ground, not far further after the spot where I had found the stone. *"It's a matter of looking"*, I said to myself. But inspite of all those insights … and the feeling of being guided, I did break out crying then … so the chronology of me telling those events is a bit off.

I do realize, though, that I'm learning to "communicate" the way incarnates are able to communicate, at first, with the discarnates*, through the* ***habits*** *and* ***means*** *they shared, that they are both familiar with* … since I can't see into the beyond, the discarnates, who know that and who are aware of our restrictions, will use what we enable them to use … and Bob is "playing" me … the way I want him to.

Also, I recalled *what I had read last night* in "*Our Unseen Guest*", that "on the other side" people are trying hard to make contact with their folks. Well, if someone isn't open to it … like I have become open … they won't "get" or see or hear or read what comes from the beyond. But between some folks, it's possible …

"Could Joan and I communicate with those higher degrees?" I asked.

"You can communicate with any individual of degree higher than yourself, who is willing to make the effort to communicate with you. It is only individuals of a degree lower than your own that cannot communicate with you. But for the time stick with me."

"We shall, Stephen," I said. "But at least tell us about those high-degreed individuals who are so interested in this experiment."

And the answer was: "The whole kit and caboodle are here, greatly excited, and raising a very devil of a confusion. To tell you the truth, they all want to talk—and at once, as if they were only human. We carry our childhood with us, it seems. If Joan could speak German, French, and all the rest of the nonsensical human lingo—there should really be only one language she would have to have ten dozen pairs of hands."

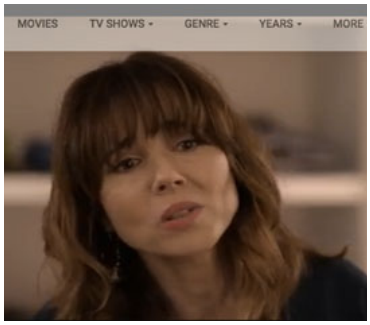
I'm advanced, I guess, in some way. But in some other way I'm only at the beginning.

November 9, 2019 **– Screensaver & Psoriasis**

Okay – this is fun!

I just stumbled across a series I'd never heard before, "*Dead To Me",* about Jen, who lost her husband in a freak accident and gets to know another grieving woman, Judy in a grief-group.

The **screensaver** of the laptop of character Jen is the same like mine, ***the way Bob set it up*** when he gave me the laptop in September 2018. (Not a big deal, it's probably a default on this kind of MacBook.)



During their first telephone conversation Judy asks Jen what she is wearing, and she says *"… a t-shirt of my husband he got for running a 5 k for* ***psoriasis****".*

Bob's big deal in life was **psoriasis**.

Ok, in episode 3 (of that excellent series that I can't stop watching!) the Judy-character says, after Jen's son Henry tells her that a ***bird*** has been coming to wake the boy up for school and that he thinks it's his deceased dad …

"I do believe that the spirits of our loved ones find a way to come back to us."

Alrighty then.

After watching six episodes of "Dead To Me" I looked at the end credits, and one of the executive producers is *Will Ferrell* – I had dreamed of him tonight!

Something else is odd … I realized that my ***car's right headlight*** isn't working properly, just a little shine, definitely broken. And in that episode, a part of the ***right headlight*** of the car that killed the man about whose death the entire series is, turned up … as ***evidence***.

Wow. This feels … organized.

November 10, 2019

Visited *Forstsee* today … and the water was nearly gone! It felt totally like walking inside Haleakala crater, what I'd always wanted, but never did!

Also, my mom was well today … coconut oil … food.

On the way back, I thought of my brother Peter and whether or not he was around and wanted to communicate, ***and in the instant*** that I thought that, a car passed by with the license plate number "***PT***

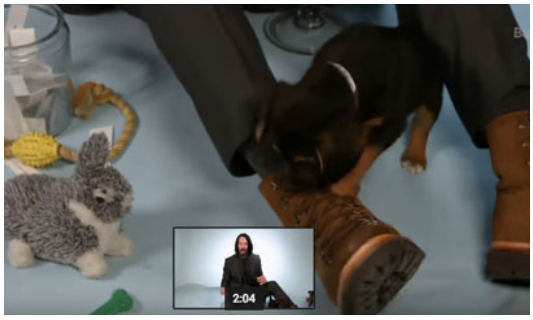
1111"! That was Peter, my brother. The programmer! And all the ones from the binary language mean one thing to me: "Yes." Interestingly, the same care passed by me a few kilometers further a second time!

Plus, right after our first encounter, a car with "**KL OUD2**", cloud 2. Okay! And a "**817 DJ**", that's significant for me, too.

Okay! My brother Peter … I'm open to his communications.

November 10, 2019

Okay, funny: I saw a video of *Keanu Reeves* answering fan-questions while playing with **puppies**. That's a program that many celebrities participate in and it serves pet adoption. The fun thing: A **rabbit**, a toy one, sat next to Keanu's feet, and it came into the shot several times. The puppies didn't play with it. It just sat there. The rabbit challenge is still on, and Keanu is now part of it. Great. Maybe I'll meet him one day … in this realm, I mean.



November 11, 2019

Oh, the *"Bird of Paradise"* plant that had some buds and started to bloom – has a beautiful flower now! Good that I took it with me from the dumpster before the frost came.

This morning I took a walk with J on Schlossberg, and that silver planchette came to my attention again … and I looked at it, and it has the number **2772**. I almost photographed it, but didn't …

So then, later the medium I. O. called me and asked if I'd still want a phone session, seeing if Bob wants to tell me something through her. I made an appointment with her for Nov. 23, 10 p.m. And her phone number is: 0650 2772 65

Okay, so I was watching "***Friends***" online, while I was editing most recent pics (to size them down to fit into the c. d. document), and I was just looking at the **fire salamander pictures** … and I opened one picture, *and at that moment* "Ross" from "Friends" says "Aruba … this time of year … **talk about giant lizards**!"

Wow. That was a chicken skin moment.

Then I opened the picture of the **round stone** on the long path, *and at that moment* "Joey" from "Friends" says something about "**rocks on the street**"! That *moment*! I kid you not! I really feel totally watched. And that's fine.

(Okay, I wasn't entirely focused working on the contact diary project … and I had promised myself, sort of, that I'd first work an hour and then *reward* myself with a movie … but I was watching "***Friends***" (and tried other movies) while working the pictures …

I did have a horrible **dream** tonight, though. Horrible, really. I was trapped in some kind of *underground prison situation in Mexico*, and the only way I could get out was to be some kind of "**cop**" (police, yes), but collaborating with really **bad guys**. For some reason, Edith (my father's wife) and my father came visiting, in a red car … and as I entered the tiny house that was there, and maybe my mother was in it? … Edith was very fat, but she greeted me happily, and my father was missing his legs from the knees down, and he looked so very miserable, more dead than alive … It was so horrible, but he smiled, and I thought that he'd die soon …

(In real life) I had talked with my mother about my father and his wife, at my visit yesterday, too and that I'll have to tell them that I'm in Carinthia now and should visit them. I also thought about it intensely on the drive home.

In the **dream**, then …

And there was something about a ***very narrow exit***, where I had to ***climb*** up and like ***squeeze*** myself through a window … actually there was a *squeezing through something in another dream, too*, maybe last night … and it was something about a very dangerous situation, with very dangerous people and guns and stuff … and a ***white dog*** (but I did see one last night, with the British comic with the dark hair, and his dog's name was Brian … something like that). And in my dream the dog had run away … and *my escape somehow depended on the dog* … it was a very scary dream …

But somehow there was an aspect of some kind of sex I was supposed to have … it was like you had to get raped, in that kind of prison or trapped situation, and there was at least one other woman too, but I don't know who it was … and then you'd be free or safe?

I remember *climbing along walls and into car*s, trying to escape … it was so odd. I used to have very very horrible dreams when I was with Bob … nightmares, regularly. And he'd always ask me about them in the morning …

Also, but that's probably not important, I got a ***Ford-dealership guy*** (the boss) to repair the broken headlight of my car … and when he put the light back in, I watched closedly and saw that there were two ledges, but only one locked in. ***I told him that he had made a mistake***, *but he claimed that it was okay* … and I thought, well, he is the expert. Still, I had seen that he had missed a ledge! So politely I insisted he checked, ***and I was right***, and he admitted it and locked the light properly. It seemed a small thing, but it was big. For me. It reminded me how much I depend upon myself now … and that ***I must not trust anyone only because I think "they know better".*** They maybe don't.

November 11, 2019

Currently I have a hard time working on my contact diary. (I'm putting the pictures in and fix the worst writing.) Maybe I'm afraid to go back and relive everything … from right after Bob's death?

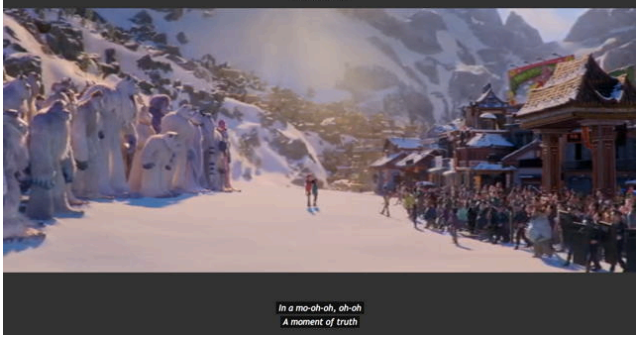
Today, I sat down to work on it, but then instead I went to the movie website … and I was drawn to "animation", although I don't like animation that much. "*Smallfoot*" was what attracted me, and it's all about … well "**stones**".

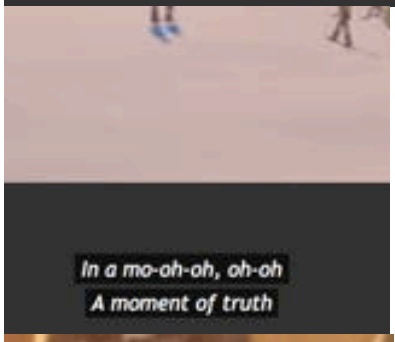
"Follow the stones."
"Be a cog." "Do your part."
"Follow the stones."
"Be a cog." "Do your part."
But my favorite
stone of all
But my favorite stone of all
The stones are here to protect us and keep us safe.
The stones are here to
protect us and keep us safe.

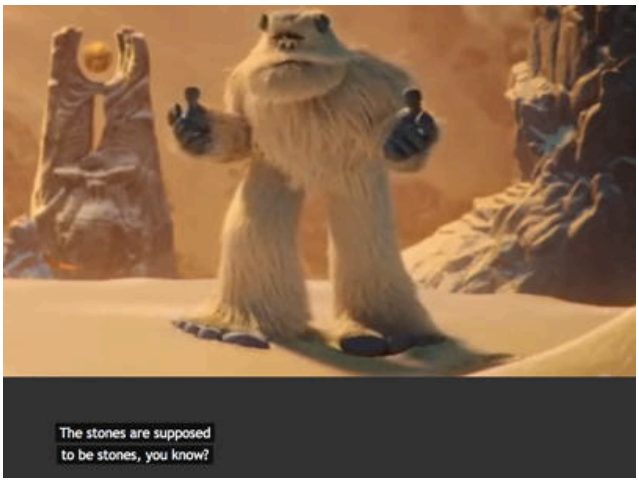
There is a “**stonekeeper**”, and *nobody is supposed to disrespect the stones.* Stone stone stone … all the time. Wow, was I … well pushed, prodded? (*Note/edit: When I read all this, months later now, I got to say that it sounds like I was looking for content like this, to relate to Bob Stone and me, but I did not. All these movies … I was kind of “lead” to them, I found them “by accident”.)*

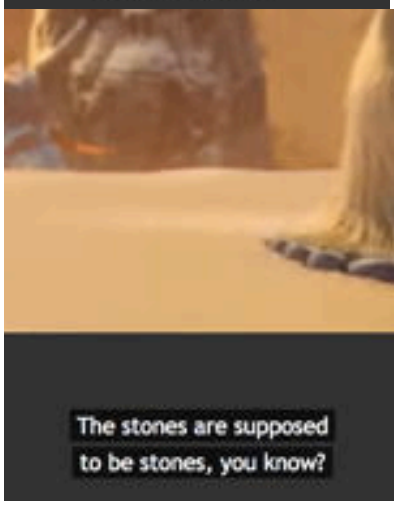
The scene **about the stone-people facing the “real people”** … wow, doesn’t that just look like “the disca” facing “the inca” … once there is a “b***ridge”?***

I only watched “*Smallfoot*” by zapping through … in the end someone sings, “**We gotta come together in a moment of truth**” … meant are two different species who think of each other that they are monsters.









Well … the discarnates … aren't they just so very ***disappointed*** *that we* ***drop*** *them and leave them as dead, once they've shed their bodies, come to and find themselves abandoned by us, the incarnates …?* "**Drop dead**" has an entirely new meaning now (Bob gets a kick out of play on words) Thoughts like were swirling in my mind … mingling with what I've read, while and after watching the scenes of this movie. Maybe I am losing my mind?

I'm curious about the telephone meeting with the medium I. O. (*I found her online, where I was watching Thanatos.tv, near death experiences)* on November 23, 10 pm.

November 12, 2019 **– The Mystery Easter Bunny of 2018**

The **rabbit challenge** is just one amazing item richer!

I totally forced myself to day to work at my contact diary. And I actually really got into writing … as I got tired, just now, I decided that I'd at least put a few more pictures in … before closing for tonight. And as I opened the picture file, I found the picture of the "Easter bunny" ***that had formed by coincidence at Easter 2018*** (when Bob was already very sick, actually) … it's like something hit me in the stomach.

I actually had shared the picture with him … a **kitchen towel** that had thrown the shadow of a **bunny** without me manipulating it at all!

There is no time in the beyond. *And I had sent that picture to Bob, with the comments* … I was supposed to travel to him soon after, but he decided to travel to California to see his family. So I had to cancel … and I only got to see him in August 2018, four months later. They would have made the difference, those four months.

November 12, 2019 **– The Flies-Dream & Red Rabbit**

Another bad **dream**. I was **with Bob**! In some foreign place, and I was visiting (!), but in a way, *he barely could stand having me around.* There was a sense of urgency that I'd leave again, and yet I knew he ***liked*** me there, ***it was only a situation that wasn't possible to sustain.*** There was some kind of *housing* or place that felt more like a *storage* … and I had to find my way out of there, as there was some kind of danger … ***and I barely escaped*** … maybe there was snow too, I just realize that my means of moving were sometimes as if I was able to fly? And I found a way out, but then I ***returned to Bob*** and told him *that there was a way of me staying and being with him* … and he was interested, but somehow, ***he disappeared***. And there was something about a ***plastic bag***, not sure what I did with that …

(Note/edit: Now this is breathtaking! Just before I edited this part of this contact diary, it's April 6, 2020 today, I went for a walk … and I wrote a whole diary entry about how baffled I am that today I found ***two plastic bags****, because I've been notoriously running out of them! And then I return to editing … and I end up with this dream about a plastic bag!)*

Back to my ***dream****:*

It was like I ***stole*** *my way back in to Bob* … and he appreciated it and started trusting my efforts and methods. *I longed so much for him telling me that he wanted to stay with me forever, but he seemed to think it wasn't possible.* He was close, and somehow he was much bigger than me, but he wasn't ***tangible*** … I don't remember us touching, and he was kind of pastel-colored, while I was material and solid and smaller

and very supple … I sort of squeezed myself out of some kind of … I don't know, ***restricted position***, like through a window? (Similar like last night?) And then I returned and told Bob how we could do it, and ***he welcomed me, but still remained distant and as if he was smiling at me, but couldn't commit.*** (Oh yeah, that's Bob.)

I realize that this is a typical description how Betty White would have described her visits in the "beyond" … and I don't know what my subconscious is telling me with that dream, or if it's actually a memory of something I did during my sleep … this version I like best, because it would mean that I actually met Bob.

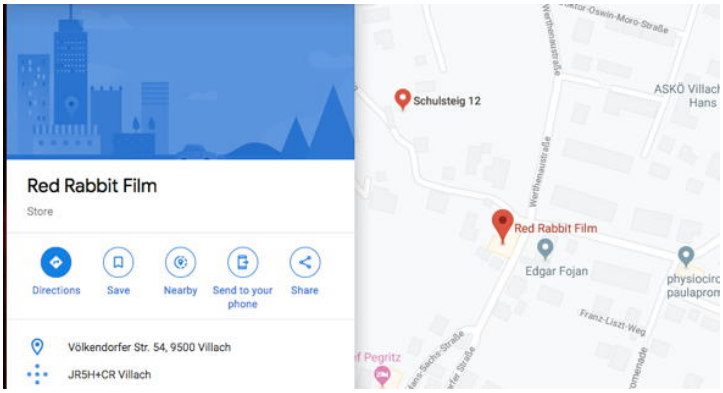
And in the **dream**, Bob was his friendly, sweet, handsome and a little distant self, just like he had always been … Suddenly, I found myself ***in some kind of sleeping cove***, like a bed, but also just a *room*, or *more like a big drawer*, and as I reached into me ***hair – it was full of flies!*** There were so many! And I shook them out, and at the same time I started to observe myself *from in front of me* … ***like I had stepped out of myself,*** and I could see the small flies swirling in my hair, and when I thought that I'd shaken most out, a ***whole nest formed on top of my head***, and I had curly brown hair, not white, like I have now, and there were so many, and I started to get desperate! *Bob was there, too, but it was like he was just watching while I desperately shook out my hair* … and then *I thought, in my dream*, that I had to wash my hair … but if I did that, wouldn't the flies get stuck even more in the wet sticky strands?

And then I woke up.

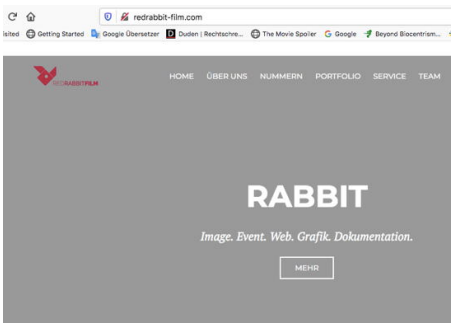
Thinking back, the **atmosphere** of the dream is familiar to me, of dreams in the last months … last night's, for example, or dreams of that palace or the town on the hill with the tiger mask … interestingly, right now, those dreams settings and plots come to mind like real memories …

And of course I'm aware that something has change in my life: I started to seriously work on the contact diary last night, and I wrote and wrote like crazy … only stopped because I felt worn out and my head and my back killed me, as I was sitting on the floor …

So this morning, I sat with my coffee and bread and saw that there was no job from the agency, so I felt compelled to **google apartments** again, near my mother … and I opened an ad about an apartment. I put in the wrong address. Then I looked more closely, and put in the proper address, Schulsteig 12 … and suddenly, on the map, there was it: A company flag: ***RED RABBIT***. Film.



The ***rabbit challenge***! And even more: It's **Red Rabbit Film**. So I looked it up, and it's a film and video production company.



What are the odds? Oh, wait. There aren't any.

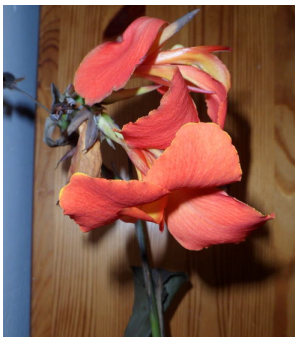
It's Bob communicating.

I asked him yesterday to let me know if I'm supposed to continue working on "Regents of Clouds", and hopefully he'll let me know more *through the medium* … but this, the rabbit and the film production together … that's another masterpiece of communicating. Maybe I don't need a medium?

Of course it pains me, in many ways, looking at a video production company. Not sure what to do with the information.

November 12, 2019 **– Beware of Deception?**

Oh, the "**Bird of Paradise"** plant that had some buds and started to bloom – has a *two beautiful flowers now!* It's so wonderful, I love it! It's so magical that it just blooms …! And the other four who don't have flowers, are doing well, too. I stole more soil, on the fields and on Schlossberg, used a gopher's burrow with loose earth to add to the potsoil … and the plants seem to like it.



I also found a tiny blooming dwarf **Cyclamen** in the forest, like the last one before the winter, and dug it out and potted it and put it on my window sill to the rabbits' ears. I love adopting plants … Bob liked that. He took good care of the plants I left with him everytime I left for Austria …

Went for a walk with Jacqui in the rain, pour guy has ear pain … reminds me how often Bob was in pain or uncomfortable … the poor man was suffering all the time, from the moment I met him … Then … always skin, sinuses, emotional issues, digestion, the urge to detox … *Bob was so terribly uncomfortable in his body.* And then – his impetus of wanting to be separated from me … it drove him towards death even faster. Boy was he successful. Totally separated now. Congrats, my love. I totally lost.

I also realized that the number "**2772"** that I saw on the planchette … **is not that number!**

… is really "2002", but it totally looks like two 77 from a certain angle. Still, amazing that I read "2772" and then was called by that phone-number, by a medium, no less, who offered to try and pick up a message from Bob. And yet … there is another learning: **Beware of deception!**

I guess I'll find out soon why the warning.

November 12, 2019

I wanted to watch the pilot film of the TV-series "*Back to Life*", about an ex convict who tries to have a new life after 18 years of prison in her old home towns (doesn't work out) … and whatever I did, I could *not* get the pilot to work. The only site that offers the show, always shows episode 6, so … well, I was having dinner and thought, I might as well watch that, then, episode 6.

And towards the end, it happened … **a guy sits down next to the protagonist who is sad that her best friend died** thinking that she had done something awful (sleeping with the dead girl's dad), and the friend tells her that he thinks that the dead girl "knows now". Why asked the protagonist. Said the guy – as the were sitting at an ocean shore.

"I think, when you die … you become everything … the sea, the air … so you know everything."

"That would be nice", sad the woman, "that would be really nice".

Then he says "That's why dead people are …" (And for the life of me, I could not understand the rest of the sentence, although I tried.) And yes, ***Bob and I sat next to each other on a gloomy windy day at Baldwin beach,*** in September 2018, me on his right side. The last time we were at a beach together.

November 13, 2019 **– The Soul of the Robot Dog Bob**

Okay, they just keep coming …

Watched the movie "Axl", a film I *never ever* wanted to see, and did I mention never ever? But somehow, last night, I felt drawn to it. It's silly and implausible … but it had charms, and I watched it all the way through, *wondering why* (as I barely ever have the patience with any film, because I mostly know what will happen anyway).

Then I read a bit "Our Unseen Guest" … and I had a horrible night because of the continuous noise from the heating … unbearable. Used earplugs, but got entirely dizzy from them … *(Note/edit: This turned out to be a big problem, that was solved eventually: There was too much **pressure** in the pipes in the walls from the hot water of the central heating that's run by an oil burner in the basement … and I ended up being nauseous and dizzy every day a little more to the point of being unable to walk without holding on. Of course, that seemed to mean **that I was dead sick** … but I did notice that if I slept on the kitchen floor, I woke up not dizzy … so eventually I told the landlady, and her husband figured out with a plumber, that they had to turn back the oil burner's pressure slate … and the noise was gone, and I was never dizzy or nauseous again!)*

In the morning, pouring rain. Took a walk with Jacqui anyway … and suddenly it hit me *what I had seen* in that stupid **movie "Axl":**

The ending was that the robot dog "Axl" protected it's new owner, a young guy by leading the enemies away from him, *then he self-destructed*. But before that he ***uploaded*** his program – ***his essence! – to the Cloud***. Then his material parts caught fire, and the whole artificial dog exploded. But his spirit could be tapped into … and his owner figured that out and realized, that "Axl" was still there, in his essence, he only needed to download his "spirit", really his "program" from "the cloud".

There!

Got it?

Talk about a hint at a matter!

The young hero and his girlfriend eventually got hold of that one ***device*** that once had connected the owner with Axl, some ***sensor*** that he touched and that connected him with the program – the "soul"? – of the dog. *And as soon as he had **touched** that **sensor** again, the **virtual essence** of "Axl" began **to make itself known**, saying that he was "out there", in the **invisible realm**, as it's energetic, digital essence*.

"It's him" said the young woman when "Axl" appeared on her cellphone … in the form of an electromagnetic charge, the data that are now "in the cloud".

Is that a message or what?

But I didn't see or realize it until this morning.

It makes me laugh.

Bob connecting with me through "Axl" … kind of cool, being that a dog played such a big role in the story that Bob gave me explaining why he broke his own promise to never go to a hospital … And "Axl" was like Bob himself: His body was destroyed, but his "mind" was recharged and rebooted … and then: ***"Axl" was uploaded into "the Cloud", and he will be staying there until someone would find the means to access that data,*** that mind again …

Beautiful, isn't it.

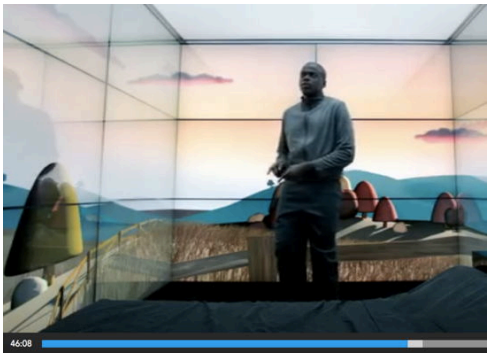
November 13, 2019 **– The Bob Dance**

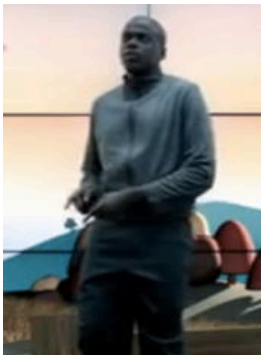
My online-friend "C" knows about those messages that seem to be in movies I randomly pick, sometimes even just a spot in a movie … and it "speaks" so directly. She brought the TV-series "*Black Mirror*" to my attention, from 2011, very extreme. The pilot was incredibly weird, and part 2 I didn't care about at all … *but I did zap through*, because I've learned that if I'm drawn to something filmwise, or if something comes from "C", there is a reason for it. And sure enough …

So so so many times have I been *reminiscing* ***about the little dance moves Bob had begun to do in our last years together*** … when he was in a good mood, like before our walks around the field in Pukalani, when he was waiting for me as I come through the house … and he did some certain motions … They were twerking, grinding motions … in a way silly … or when we went swimming and he was already out of the water, and I was still in there, and he did the motions of *"pulling in a fishing net"* … I found it so dorky, and sometimes I was a bit embarrassed when other people watched …

But Bob, who was so shy in a way, seemed not to be aware of it and that it was weird, in some way, but also sweet …

So today … that one character in "***Black Mirror***" ***started dancing in his little cove*** … and ***there were typical Bob-moves in it … I've never seen a man dance by himself in that strange way but Bob …*** *but somehow this ended up in a movie!* It's awkwardly "dancing" and not really dancing, … just like Bob had done it … and that character did it.





Believe it or not: Just yesterday (!) I had been standing in my kitchen and ***duplicating*** *some of those moves* to the surprise of my dog … and ***today*** I see them in a series I had never heard about, until today … only to "see **Bob dance**".

So … does that mean that he is watching or not!?

Something else weird … I see those images all over the place, of **Keanu Reeves** with his older girlfriend, *tall and slender with gray-white hair* … she could be my sister … although she must be taller than me. And the internet is going bonkers over Keanu being with a gray-haired woman … and I had been envisioning that so often, and all the dreams, when he and I always got together … and now he is with a woman who looks like me but is not me. But I want to work with him. So … what about that?

Does he "know" that there is a white haired woman with who he must "save mankind" (hahahaha, good one), and does he think that "Alexandra" is the woman who he is supposed to work with? Oh, don't get me wrong. I'm happy for him that he has found a partner, but … why in the world have I been dreaming of him a million times? I even kept telling Bob about it.

November 14, 2019

My sharp pain on the right back side of my chest has gone, but I do feel pain in my stomach again, and there was blood on the bathroom tissue after wiping my butt the other day.

I look ashen a lot of times, and I'm losing a lot of hair.

So something is going on. The wart that wants to grow on my ring finger of the left hand … well, feels active at times. Then I talk with my mother, and our relationship is so good, and I can't cause her pain. She's had a lot in her life. And my dog … so trusting so sweet … No, I can't die of some dumb shit right now.

(Note/edit: As mentioned before, I was about to find out that most of my health problems had to do with the constant humming in the walls, and once that was taken care of, my health improved … in part. But enough so that I'd not think that I could drop dead any moment.)

I felt very close to Bob while cooking today, as if he was here and we'd have the chats we used to have in the kitchen in our beloved housie on Maui. I miss it all so much. It wants to kill me. A part of me wants to die so badly. A different part doesn't. Doesn't allow it?

Not sure. I keep being disappointed, about filmfestivals not wanting my film … or my "friend" S. who keeps telling me that she wants to see me, but then suggests a day when she already has made a date with someone else too but wants to squeeze me in. That offends me. That hurts me. Don't want that anymore.

What for? Sylvia also keeps talking on the phone and gets totally distracted by just everything as soon as it's about listening to what I have to say. She won't. She isn't interested. She starts doing the dishes banging stuff while on the phone with me. I'm so tired of all that. I feel the only person for me was Bob, and he is dead.

Well. No wonder my body tries to pass out all the time now.

November 14, 2019 **– The Kiss of all Kisses**

To save one's life … in this realm only means, given the big picture, to keep the body working for a prolonged period of time. It does not mean to keep existing longer to perish for good later. There is no perishing for good for the human being … only our major tool for the mortal phase perishes, the body.

Okay, I just started watching "*Black Mirror*", episode 3, "*The Entire History of You*", a series "C" introduced to me … and there it was, of course: the **kiss**. The **farewell kiss** between Bob and my in 2014 that I've thought about so often. So often! Always it keeps coming back … how I stood there, at the airport, and looked up to him and *then we hugged and I kissed him on the mouth, with I hadn't done in years … and he leaned in*. And it shocked me in a way, because in that moment I understood that maybe *I should have been* more … active. Assertive. Instead of being afraid of his anger and rejection. He felt so warm and soft

and sweet and longing …. during that moment. In July 2014. And then I boarded the plane. And the next time I saw Bob was about four years later. And he was a barely living skeleton then.

So that kiss … and then looking into his eyes for that prolonged moment, it was the last time I had actually seen "the real Bob", in his full mortal power. And no, I did not have any "bad feeling" … on the contrary. I was looking forward to coming back. Because it felt like we'd be finally together. And everytime I'd talk with Bob on the phone in the coming years, it was all about me being back with him. On Maui. An then … **the kiss. That haunting kiss.**

I've asked Bob very often in the past weeks if he can **remember** that kiss … and I think that me ending up with that scene … that final haunting hurting good-bye … that was his answer.

He does remember.

So … in that episode it is actually not a farewell kiss, it's just a "I care about you so much" kiss, ***and that was also the kiss I meant to give Bob back then,*** in summer 2014, at Kahului airport … and I remember that it was a very soft kiss, and that he leaned in and then looked at me surprised … and then I turned around and walked away for my flight.

I remember being quite heartbroken back then, because my three months stay had not been what I had expected … we had had good times and fun and all, but Bob had been overwhelmed with everything. And then he had four more years to go, suffering, and I was ***not*** with him in those four years … the reasons of which I can only summarize now as: Bob was committing suicide, really. He needed to get out of his body, and he knew I could change his intention … so he kept me away.

I do believe he did really miss me at times. He said so, to me, often. I know he actually ***forgot*** me at times. And I do know that he was deteriorating as a body, as a functioning brain. Faster than normal. He was sick. Inside and out. My poor Bob.

Seeing this kiss … it went into my heart like a firesword.

I was critical of him in those four years, I was so hurt, so insecure, so exhausted from trying and trying since 2004 when our best time and ended, and the troubles began to rule. I failed him, I did.

November 14, 2019 **– Fork Yourself**

Found a **fork** this morning, walking the dog. And after all that pain and heartbreak relating to the kiss-scene, this is actually kind of funny.

It was a running gag between Bob and me … those plays on words. And everytime it was about "Do you have a fork?" for dinner, he'd say "Fork yourself!" Or I'd say it.

And there were lots of little things like this one. I didn't pick that fork up at first, though, when I saw it lying opposite that pond (where the stone had been torched). But immediately I thought of "***Fork yourself***!"

Later I came across a **tree** that looked like it had wet eyes! Uncanny! I had to think of the kiss again …

Extreme **dream** tonight, of **Bob** and **Rebecca** and *a large aggressive, dangerous **pig***.

And a strange woman, whose name was something like "***Shu Längis Römer***", that's what I remember … it was some kind of chaotic dream.

A **city**, somehow towards night, big building like a hotel … but at the same time there was some kind of body of **water** and some kind of park or forest.

Rebecca (my friend from Maui, who was married to a Hawaiian kahuna lomi lomi, Papa K, remember him, from "Ka Moa"?) was at the same time another person, similar to several women I knew … and in that **dream** she had a hard time walking and was very unwilling and wanted to go back to the hotel. But I wanted to go to a *club and dance there*. Somehow I was there, too, but it was at the same time some kind of **hut** at a **lake**, and there were other people, *and a situation with some people who took something from me or I from them* … and there was **Bob**. He was around there, smiling, on and off, at first.

Then I needed to get something for Rebecca, like a **key** or something and for that had to **enter the hotel**, which I did …

I met that other woman, there, **Shu**, who was some kind of **witch** or sooth-sayer, and she took me aside and gave me a **lesson** … and that's when **Bob joined us, wearing something light-blue,** and he smiled and was willing to go to the clubbing with me. I think I told him where Rebecca was, and he said he'd go and meet her. (Waking up I was wondering what Rebecca was doing there … she had been very sick last year, but had written me recently that she had recovered?!) *In my dream I did **know** that Bob was dead* and that it was wonderful that he was there, *and I even had a side-thought – yes, in the dream! - that it was strange that I was with him, just because he was dead …*

So **Bob** walked around, his tall and healthy and cheerful self, and **I entered** that **building** to get something, wanting to get back out to Rebecca and Bob as soon as possible … but **somehow I never did.**

Yet I did get to tell Bob about ***Shu***, but then I was with her again, and somehow she changed her appearance and came back as a different person, surprising me … and I think that's when the thing with the **pig** happened …

I ran away. From what I don't know … just I ran and ran … and now that I think about it, somehow my (real alive) Uncle Hansi (my mother's brother) had some role in that dream, not friendly, more like a **pursuer**, but also not clearly him, more an impression of him …

I found myself **running down a hill**, don't know where I was heading … only to see a **huge wild pig, size of a cow**, with **sharp long trunks**, **come racing uphill**. *It saw me, and I knew that I couldn't escape …*

So in my dream I thought to myself, "***well, my only chance is to try and fly over it***, *even though I can't really do it in real life, but maybe it works, otherwise there is no change for me to survive …"* So I ran **towards** the **pig and I willed myself up and flew over it** …

… but then I either woke up, or the dream continued differently …

It was very garbled …

Tonight I woke up because of that **heating noise**, and as I sat up, I felt my body-temperature rise suddenly, real high. I got so hot that I broke out in sweat momentarily … but when I calmed myself, it subsided. The vertigo got less … and in the morning it was pretty much gone.

(*Note/edit: The heating would shut lower in the early morning. I've been thinking that the* ***reason*** *for those* ***vivid dreams*** *and kind events that feel like* ***encounters*** *in the* ***beyond*** *may have been due to the fact that I simply couldn't sleep … so I'd often be in that* ***half-awake state*** *… which is actually the perfect state for … well, "encounters"?)*

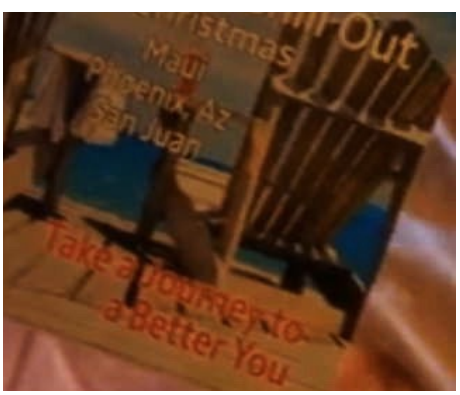
November 15, 2019

I was working intensely on the "Contact Dairy" edit today, and I had to put in a photograph of Bob … it was hard, but it belonged there. And then I asked Bob outright to tell me "right now" that he is watching and is there … and seeing his picture. And I asked him if he had been sick already on the picture (that Peter Rosen had sent me) … and after about two minutes, there was a major ***crackling*** in my window right next to me! Remember the distinct crackling in the windows of my Vienna apartment? It has only crackled three times here, so far … ***only*** when I had demanded a response from Bob, when I had been also in a very strong energetic state. Like now. I'm like brimming. I'm in a very focused tense writing mode, because it's kind of a hard work, but it's getting easier, as I discovered that I can sort the pictures I edited for size and thus gave them a later date, by date of creation …

And that ***crackling*** now … it sounded like some pushing against the frame and the glass … like some energetic push like from a small explosion.

November 15, 2019

Okay. So I started watching the silly Xmas-movie "*Noelle*", and what do I find? Shirley McLaine holds a magazine to the camera, where there are three Xmas-destinations, the first "**Maui**", and it reads "**Take A Journey to A Better You".**



Makes me cry right away. Geez, I got to live on Maui for many years. What am I crying about anyway … that's what people might think.

See … *of course* my nose gets stuck right into "Maui" although I watch a movie about the fucking North Pole. Okay … kept watching … **Hawaii** all over … all to a shopping mall clerk who really really wants to take a trip to Hawaii. (And in the end, she does.)

I saw the most amazing "**puka**" (hole in the "sky") today, in the very West … amazing, a door to heaven, so much reminiscent of Maui … Is that supposed to greet me, comfort me or haunt me?

November 15, 2019 **– Keanu and Sponge-Bob**

OMG! Just discovered, that Keanu Reeves plays a **sage** in the form of a ***tumble weed*** in "*SpongeBob*". Seriously?

Is the universe fucking kidding me? Or fucking with me? That's what Bob used to say, that he thought the universe was fucking with him.

What you need to know is, that "***tumble weeds***" will forever connect me with Anza, the place that Bob is from and where his cremains ended up at … because at our first visit there, we took a long stroll in the area, and that's where I saw tumble weeds for the first time, rolling over the plains. I will never forget that. It's one of the **most precious Bob moments** ever. *And now **Keanu** is playing a **tumble weed**?* Universe, are you fucking with me now?

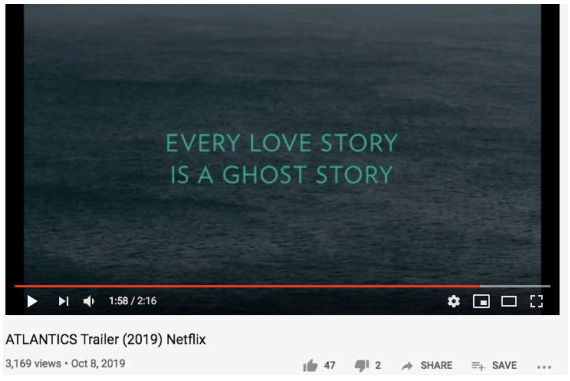
Plus: In the animation movie "*White Snake*" which I saw next to the "Sponge Bob" ad, that attracted my attention because I thought I saw Keanu Reeves' head in there …. someone says (subtitles, because it's in an Asian language): "**Your fate is in stone**."

November 15, 2019 **– Atlantics**

Okay … here it is now, I knew something big was coming for tonight. I was in for a movie, really wanted to get my mind of "things" and wanted to watch a few trailers. One was for the film "**Atlantics**". I wanted to switch it off because it was too confusing for me … until there was a *haunting score and* the full screen shot of a *slowly heaving ocean*. This combination got me so deep that I felt *tears welling up* and something so *familiar* was in there … having seen the wide wide ocean on Maui so often, having said to Bob "This is a tiny island in the middle of the Pacific". I loved to be there. I was at home there.

I had talked to Bob earlier, watching trailers, thinking again how many movies are made and *how close Bob and I had come to be really making films*, with money and all … and I had said to Bob out loud, because I totally deeply felt it: "***I can't do it without you, and you know it, Stoneman, you know it, don't you? I can't do anything without you."*** And I fucking meant it. Tearing up again.

Then I watched that trailer for "***Atlantics***" … and that haunting ocean shot came on … and a writing appeared on it: "Every love story" … faded out, then faded into …



… "is a ghost story".

I was so shocked … I had to stop the trailer. Just earlier … about going to Maui in that movie … "Take a journey to the better you". Yes, it was my better you. It was me there. I was really I there. With Bob. In Pukalani. Bob is dead. He was my better me, too.

I'm not fine. I'm writing a contact diary. I say things to my dead partner. Can't say them to anyone else.

Earlier, a picture frame dropped forward in my kitchen. I only heard a noise, was in the bathroom, and Jacqui was totally spooked. I didn't see what it was … only after a while, when I went to get something sweet, I saw the dropped picture frame, with a drawing of a ***bird*** that Eric has made. Nothing ever dropped. Except when I'm in tears because I've just read "*Every love story is a ghost story*" …? What are the odds?

Later I read up on the movie, and maybe I'll watch it sometime. It's apparently about a **young dead man** who comes back to his fiancée, and they have a **relationship**. Yey. It's a 2019 Cannes film prize winner too. It's pure fulfillment of wishful thinking.

November 16, 2019 **– Prancing Clouds**

I saw two **clouds** today, I could swear they were **prancing** right in front of me! The way they were on top of each other, then lined up, as if they were holding hands, the separated … it was a spectacle!

I don't want to interpret something into every second cloud, but remember, Bob's and my creed is "clouds are thoughts" … and I've asked Bob to communicate via clouds, if he can … as I'm open to it!

November 16, 2019 **– The Wise Priest**

I've been having the urge to read all those precious books I discovered in the months after Bob's death in detail, again … but I can't. There is a sense of urgency of writing this contact diary and trying to manifest "Regents of Clouds" … but sometimes I just pick up a printout or go into a random pdf … the writings of

Reverend Charles Drayton Thomas attracted me last night … His book "***Life After Death***" is just miraculous.

What I deduct from all that I've learned, read and experienced so far regarding the life after death … it's absolutely ***not*** about "***letting them go***". No, it's about asking them to make up for the fuck-ups they caused in this realm … especially *because* they are dead and need to work on their energetic quality of consciousness!

There!

Are the discarnates watching us? The Reverend shares about his experiences with his deceased father.

In my earlier researches I found my father eager to show his intimacy with my inner life and outward circumstance. Proofs were given by means of clairvoyance, clairaudience, the direct voice, and trance utterance. When I commenced my series of sittings with Mrs. Leonard the proofs increased and ultimately convinced me of two facts. Firstly, that my father and others in the Beyond are able to observe my actions and my surroundings; also, to visit others they love and acquaint themselves with their daily life. Secondly, that it is easy for them to keep in touch with our inner life; that they can perceive one's thought, mood, emotion and aspiration in a degree seldom or never achieved by those among whom we live. As my sister once remarked, speaking for herself and others, "We know those we love so much more and better than we did on earth."

Also … something interesting, relating to my longing to be with Bob again in "housie":

Father: Perhaps more than for any others we have scope for builders and architects.

C.D.T.: I am rather surprised to hear that.

Father: Well, perhaps they are not more needed than teachers; I ought to have placed teachers and instructors first in the list. But builders are very important because home life is so ingrained a thought in newcomers, people would not know what to do without homes of their own. It is the first thing which settles them, for home gives them a natural, familiar feeling again. And so the home is very important on our sphere, although it ceases to be so after one rises to the spheres above us.

The first thing we do when someone comes over unexpectedly is to help him choose a home, or to find people who will prepare one for him.

The providing of homes is not my work, but I have been interested in observing the way in which it is accomplished. With us it would be quite possible to form a house in a moment, but things are not usually done in that manner. Those who understood building when on earth do it here for a time; it is the same with architects, that is, supposing architecture has been their real and natural vocation. Men are not

November 16, 2019

This morning … after walking Jacqui, I felt so exhausted, that I lied back down and sort of dozed off … but only halfway, I was aware that I was like *"**sucked**" into **housie**, and it felt so real that I was walking there …* I was like reliving the sounds, the smells, the feeling lying there in my beloved Futon bed … and I was drawn into Bob's edit room and I saw all the **post-its** there …

Yes, he tried hard to make up for his failing brain … Maybe I could have helped him like I helped my mother … had he only told me … and had I only been more attentive or outspoken. I noticed many times that he was "off" .. but he had always been a little weird … given that I met him when he was 48, it was very ignorant of me to not take the possibility serious, that he was ill … really ill. He was constantly busy finding and ordering the proper supplements … and he tried them out … so I got to guess that he probably did what could be done on a material substance level to maintain his physical life as long as possible. It would have been fine … had he not met the person who'd then inevitably lead to his total despair and final illness, the producer who forced him to work more than 12 years on a project that was meant to last 6 months.

November 17, 2019 **– Talking In Letters**

On the drive back from visiting my mother I saw amazing license plates … in the pouring rain for the most part.

Three times a car license plate with "BS" in the end, then "962 JO" and "961 DJ", and Jo and DJ that's both my name. Then: "**222 SSB**"! I don't know if it means anything, but seeing them helps me to just stick to the realization of a connection … I've read that doubting keeps destroying the precious "ties" between the "ao", the mortal realm and the "po", the subtle realm … so whenever I see a car license plate with letters and numbers that speak to me swoosh by, I simply take it as a greeting. And sometimes it feels like it "means" something, and I can only go with my spontaneous associations … for example:

"**962 JO"** and **"961 DJ"** means that there is a kind of "chronology" of "me being me", (Jo is my nickname and DJ are the initials of my real first name) and it's a little backwards, because the higher number came first … and that can mean that I'm doing things at an advanced age that "normally" younger women should do. That's what I came up with, spontaneously, when I saw "962 JO" and "961 DJ".

November 18, 2019 **– 30, 20**

Went for a walk with Jacqui, and on the field (that we're "doing" like I did with Bob), had a chat with my mother … she sounded so normal, has been doing that in the last weeks, more and more … I'm happy about that. And as I looked up, I saw the strangest **clouds**, real numbers, a "**3 0**" and a "**2 0**" … it really looked like numbers!

And just then, a huge **bird of prey** showed up right between them and crossed the field, circled, then left … *(**Note**: I'm editing this for image size now in January 2022, and my current new license plate number is 320, and in my neighborhood here in Velden, one of the first things I noticed was a house number "20" with a car always parked in front of it with the license plate number "30 SM".)*

November 18, 2019

Last night I discovered ***thanatos.tv*** … with amazing reports of Near-Death-Experiences, in German and English … I watched like mesmerized several of them … wow. Life really does go on in the beyond. I wrote to the filmmaker Werner H. last night, and he immediately responded … and he was very polite and lovely and will forward on the info about Stewart et al I sent him to interested people – which is great! I brought

to his awareness Gary E. Schwartz … which may have been the point of this, as Werner told me he would go on an interview-tour through the USA soon!

November 19, 2019 **– The Inseparable Mushrooms**

I took Jacqui on a walk, which turned into a hike, and I discovered the most wonderful round-tour for a perfect little forest-walk! At the little *ridge* where *the fire salamander* had been I did not turn back this time, but I continued walking little ways uphill, then the path took a sharp right turn and began to descend!

Jacqui and I ended up at a lovely weird little pond, flown through by a creek and filled with bright green slender pointed leaves …

This forest always gets me very deeply in thoughts … often in tears … those bright green leaves attracted my attention. I first thought they had fallen in, but then I saw that they had stems, so those were actual plants. The way the water reflected the sky and the trees made me think that it was meant to be some kind of communication device, and I almost expected ripples there, to tell me that Bob or someone else was present. But no ripples.

But I felt kind of breathless, as if something was "waiting". But I said to myself that I must stop trying to "see" something, that's not how it works. Instead, I had made it a habit to remind myself that I was supposed to focus on the here and now to allow "impressions" to come into my mind, which only works when one doesn't actively think or ponder …

So I walked on, and I found ***two egg mushrooms*** (Cantharellus cibarius), and I sniffed at one, and that was lovely. But I let them grow, although I thought of eating them …

The path lead smoothly downhill, through a totally quiet forest … even the noise from the highway across the valley was barely to be heard … along a lovely path around a gulch. And almost at the bottom of it, I realized that I'd reach the other path again that would lead me straight to where we had started out … and as I look to the side, I saw **Parasol mushrooms**!

My favorites! A whole bunch, in the leaves! Right there, next to me! And I thought, *"Yey, I'm totally gonna eat those, because snow will come and then they'll be gone, anyway."*

I also thought "Wow, maybe that's why I had to follow that path, too?", so I picked the mushrooms up, altogether … and: ***surprise***!

They were **two couples and a single**!

Couples! Mushrooms! Yes!

And the couples were ***grown together by their heads!*** First I only realize the smaller pair was totally connected, and breathlessly, I took pictures. But then I saw that the bigger couple was also **connected**! By their heads, too!

They had single stems, but their umbrella-heads were grown together! *I have never ever ever seen anything like that*, and I've gone to pick mushrooms many times and must have found thousands of mushrooms! Immediately it flashed into my mind "***connected by the head means connected by thoughts***" … And that relates to me and Bob. Does he know what I'm thinking? Does it work when I "project" my thoughts towards him, or rather, when sharing food with him, my "impressions" and my "emotions" and the "energy of the food" and the "energy of the experience of eating and drinking"?

So I immediately thought that this was an answer, and the answer was "***yes***".

On the way back … I was so … numbed, in a way. Of course I took the mushrooms with me (and I did steam and eat them later … they were soft like butter and so tasty!)

I saw a **tree** that reminded me so much of Bob's face and his thin frame in the end … and I got upset, like always, when I walk by the reeds and see the damage the damn **beavers** are doing all over the place. They just destroy other animals' living space, too, I hate that.

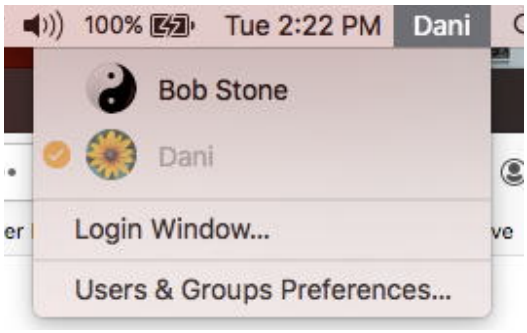
Plus, I got to say …

Watching the ***videos on thanatos.tv*** gives me so much relief and hope and joy! And confirmation! I mean, people talk about what Stephen describes and what Betty describes … just literally! The expansion of self, the human-shaped light-beings, the realization of the oneness along with the individual self-experience that remains intact … just wonderful. There is a reason why I stumbled across that website, right?

I was looking for a certain Austrian woman who had talked, many years ago, about speaking with her dead husband all the time, so I googled something like "speaking with dead husband", and that lead me to a video at thanatos.tv (I didn't find the woman, though.)

November 19, 2019

Okay, I saw a video on Thanatos.tv - about **seeing without the eyes**!



I won't go into that too much, but get this: People are training other people to virtually see blindfolded! Really to replace the actual visual sense, the eyes by what they call "intuition" … the lady who does that, Evelyn Ohly, said that she, of course also supports the idea that our consciousness is simply able to, well, see … independently from the brain.

Ever again, **Bob** seems to remind me directly that we are still together … **like "222"** along with his and my ***Log-In-symbol, that he established on my laptop*** … that he bought for me.

November 20, 2019 **– Thanatos Messengers**

The messages continue: I have realized today, that what the people on Thanatos.tv are sharing about things their dead loved ones have told them, *that may as well be, in part,* ***Bob*** *speaking to me.* And my out-of-body-experience in Africa about 1989 when I was sick with Malaria is gaining much more relevance, now.

So my questions to Bob are now:

"Are you willing and able to really work with me on the Bridge, or do you want or need me to release you?"

November 20, 2019 **– Homesickness**

Something did bring me to tears right now …

I listened to the Thanatos.tv-interview with Bo Katzman, then went to his website and saw *a picture of Bob and me in front of the ocean and of Kahakuloa and the West-Maui-mountains* … no, not really, but to me it looked like it.

It's just a picture of the ocean, but also has the plane and the hand-holding couple, and it does look like the outline of West-Maui that I saw so often from our home in Pukalani … and yes, it makes me cry very hard right now. It's actually a musical that's advertised by this cover, and it's called "**Heiweh-Fernweh**", meaning "Homesickness-Farsickness" (although the German "Heimweh" is misspelled, or it's some Swiss version of the same word), the longing for being home far away … that's exactly what I'm feeling.

I thought yesterday so intensely of Maui and how I long to be there … but not without Bob. And he won't be there with me ever again, not in this mortal life. So I can't go ever again to the place I love most in this world.

November 20, 2019 **– Maybe too much Truth?**

Now I wrote a bitter harsh email to Joyce to stop keeping Bob's cremains in that damn box in their parents' bedroom! I watched a bit of an interview with a mortician … and I realized again how wrong everything was that happened around Bob's death … and I just got angry and had to tell her that it's fucked up to not give Bob a memorial service and bury those remains of his physical shell!

Dammit! Maybe they won't ever speak to me again … hahaha! Like they ever have! Joyce still owes me answers to questions I asked months ago. I can't even think of the things that went on when she was with Bob … My mistake to leave her alone with him. I had trusted that she "knew" him, but she didn't. It took days until he got his beloved morning coffee, because she didn't know he drank coffee. And she was unable to communicate … it must be in the family, I can't think of a different explanation. She got organic food for Bob, thinking that he ate junk food! Bob … who has always been a freak about organic food. They simply didn't talk, and she didn't ask him the right questions … Jesus, I can't think. I'm not blaming her, I'm blaming myself. I thought it was okay for me to stay in Austria to be able to send them the meds and herbs Bob needed … but I totally underestimated the damage that had done to him at the hospital … the shock of the "death sentence" by the doctor, the antibiotics shock with vomiting for days and the bad cough, likely a kind of lung inflammation … and that after we had struggled so hard to have his poor body recover. The tumor was shrinking, but I think his body couldn't handle the tumor's toxins any more, along with the herbs he was taking … and as I learned later, if a tumor disintegrates very fast, that can be an immense burden on an already weak organism. So people can die because (!) their cancer disappears …

How fucked up are we really as human machines … no, how fucked up is our non-understanding of our physical selves on a general-education level?! Why are doctors supposed to know that? Why can doctors fuck up like the one who ruined Bob's recovery?! Bob crying on the phone at the hospital … I'm really looking forward to the afterlife right now.

Okay, I must stop it now.

November 21, 2019 **– The Crashing Branch**

I got the ultimate stop sign right into my face today. At least, I think it's a stop sign, meaning "***shut the hell up and listen***"! I was walking with Jacqui along the creek again, where the beaver damage keeps upsetting me … and I was talking with Bob again, out loud.

It was about what he needs from me and about the talk we're gonna have on Saturday (when the medium I. O. was going to do a phone session with me) …

So suddenly I looked *to the left* and far away in the forest there was a tree with *chewed off bits of its bark*, and I ***stopped***, to see better and thought, "Wow, what kind of animal is so tall to chew that high, at least, two and a half meters high?"

And I hadn't even finished that thought … when **a loud noise** next to me *at my right hand side* happened … and I turned my head, saw Jacqui sprint backwards … and a huge **branch** (!) like three meters long and heavy, **broke from a branch high up and crashed down next to me into the swamp.**

I'm not talking sliding or gliding, I mean ***crashing***, and that was a big fat branch, and it ***made a hell of a noise!*** Right next to me! And I ***mean next to me***! Literally! Next to my right shoulder! *It had fallen from the tree next to me!*

So I stood there, dumbstruck, gasping, motionless … and I immediately had the thought in my mind that it probably meant "**Shut up!"** Yup, it made me speechless. Since then I've been trying to think what I must think, and then have a time to let my thoughts wander, and then have a phase during a hike of a walk when I consciously focus on the here and now.

Okay … I found more yellow ***egg mushrooms*** right after that … and it's very late in the year for them, nearly impossible for egg mushrooms to be anywhere … and this time I picked them, and I ate them, later, back home.

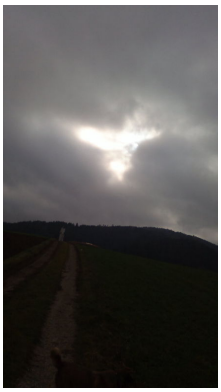
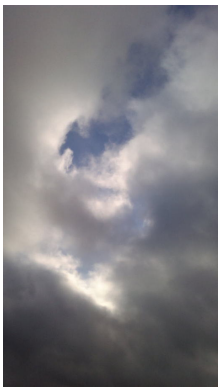
Yes, I had wished to find egg mushrooms for a while and had told my mother about it … so it was a *manifestation* of sorts.

So yes, I'm in a phase of transition, too. My Self is definitely … evolving.

November 22, 2019 **– A Puka Again**

I missed a day this week. I could have sworn it's Thursday, today, but it's Friday.

Miraculously, a **US-literary agent or manager** who I queried last night responded! **Italia Gandolfo**, she is interested in the Hawaii project and is looking for those for a … very strange. It was almost a shock to be asked to *send over whatever I deem proper*. Wow.

Also "strange": Taking a long walk today, the most obvious "puka" appeared right in front of me in a very odd shape, and right above me a long blue streak of sky showed itself in the gray clouds. It was like exactly above me the clouds had parted …

I got very emotional today, again … the feeling of missing Bob is so strong and painful so often … I feel so much love for him … and it came to my mind what I had read about the ***"heart energy***" in Gary E. Schwartz's book, that it's a real energy and reaches people and things … *so "love" isn't just an attitude, it's an energetic process.* But I know all that … I had written thousands of pages about this, in my project "We Creators of the World", a book for which I had researched for almost fifteen years, before I met Bob …

When someone says "my heart goes out to you", it means literally that, energetically. So I called to mind the people I wanted to send that heart energy to, Bob and Peter and Sigi and my unborn daughter and many others … it felt like it really worked and arrived, and that's when another big crying bout came …

So it felt like a very insightful journey, today. And coming home I realized that I sort of had missed a day … no idea, where Thursday went.

I did talk on the phone with my mother today … she had bought herself a new pajama and was all happy … we can talk better than ever before … I have to accept that she simply doesn't want to do anything with me … or with anyone. But it bothers me that she refuses to do something about the mold in her bedroom and toilet … I will have to bring her something and insist …

Then I took an entirely new route … and I saw some license plate numbers of parked cars and the memory of Bob's "MEA 910" came to my mind … like "VK 910 CC". Recently I've been thinking that it's kind of strange that Bob's car's license plate number meant so much to me, ever since I saw it first, in May 2020 … and that "mea" means "thing" also in the sense of an event or just something of meaning … and September 10 (9/10) was the last full day I ever spent with Bob.

As I walked by the "910", a few houses further: a **lovely rabbit with an angel**.

Today I had a horrible **dream**, though, of losing Jacqui, as a woman simply took him … and he went with her because I had trained him to stay with strangers … then I wanted him back but she was gone, and I was desperate. It was around some kind of **hotel** or spa … and when I found the woman again, who had obviously bathed Jacqui, as his fur looked like my silk carpet after a hot wash, curly and frizzy, *I threw her against a wall, then to the ground and I kicked her and hit her* … and I heard how her skull cracked several times … it was horrible, but I couldn't help hitting and kicking her again and again … somehow I didn't allow her to say anything, I was just so angry …

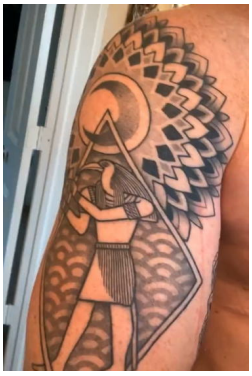
And there was some other aspect to that dream, that's very elusive right now, something about fighting, in a martial arts kind of manner, no idea what that means …

November 23, 2019 – Though Long Time Coming

I realized today a special aspect of grief: If you lose someone you've been waiting for, for a long time, and just when you're about to hit it off (again) he or she dies, that means that you remain with *unfulfilled longing* for your remaining mortal life time, all your *imaginations* about that person will haunt you until you die. Yes, those inner images that you've been making … they'll haunt you. You made plans, you were seeing yourself with that person … and it will never happen now, all that you've imagined. The power of creative imagination still has "made" those visions of the future, so if they really have the power to manifest – what happens to them, when the person doesn't exist anymore, in the flesh?

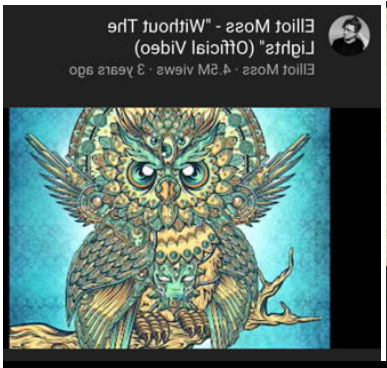
What you imagine tends to come true, once the impetus is out there, the "vision" "strives" to "come true". Now … does that include the beyond? If so, that would be simply great. *Because it means that everything I had so clearly in mind about my future with Bob will play out "one day" and come true.* In a world, where there are no days anymore in a mortal sense. It must be like this. Because – what happens, otherwise, with those "blueprints" of future events that we make up in our minds? Of course this concerns all of them, not just those related to a now dead loved one.

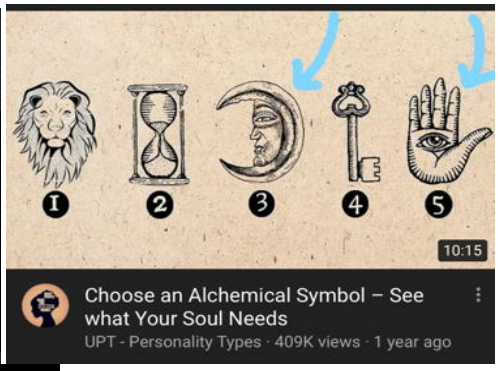
And then …? I wrote about these things in "We Creators" at great lengths! Years before I even met Bob. Well, hopefully we'll get to fulfill your yearnings in the afterlife.



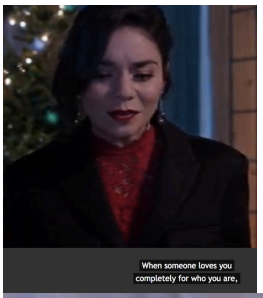
Now look at this:

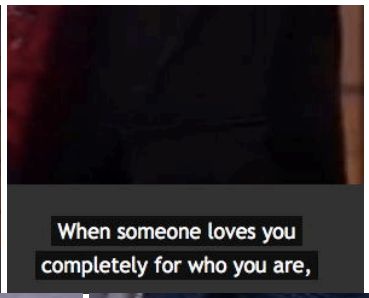
Not knowing about my philosophical musings, "C" sent me a beautiful collection of images … *owls, horus' eye, the moon and references to death* …! Wow, it's a depiction of what I just described … what was on my mind, and I swear, way before I even opened an email today! And when I looked at the desert image, I saw – *tumble weeds*! They may just be dried bushes, but don't they somehow relate to what I just discovered, that Keanu is going to play a sage in a tumble weed or a dried sage bush? And further Horus-references have popped up in her awareness, she wrote, or were simply sent to her by her social media friends – and they did not know that we're dealing with those subjects! It's all a giant network, folks.

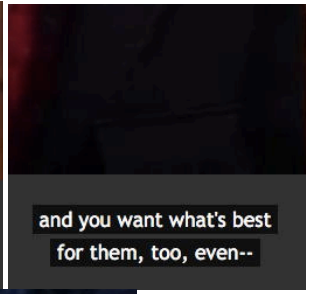


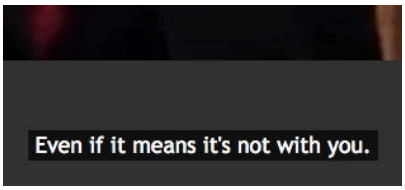


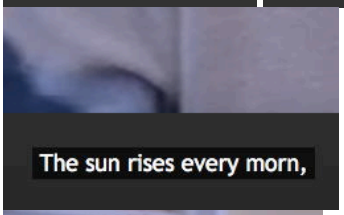
Earlier, watched a totally silly movie, "*The Knight Before Christmas*", a love story about time travel … but still, there were sentences in it that totally "spoke' to me.

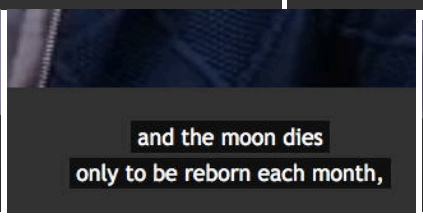


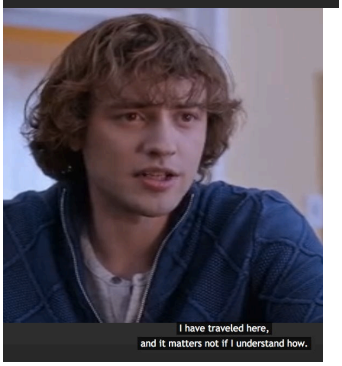












November 24, 2019 – **Talking With Bob & Sigi**

Okay.

The phone conversation with the medium was an interesting thing. First, it was entirely disappointing. First, the medium had mis-noted the time, and she had thought 11 p.m., but it was 10 p.m. which she confirmed. She was in the middle of cooking dinner, when I called her as agreed. So well, I thought, fine, that has a reason. I wait an hour. Bob likes food, so …

Then it was suddenly not the mother who'd "receive" the messages, but the daughter, of who I had not heard anything, ever! I. O. was the "medium", officially, as I had seen her on Thanatos.tv … but since I'm open to anything, I thought fine, I'll see how that goes.

The whole thing was supposed to be in German … and I. said that she'd of course communicate via mental transmission, no matter the language. But then, I had the clear impression of a "cold reading", that seemed to have nothing to do with anything "Bob" or me. The way it worked – the daughter made a hell of a clunking noise, at first I didn't know what it was, but she wrote down on some typewriter what "Bob was saying". This means, it appeared in the daughter's mind! As soon as I realize that, I was critical. But the mother asked Bob the questions, out loud, after I had spoken them.

(Sigh.) I was very close to stopping this soon … but somehow it was some kind of "research" for me.

The daughter was clearing simply uttering what first came into their mind, and what she said could have literally related to any person on the planet, it was so general and superficial that I almost laughed. My own questions to Bob were:

Do you have a question?

Does the sharing of food and sensual impressions work?

What can I do for you, can I get you something?

Are we working on the project "The Bridge" together? (yes, definitely, was the answer)

Who is with you?

Shall I do something about Taylor Camp?

What are you doing?

So Bob "told" the medium via her daughter … that "he didn't have a job yet" … and that "he wanted to stay with me and keep being around". Well, that sounded nice.

Both ladies sounded so nice, that I simply kept going, asked my questions and the daughter answered. But at some point, when I started to be totally unsatisfied, …

… the phone connection suddenly broke off.

I didn't touch the phone, and I don't know what happened from their side, but it was over, and I thought, okay, good, that's a sign. I meant to just say good bye to them and called back. But I felt sorry for them and thought, well, maybe there are glimpses of real connections in there, and so I kept asking. When *I felt a sudden drop in energy and said so*, the medium told me *that her other daughter had just left the room and was leaving* (so she had said good-bye to her, in the middle of a "session", mind you). I felt more disappointed … phew, I thought, great learning.

The two ladies kept talking, and pretty much nothing fit. I started asking concrete things about what had happened recently … "*something breaking, a broken cup*" said the daughter, *"something about a wet floor"* … weird, didn't fit. Then came numbers … 5 and 6, didn't fit. These numbers kind our shot out of the daughter's mouth. Then: 48. That's an important one alright (the frequency of sound in video production, that Bob kept teaching me about). Still, I didn't feel this was working. I also asked the same question several times but differently, and the answers were differently, each time.

Then I asked Bob *who else was there with him*, and first there was his grandmother. Of course, I thought, most everyone in their sixties had a dead grandmother … geez. Then another motherly figure .. and they said the name "*Manu*". I immediately thought of the *Hawaiian word "manu", which means "bird"* and I thought intensely of Raylene Kawai'ae'a, a speaker in my Hawaii documentary who had died in a car accident, years ago (alone in her truck, drove into a tree), but that was likely my wishful thinking. The daughter came up with *feathers* she saw around the woman (well, that fit the "bird"), and I thought, with sarcasm, well, they better be *yellow* (fitting to Hawaiian tradition). And the medium herself answered, not the daughter: *yellow*. Got my attention now. They told me that Bob said that he was "*playing billard*" and

"*golf*" there, in the afterlife. Okay, I do know that the coloring from the "station's" subconscious is always a matter, so I said to myself that I'd think about that when the conversation was over. Bob loved to play and goof around.

I asked again who was with Bob, and they said "*a younger man" who I also had liked very much*, … and I thought immediately of Michael C., and later Mike K., two men Bob and I had worked with, and who had died suddenly. I had been very fond of Michael C. But then the daughter suddenly said he had *died in a motorcycle accident* … and none of them had. Still, it was so certain. The *numbers 5 and 6 came up again, and the 4 and 48 again*.

Well, I had a strange feeling when I. O. described "Bob", but it wasn't really Bob who she described … like "*rugged looking with long dark hair" and lose clothes* … and at first, I didn't realize what and who she was "seeing".

They also told me that Bob and I would be together again, "*in a wooden house*". That was interesting, as we had lived in a wooden house on Maui. I asked about "Taylor Camp", and first there was a warning, to not go there (note: The entire conversation was in German), and then, as I asked the question differently, the answer was, it would get me important connections.

One interesting thing was that the medium asked about Bob's death, if he had to die the way he did or if it was too early … *He said it was absolutely right, because otherwise I'd have never dealt with the subject "death" the way I did now.* Okay, that got me some deep shivering and an emotional flash, as that's entirely true. But that fits a lot of people who have lost a loved one. The talk also came to *me having already a very good connection with Bob*, and *that I should continue*, and I should *keep listening*, *I could communicate with him directly quite well*, … so, okay, I thought, I like where this is going.

Well,

I started to work towards stopping the conversation and lead the talk to Ingrid herself, the medium, and she shared about an upcoming talk and that she'll be *videotaped*, and I ended up giving her a lot of advice about the taping. (She called me some other day for more help, and I wrote an entire manual for video-taping for her, as she had a total beginner do the taping, only to tell me later that someone else had done the taping, and all my effort were pretty much for nothing. Wow, that was a learning, too.)

Then I was kind of worked up and confused and disappointed and all … and went to bed soon. I didn't sleep well … but I had very very vivid dreams, something about me holding a *huge long wooden pointed stick,* like a "lance" … and one of the most important people in my life, who had passed away in about 2010, *Lance* Lumsden came to my mind, too …

And then I heard my young female neighbor come home with her friend, also a female voice, and they rumbled and sang and cheered, obviously drunk. I didn't mind that, I was so "heavy", I thought I'd fall asleep right away again anyway …

BUT:

Suddenly, they broke out *in a very unusual lullaby-song*: "La, le, lu, nur der Mann im Mond schaut zu …": "… *the man in the moon is watching*".

Oh wow, I thought.

That's Bob, the moon man. I can totally imagine that he had been watching …

In the morning, I had a different feeling about the events of the night, and during my first walk with Jacqui I let the impressions come, and they were quite interesting.

So I thought again about the numbers … 48 … relating to the sound frequency 48000, I had just recently seen amazing license plates again, with "**48 CY**", and I had thought about that too …

Now, what happened this morning, before I began to write everything down, was, that my mind kind of "opened" like a dark cloud to let the blue sky shine through … and images popped in. I had thought about *a friend of mine*, *yesterday*, yes, on the day of the "session", before the session, and his name was "*Flocki*". He had a baby daughter named "*Bernadette*", and then he died in a motorcycle accident, when we both were in

our early twenties. He was the nicest guy ever … and then my heart really started racing when I realized that a few nights ago I had watched one of the very few movies I even watched all the way through, online, "*Where did you, go, Bernadette?*" I had thought of Flocki intensely *yesterday*!

So when I thought about "Flocki", I suddenly flashed back to my time with ***Sigi***, my former partner and drug addict (who had impacted my life during about a decade so heavily, that I had written a book about it and then a screenplay, "Dunst" / "Fog") who had died in October 2016 of cancer. (*Long story, but very odd circumstances of me ending up at the very spot in a deep forest where our very first walk had lead us, near a ruin, just days before he died, but we didn't have any contact then.)* And in our years together, Sigi and I had known a young man, ***Christian***, who had become a very good friend to Sigi, and ***who died in a dramatic motorcycle accident!***

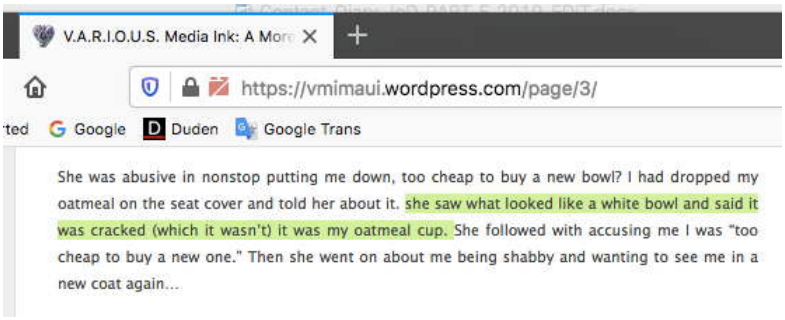
Mit Traurigkeit im Herzen, aber
mit dem Wissen eines Wiedersehens
nehmen wir Abschied von
Siegmund Schiller
05.06.1961 – 16.10.2016
„Die größte Herausforderung der Zukunft
wird es sein, nicht mehr erreichbar zu sein."
(Siegmund Schiller – Facebook 13. Mai 2016)
Sigi ist am 16.10.2016 friedlich eingebettet
in unseren Herzen und Gedanken eingeschlafen.
Die Verabschiedung findet am Donnerstag, den
20. Oktober 2016, um 15:00 Uhr in der
Aufbahrungshalle Annabichl (PAX) statt.

So then, suddenly I realized: Sigi was born on the ***5 of June*** 1961. So there were the **numbers 5 and 6** … and it made entirely sense that the ***medium I. actually described Sigi*** when she thought she'd describe "Bob"! So was Sigi there and not Bob? Or were both there? ***"Rugged looking with long dark hair and lose clothes"*** … yes, that's Sigi.

Sigi speaks my language, *and I had asked of Sigi too, several times, to give me a sign*. So wow, it's entirely possible, isn't it? I. had said that she saw someone who "*didn't care much about his looks*", wow … I thought, no, Bob wasn't like that. But Sigi was. He was a junkie for a lot of his life.

So the *billiard playing and golf playing*, that would entirely be Sigi, not Bob.

Now: The "***broken things, the wet floor, the broken cup***" … Yup! It suddenly made sense!


V.A.R.I.O.U.S. Media Ink: A Mor
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She was abusive in nonstop putting me down, too cheap to buy a new bowl? I had dropped my oatmeal on the seat cover and told her about it. she saw what looked like a white bowl and said it was cracked (which it wasn't) it was my oatmeal cup. She followed with accusing me I was "too cheap to buy a new one." Then she went on about me being shabby and wanting to see me in a new coat again…

(I think it's okay to share, because the entry is on a publicly open account.) As mentioned before, Bob had several times *used* our ***Maui-friend Peter Rosen*** for communicating … and ***Peter had dropped a cup and spilled his food, and I had read that on his blog the day before***, and he was so distraught about it, because it had to do with his 100 years old mother who is increasingly confused … and is likely winding down to pass over. So that was *a story I read several times*, as I felt bad the first time, for having just skimmed over it …

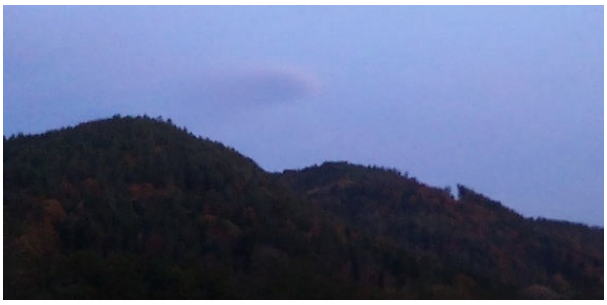
So, yes, altogether it's kind of interesting. I'll see what the aftermath of that will be.

November 24, 2019 **– the Coconut Jar & Orange Intervention**

Took a long walk with Jacqui, and kept asking Sigi if he was the one there last night, with Bob. Nothing. No special occurrence, nothing. Just quiet.

So back home I said to Bob that I might as well assume that he is sitting on my chair, and I can only trust that he is sitting there, as I can't see him, but perhaps he is, so I can talk to him like that.

And I turned around to keep working on preparing our dinner, and I grabbed the **coconut oil jar** – and the thing slipped, no ***jumped*** out of my hand and flew a huge half circle, landed crashing on the stove, bounced off … we are talking about a glass jar here! … and ***flew*** on to the ground and towards the chair ***where Bob was sitting***.



I immediately thought "Okay, thank you, made your point", and I had also the immediate thought "***coconut girl***", *what Bob had called me so often*, after the song by Brother Nolan …

Ha, how crazy I've gotten. Even a sneaky "penis" cloud can make me say "Hello" to Bob.

So the flying and bouncing and crashing coconut oil jar … that was also something I have ***never*** experienced before, but I know someone who has: ***I have seen Bob lose stuff out of his grip like that***, stuff flying and bounding and crashing and him gesticulating, kind of funnily … it is no coincidence that it happened just minutes after me having asked him to sit down on that chair … towards which the jar actually flew … it was *uncanny*. The fact that it was an actual hard heavy object, that kind of ***levitated out of my hands for no, reason***, my hands were not wet or slippery and I was focused, just that really felt like an energetic intervention …

So then I sat down on the chair to write it down, and as I asked Bob "Shall I write this down?" thinking "is that real the way I think it is?" I also immediately said "Oh, sorry am I sitting on you?" I had to laugh.

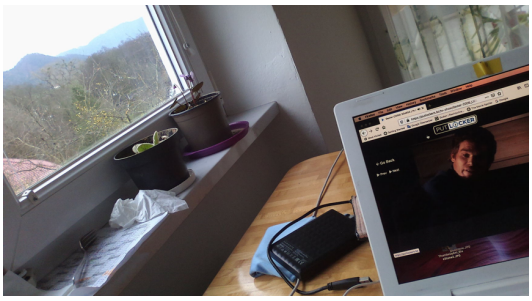
It's an atmosphere of the kind of ***joking*** we so often had, Bob and I, and why we called our home at Haulani Street 222 the **"House of laughter".**

So, here is something new (a little later):

I said to Bob, after the coconut incident, "Well, if you now also give me something with the **orange**, then (I'll totally believe you're here)". Why: Because I've got one single **orange** left, and it sits on the counter, *unable to move anywhere*, of course.

So then I started dinner, shared with Bob, and I had the urge to watch a movie, and started one … ("Ms. Purple" … interesting choice, now that I think about it.) But after just a few minutes, I felt the absolute urge to watch "**Dexter**", the series Bob and I had enjoyed so so much. So I found it free online, and I chose the very first episode.

The first thing Dexter says is ***"Tonight's the night***."



And even though *I've heard Bob say this a thousand times* and also "Dexter", somehow I hadn't realized that Bob was *quoting Dexter*. Everytime "Dexter" was on, Bob would say to me, sometime during the day "Tonight's the night!", and I knew he meant we'd be watching Dexter. We always had a blast watching TV-series or movies together, got wonderful chips and salsa and cake and sweets, and we just indulged. It was paradise.

So I see and hear Dexter say "Tonight's the night."

And I was struck emotionally. He is pursuing some guy … then enters his car, and then at the next shot of the car from behind, I see: the **orange**. Florida, Miami Beach has an **orange** on the license plate.

You know, I think Bob stuck it right into my face.

I have the feeling of absolute reality about it all. But I miss him so much, still. I'm mortal, after all. And he is invisible.

Of course … a **rabbit** showed up with Dexter …!

Well, I., the medium, said last night *Bob would be waiting for me.* S're. Anyway, watching "**Dexter**".

November 25, 2019

Went to Velden again, to see my mother and help her get rid of the mold in her bedroom. (That worked.) Before that, I took J for a short walk in a *forest* nearby, and I know the place, used to go there with Kimba and Sigi, too.

This time, I got a very stunning impression:

A **truck** *full of very heavy stones* (that had been dug out from the top of the hill) drove down the hill and right by Jacqui and me.

At first I only found it weirdly strange, and then it hit me: **I was witnessing "stones" being brought "down the hill".** It had been a very painful thought that I hadn't been with Bob in his last hours, but also that nobody accompanied his body down the hill when the coroner had picked him up … *"Going down the hill"* had been such a winged word for us. Bob would ***"go down the hill"*** all the time, as we lived in Pukalani, upcountry, and to run errands or go to Costco, we'd "go down the hill". I had thought about it so often in the last months … again and again … and it makes me cry every time.

The last time Bob "went down the hill" to never come back home, he was all alone and strangers drove him.

So today, I walked behind a truck that was transporting huge white stones down a hill.

*The photo above was actually **shot by Bob himself**, on September 8, 2018, three days before I left, and it shows the way "up the hill", from Kahului to Pukalani on Maui. Something strange: **Fingerprints show in it.** I have never ever seen that before.*

In our days together, Bob would leave the house to go down the hill, but just five minutes later, without having even arrived down the hill, he'd *call* me and *ask me if he could get me anything*. Always he did that.

Now I've been asking him recently a lot ***if I could "get him anything".*** That was even one of the questions that I shared with the medium …

Well, since going down the hill is so tightly connected to "getting something for him", maybe he was telling me that he is ***aware of the question***, and that there is actually something I could get him, or he wants me to tell me ..?

Is it code for "I heard your question, and I'm going to tell you"?

For example do I also really need to know if that sharing of the essence of food and the projecting of joy towards him really reaches him. And if he is in a special situation, being "near" me … Or not? I need to know those things.

Something strange happened, too.

When I drove back to Griffen (from visiting my mother), I stopped in Völkermarkt to return a dehumidifier that I had bought for my mother. She totally refused it … so I got the money returned. It was dark when I left the store, and the road, a country road, between Griffen and Völkermarkt scares the crap out of me because of the racing cars … so I decided to turn onto the highway for the remaining six kilometers. And I said out *loud "You know, it's so much safer here!"* And just then **my car got hit by what could have been a small stone** or rock, but on the right the passenger's side (!) where there is only landscape. The cars were overtaking on the left side, and the lanes were, of course, separated by some structure. I was so baffled! I even thought maybe someone had *shot* at me.

But I did realize right away that my own fears should not lead me into some situation that I deem "safer" or "safe". The *sharp* sound of that *stone hitting my car* was scary. I thought what if it had hit the window?

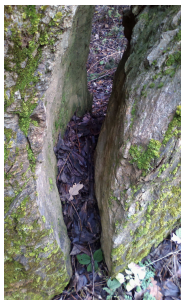
Anyway.

I had bad **dreams** tonight, stressful, somehow. When I woke up and wanted to get up, I couldn't. My back hurt so much as if it was broken. I had to slowly slide to the other side, crouch down and consciously move very slowly to be able to get up! I have never had that before. It felt like I was damaged, as a body, that is. Very strange. In fact, my body is in kind of good shape, actually. **But I've seen Bob get out of bed like that.** In our last weeks together, so broken and yet so filled with the will to make it … that he'd even exercise with me on the lanai!

November 26, 2019 **– A Stone at the Crossroads**

Just when I think the area can't hold any more "signs" for me (*note/edit: and I was only at the beginning, back then*) I find another new forest path and I face: a big **broken stone**. At a crossroads.

Geez, can it get more symbolic?

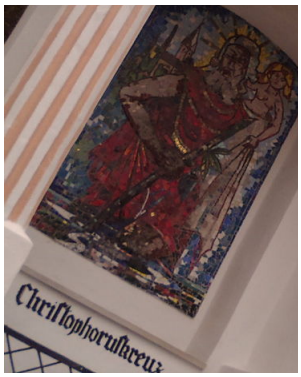


When I first met Bob, he was working with a camera man by the name of Herb Squires who had his own little show at Akaku Maui public access community TV (where I did my studio-training), and it was named "*Maui at the Crossroads*" … is there anything about the "broken stone at the crossroads" that relates to Bob's life and my question about when his troubles with his mind started? Were they always there, all through our relationship, like I suspected? Is that a hint? I mean, I just found a broken stone at a crossroads?! How many of those have you found?

Walking on I realized that it's really a matter of the development of the physical body, also depending on the very mortal system of genetics, what becomes of the "Self". And the Self is the part of the Soul, that part that's created in this mortal phase. So a damaged emotional world in a human can totally wreck the mind and fuck up the entire life.

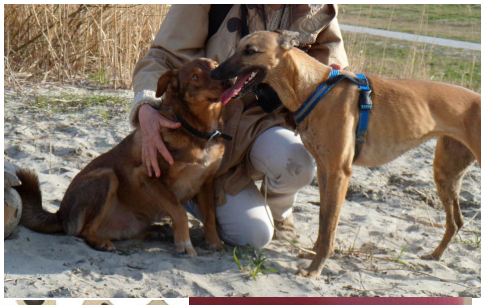
Been there. Done that.

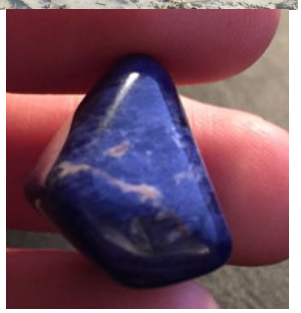
Right after that I came across a ***Saint-memorial of St. Christophorus*** with an eye above it … I had to photograph it, but I do think it's kind of "on the nose", that eye. I can't see a "message" in everything, can I? Yet, it felt important.



November 26, 2019 **– Two Dogs Mirrored**

"C" finally got back to me, she wasn't well, I knew it … I think she isn't walking the path she is supposed to … she found a ***blue stone***, a Sodalith, just like the one I found, but mine was raw, her's is polished! And I had sent her pictures of **Jacqui and his old friend Slughi** … And look what she sent me that had just appeared in her social media "awareness"? A picture that really (!) depicts *two dogs* just like Jacqui and Slughi and the *moon* (!) …





So … I told "C" that it proves to me that Bob is watching … and so is her father … well, all who we think of in the "beyond" are watching … I think I'm supposed to finally "get that" without a doubt.

I keep watching "Dexter" and sticking my pictures into my contact diary and share food and "hot black" with Bob. It's very paradisical … in a way. (Hahaha, good one.)

Last night my mother called me (!) to share how happy she was about me having gotten rid of the mold. Oh wow. This is good. I'm hoping for the best.

November 28, 2019

I've been glued to "Dexter" for several days … it feels like being connected to Bob through it like never before since his death … as if he was watching with me. *We loved to watch it* … but I can't stand hearing the theme music at the beginning and the end … it catapults me right back to Maui and to our house … it's so painful. I always mute that part.

I've been working on sticking the pictures into the original version of my contact diary. And I've been realizing that I'll definitely need to edit my writings and make the story readable for people who are not in my head and who don't know every detail of my and Bob's life.

November 28, 2019 **– Dexter, the Owl & the Ambulance**

Went for a hike through the entire valley with Jacqui … thinking how Bob could prove to me that he is watching "Dexter" with me. Saw two plants that looked so … together. Only those two. No others of that kind around. Of course I'm reading "Bob and me" *into* them.

Also I love this kind of mushroom … they are called "*Schopftintling*" (Coprinus comatus, the shaggy ink cap), and when they are young, they are delicious, but as soon as they begin to turn into blue "ink"-goo, they aren't edible anymore.

I couldn't watch the last episode of season 4 last night, because that's when "Trinity" is caught and killed (I think) and when "Rita" dies. This was traumatic for me and Bob, I remember it.

So right before that episode I walked Jacqui, and it was about 10.30 pm, and I thought how fascinated I was with death. And an **owl** began to cry. That spooked the crap out of me. No way I'd watch that episode after that. Hearing a "**Käuzchen**" (Strix aluco)… in my childhood meant that "**somebody will die**". That bird just wouldn't stop crying … and Jacqui hurried up with his pee, spooked too. I hadn't hear such a cry since my teenagehood.

Hearing that death-related sound when I was watching "Dexter" and thinking how all that dying in that show connected me with Bob … it could have been a message, last night, but I chickened out.

So … this morning I started with season 5 of "Dexter", and yes, it starts with "Rita's" death, gruesome, yikes. All the turmoil, the *ambulance* sounds … I thought how quiet it is where I live, never an ambulance, never a siren ..

Then I walked the field with Jacqui, and I suddenly ***saw a Red Cross ambulance*** at the exit of that field! And I immediately thought, wow, in front of that house with all the Yin Yang and ***owls*** figures (!) that I had been admiring …

Was that Bob's way of telling me *that he is watching "Dexter" with me*? The honored Rev. Drayton Charles Thomas knew about such things very well …

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT OUR FRIENDS IN THE NEXT LIFE KNOW ABOUT OUR SURROUNDINGS AND OUR THOUGHTS

PART 1. CONCERNING OUR SURROUNDINGS

DEATH implies separation. To some this separation seems complete: it is assumed that we can know nothing of our loved one's doings, and that he is possibly in a like ignorance of ours. The heart asks questions which neither Church nor Science can answer. We are free to hope, to imagine, to philosophies, but it is assumed that none can know.

I have written elsewhere on this question and shown that those in the life beyond death are able to come to us and inform themselves of our doings. (See chapter "Our Unseen Observers" in Life after Death: edited by Sir James Marchant. Cassell). The data at disposal may be briefly indicated as: -

1. That which is told us by those who, in their last hours, attain some degree of clairvoyance and who recognise deceased friends around them. The exercise of this clairvoyant faculty by other persons provides evidence supporting the reality of these visions seen by the dying.

2. The experience of trance mediumship and other methods of psychic

Thankfully, no corpse was anywhere, just three Red Cross guys, in a good mood, greeting me, and one of them, the older one, said something along the lines of "*good that the lady has a dog so that she gets out too, when he has to be taken for a walk*" … and I thought that I was an outdoor person anyway, but I nodded back to him and said that he was right.

And jus then ***a large police car drove on the parallel path*** (where the big restaurant parking is) … and like in the scene from "Dexter", where Dexter comes home and sees the ambulance and the police cars in front of his home …

Bob is watching "Dexter" with me.

Got reminded of him also through this **man in a casket** (I never got to say good-bye to his body) in a scene …

Why did I not get to say "good-bye"? Because we are ***not*** separated, that's why, baby?

And something else happened:

I found the "**Oasis of Quiet**". There is a sign at one of the creek paths where Jacqui and I have been walking, and it points to some "Ruheoase", an "**oasis of quiet**", right next to the highway. I always thought *"Right, there is nowhere quiet!",* because even when you are in the forest, you hear the traffic on the highway and on the motorway.

I have always wondered where that sign lead, and today I followed through, and the path crossed the motorway, and suddenly I found myself with Jacqui in a place ***where several creeks meet***, and there is even a small ***tiny island***, and there are **reeds** and the **lake** and meadows and benches. *And it is absolutely quiet there!* Somehow the highway noise is blocked out … and the water is all you can hear … loud, but also a little bit softer, only a few meters away.

The "oasis of quiet" also has a lovely … wait for it: **stone bridge**!

The beautiful sight of the *dew* … kind of reminded me how "unknown" our living circumstances really are to most people.

(Note/edit: Funny thing … I'm right now editing through this section, April 7, 2020, and I just said out lout: "*See the dew*?", and without missing a beat I answered myself "***I dew*.**" Now that would have been a Bob-answer.

November 28, 2019 **– Dexter & the Disca**

Also … when I just watched Dexter remember Rita say that at their first date they never got to properly say "Goodbye", I thought my heart would break again, but then "Dexter" said "Goodbye" to her **on** his boat … I think it was Bob who wanted me to watch these scenes …

and then, soon after, "**Harry**", "*Dexter's" dead father* showed up again … and I realized it REALLY REALLY for the first time, although I had noticed, of course … **it's the dead father. He is a disca.**

And he is always with Dexter. And they are communicating. So is that why I "***needed***" to watch "Dexter"? *Because it's about a dead person in such close communication with a live one?*

I saw a lonely little **yellow** flower petal in the **night**, on a meadow … somehow, it touched me. It was shiny. It kind of felt like a comfort after the spooky owl cry yesterday.

The whole inter-realm relationship thing … I don't know if I'm strong enough for this. I miss him so much. Are human lives so fucked up … having to experience loss and death … because they failed to develop the right attitude towards their bodies, their physical experience?

Yes, that's what it is. If humans knew that their mortal existence is only a phase, an expression of their soul, the making of their Self, or a process of it, they would live and think *differently* … and they would ***not*** feel like they and their world was entirely broken when they have lost a loved one and are left behind with the memories of them. They would realize, though, that the time together is a gift. I've heard that being said in movies a lot of times, and it didn't mean much. I understand it better now. Once the body is sick and dying off, the good-bye simply is a hard painful phase. I think it still will be like that once humans will fully realize who they really are. Because still – they'll have to live through the remainder of their mortal phase without the physical presence of the spirit they've learned to love and depend on. Why they met in the first place … well, that leads way too much here. I've written hundreds of pages about exactly the subject of energetic companionship and interaction in "We Creators …"

There should be a better connection or a direct connection at all between the Disca and the Inca. There will be, one day. I'll do whatever I can in this go-around to support this development. Also for myself … because if I have to or choose to come back into a mortal phase, I really don't want to suffer again.

Thank God I'm already close to 56. But wait, that's about the age that Bob had when he tried to dump me … But I wouldn't let him. I kept coming back. Until I felt enough rejected and couldn't trust him anymore. Even when he said to me in those years that we didn't see each other, that I wasn't on Maui, that it was "time that I came home to him" or that he "missed me". Maybe he really did.

November 28, 2019 **– Raccoon!**

Alright!

Of all places and in all possible circumstances … I finally got to see (!) a real "**raccoon**"! In "***Dexter***"! Season 5 episode 2, the plants a dead raccoon to lure a bad guy … the raccoon challenge has reached it's peak. Mahalo Bob. And all who worked on this.

It's beautiful. Magical. (Not the dead poor raccoon … you get the point.)

November 28, 2019

Dreamed of **Bob** again.

Very strange. *I woke up while dreaming, realizing that I was dreaming*, but ***Bob was so real.*** He wore the Hawaii-shirt that he always wore, and as I approached him and touched him, it was so real that *I thought to myself in my dream*, ***"Can it be? Am I in some kind of in-between-world where I can actually touch him?"*** But I didn't talk to him, but to myself. I consciously and purposefully savored touching Bob and remembering him that way, and it was so intense that I felt my heart beat like a drum – as I found myself awake suddenly.

I realized my dog was looking at me from his bed, but I fell asleep again …

And suddenly ***I was actually with Bob***, and this time he looked at me and we talked to each other! We were in some kind of **countryside** setting, somehow similar to where I live, but there was a house or some kind of shop with a woman in it, that I didn't know. **Bob** (with a **blue and white aloha-shirt** again …

… his tall and handsome and kind of serious quiet self) and I needed to walk somewhere, and the *path was like a road but with sharp rocks sticking out from the concrete* … and ***I had no shoes!***

I knew I needed to pick up my light-beige **espadrilles** from that place where that woman was … *somehow that woman was a problem*, and there may have been other people, but it wasn't clear.

Bob and I were already on our way, and it felt like ***we'd have to flee***, but then I couldn't move fast enough, *I needed my shoes*! I was carrying some kind of cloth-bag, but I don't know what was in it, but it was kind of deep. The relationship between Bob and me was relaxed and sweet, but it was like ***he was picking me up to accompany me somewhere,*** *and the both of us had to get out of there.*

So he accompanied me to the **door** of that house or shop, kind of **along a country path** and up a hill, somehow rocky with sharp white stones, and it was day, no sunshine, but light, … where that woman was, and she was kind of suspicious and not really friendly … there seems to have been *a window where the woman watched us* … somehow she reminds me now of my paternal grandmother, Johanna, who also used to look through her kitchen window into the garden, needing to know and see everything …

And just when I had *made it across some meadow and along that path* … and it felt dangerous, as we really were in a hurry now to get out of there … I realized that I didn't have to go back: ***The beige espadrilles had been in the bag the entire time.***

Bob and I looked at each other, and I felt so desperate, but he wasn't angry, only a little surprised … and I think he asked me to hurry up to get going …

And then I found myself awake.

It was the closest experience with Bob since his death.

It was so natural, we were simply together … but that dream definitely had ***two parts***, with one of them being the touching and intense physical part, and then the togetherness.

I miss him. So much. Guess what? Today I go to an ***evening of mediality, lead by a trained medium*** … and I can bring Jacqui, that's the best part.

(Later)

I just walked a **path … just like the one in my dream …!** I've walked that path several times before, but I didn't realize the sharp edged stones on it …

November 29, 2019 **– Back to My Old Self?**

Went to the *mediality workshop* (a the town of Villach, after visiting my mother, and I told her about it, but there was no way to really talk with her about anything; She is clear and attentive, but there is a strange air of distant around her) with all the wrong expectations. Somehow I thought it would be some kind of "chat-with-the-dead"-evening, but it was not. It was exercises in psychic abilities … and at first I thought "Wow, am I in the wrong place, I need a message from Bob".

Long story short, I think I did receive messages.

I had an amazing energetic exchange during a chakra-balancing exercise with a woman named Tini (to who I emailed later, like we had agreed, but never heard back) who I felt very drawn to. Interestingly "tini" equals "kini", and I saw a car license plate with those letters, "**KINI**", just the other day, here in Griffen. I means "***very many***". It was no coincidence that she and I picked the same chakra-card and the same mineral gemstone, too. We really felt and explained each other's weak points … she wants to go to Hawaii. I'll send her the links to our films. During the chakra-balancing I totally felt when she didn't want me to be near her head anymore, we exchanged amazing sensitivities for each other.

I kind of was there doing what the workshop leader A. wanted us to do, because I was already there, not realizing at first, how precious the experience was.

Then came the exercise that kind of baffled me. It was about "***getting" information about a person*** (aura-reading?) from two items that were hidden, a photograph in an envelop and a ring in a pouch. We had to touch the cover and then write down what came to our mind who that thing belonged to.

As soon as I had the **ring** in my hand, *an image of a woman flashed up in my min*d … and I even drew a quick sketch of that woman, an entire stranger. Long story short: I got nearly everything right about her (a cook, a woman, etc.) … plus two strange impressions (insects and banana bread) … Just one thing I didn't get right, *as it seemed*, I didn't have the feeling that the person was alive. It turned out that it was the mother in law of one of the two workshop presenters who had suffered a stroke and had spent a while in a coma. Her name is "Lea" (joy, in Hawaiian).

The weird thing was that I was kind of "not into it". I touched the ring, and within half a minute I had written everything down there was to write down, and then I looked around at the other women and how they kind of took so much effort to "feel" something. I didn't care. I did not expect at all, that I had nailed it right away.

I was kind of surprised by myself … because that's what I was like, in my early days dealing with Hawaiian "spirituality" and yes, "magic", and before that. I used to be highly clairvoyant and kind of energetically influential (wrote about that in "We Creators", too), but then I "switched it off" on purpose.

Maybe the experience was meant to tell me that I have the abilities to connect with Bob directly? Or, if not "connect", just to do the right thing when I only trust myself completely?

The "Huna" principles that I had lived by until I met Bob, were ***"Bless the present, trust yourself and expect the best".***

And all kinds of shit happened. But that brings me to the interviews with people who had had near-death experience on Thanatos.tv and by other initiatives that I have watched recently … many of them said that they suddenly realized how everything – even the most painful stuff – was "right", "had to be". So … well.

Later, there was an exercise where I chose three colored bands and a woman, blindfolded, held on to them and "received", through "reading me", ***symbols*** relating to me: A **flower** with open petals like a tulip but a closed bud in the middle that is supposed to open. And a thing similar to a **fountain**. So I'm supposed to come into my own and be all I can be? How freaking cheesy.

I *refused* to be blindfolded, and chose to only watch the others in the reverse round. And then it happened: The remaining three blindfolded all got a sunflower as flower, and the last one had a gray mouse as a symbol.

Yes, Stoneman, I understand.

At the beginning of the workshop there was a **meditation** where the leader had us imagine *walking through a forest up a hill and then a mountain and then entering a cave and discovering all kinds of treasures* … And I saw myself barefoot, like in my dream, especially when the leader said that we'd "feel" all the roots under our feet …

The fun thing about it was that *Bob was with me during that meditation*. ***I simply saw him. We*** climbed and hiked together, and *he goofed around* every time the leader talked about "Steine", "**stones**", … and it was altogether in atmosphere so similar to the dream I had had with Bob today … about those shoes …

(*Note/edit: It sounds so weird "straight out" when I read this now, editing, that "Bob was with me and goofed around", but it was as simple as that. Of course it's possible that I made it up, but if so, it felt very deeply satisfying.)*

Actually, I had found a **shoe**, during a walk, the other day (November 24) … and I thought about how *often I had found shoes on Maui* … and Bob always got a kick out of it. When he was out and about, he never saw a shoe anywhere. But when I was with him, or me alone, shoes … single shoes, everywhere.

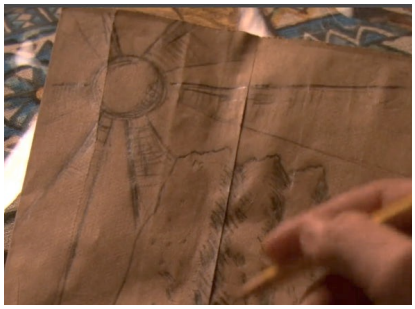
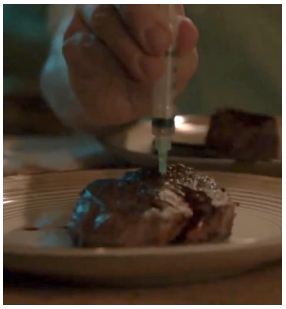
Of course, close to where I live now and near the "stone out of the bed" – there is **one single wooden shoe.**

Altogether, it was a very very nice group of woman, and I enjoyed their presence. All of them felt nice. Jacqui was there, too, his usual quietly observing self, and he was of course the star.

November 29, 2019 **– The Sun & the Mountain in Dexter**

Decided to watch Dexter season 7. I didn't really want to. But still … and I started with the finale of season six, and there … amidst writing this, I ended up seeing a bad guy (Travis Marshall) ***draw a big rock or stone and a sun above it.***

Seriously. I kid you not. Talk about messages.

Remember the meditation from last night? Walking up a high mountain? I love you, stoneman, I'm your sun, always. And you're my moon.

In episode 2 of season 7 "Dexter" injects a drug into his sister "Deb's" steak, while she is outside getting some hot sauce, and then she comes back and says "***Success***!"

Now get this: In the weeks when I wasn't with him and around the time when he then went to the hospital and later, when his sister Joyce was with him, **Bob injected himself** with the meds he got from me (mistletoe and Helleborus niger, official complementary cancer remedy here in Austria), *and everytime he then sent me a text message saying* "**Success**!"

What a fucking life.

November 30, 2019

The worst longing for Bob … ever. Couldn't get out of bed, Jacqui already needed to go urgently, but I just couldn't …

Then I had the weirdest **dream**.

I was at a ***snow covered shore***, and I knew it was Hawaii and places where I had been with Bob. In fact, I've been there*, but in other **dreams**, years ago*! I remember those places! *So I knew in my dream that Bob was dead*, and I was so sad and grieving so much … and I tried to find my way back to the hostel where I was staying. But from the previous dreams I already knew where it was (that was strange)! And as I got back there, it was even weirder, because it was some kind of ***university***, *and I had studied there before …* Actually also in other dreams years ago, I had started to study again, I don't remember what …but I saw all the people in classes, and weirdly instead of joining them, I suddenly *realized that I had slipped out of myself* – out of my dream character, and I saw everything ***from the point of view of the "me" in the dream*** … ***and I flew!*** Over the ocean, and around some kind of flying object that had numbers on it, for sure 367 maybe 361 …

And in my dream I thought that this was an out of body experience, and I was so happy. I even thought in my dream whether or not that had to do with the workshop experience from yesterday?

And I wanted to share it with the others, *and at the same time I still knew that Bob was dead, and I felt so so so much pain in that dream and as I was flying* … and cruising … I even ***got above our Maui-house*** … and I thought back of the time with Bob. Yes, in the dream I did that!

Oh and now I remember … I suddenly was back in our house, like it was in September 2018, before I left, and I was ***next to Bob who was lying in his bed***, with the pajama on, that he had loved so much, and that I had gotten him so many years ago, dark blue with a slight green-red-white think stripes pattern … but he was ***happy and healthy and alive*** … The last time I saw him in that bed, he was so sick …

So when I got back to that class *I realized that I could not express myself. And* I wanted to tell everyone what I had just done, left my body and flown there, where Bob and I had been … I think I even pondered upon what I had thought last night, at the workshop – yes, I pondered in my dream about a real life event! – that maybe the message for me had been that I should return to my old self, my old clairvoyant magical *dangerous* self, as I would be guided …

An old acquaintance of mine H.-P. (the same I had thought about of maybe being able to look after my mother when I can't, and who had just then, without me contacting him, had in fact shown up at my mother's place to ask for my address!) was interested in having sex with me, and somehow we ended up in a bed together, but I don't remember what happened.

The **teacher**, *who resembled my actual old* ***history teacher*** who has died many years ago, he was a rough and brutal man, *but I liked him*, as he was so smart, so he said to me (in my dream) that I was welcome to join in on the exercises. Then I was, in fact, writing some kind of paper, but since I had taken that long break, I was now not a student anymore …

And (writing this down) I keep flashing back to the moment last night, at the **workshop**, when I touched the ring for the first time, and like a *light* had been switched on or some slide in a projector, I had seen that woman in front of me, to whom the ring belonged, actually as a cook with her apron and the blouse with the frills … and *she didn't have eyes,* really, at least, I could draw them, when I began to draw a sketch about her (accurately, as I was told later), at first, I only forced her eyes into her face … and as mentioned, I didn't have the feeling that she was really alive now … it was so clear and so certain, so effortless, how it had been in my past, so many years ago … Well, that woman is ***blind*** now, having woken up from her ***coma***.

I don't know why I'm so extremely sad today, seems so deep and more and profound than in the past weeks.

So I guess I'll take a long hike, try not to speak to Bob and simply let inspiration come. I'm just so sore and impatient.

But the moment in my **dream**, when I realized that I had entered a different "state", having left my body that was at the same time my real body and my dream body and that I was able to maneuver in the air and could fly and I was so expanded and so wide, but I was all alone up there, too … **that was a first**. I've experienced much in my life, and I've been flying a lot, but not like that. This was different. It was kind of ***real***. But Bob was not there with me, flying. It was just me, as if I had popped out of somewhere where I had been stuck … somehow.

Talking with Tini about Hawaii last night and the experience of the electrical charge between us and that we both picked up on each other's unwillingness to let our crown chakra be treated … and that she said I had picked up exactly on her problem zones … that was amazing, too. I hadn't thought that I'd be even able to do that kind of exercise anymore … but the I did have to remember that I was a very gifted "lomi lomi" practitioner once … I had forgotten about all that.

Was that the message? That I'm supposed to pick up on what I left standing so long time ago? Then I look into the mirror and see a very old woman, waiting to be with Bob again.

November 29, 2019 **– Walking Towards the Light**

Well … big deal, my horoscope, I guess:

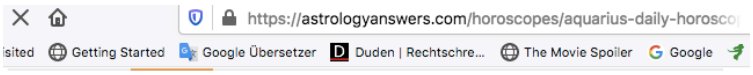
Nov 29, 2019 -

Every Moon offers the opportunity for psychic visions and psychic connections, and this one is no different, Aquarius. This Moon in Capricorn falls into your twelfth house of endings and of secrets. A big cycle that you have been working on will come to a close. But an exciting new one is also in the works too, Aquarius.

You will also be the leader and initiator of these changes as well. You also probably already know what changes are coming for you.

A big cycle is coming to a close for you under the Moon in Capricorn, Aquarius. The mystical world has a banquet of opportunities for you over the next few days, Aquarius. Explore the psychic realm as much as possible.

How will you do that, Aquarius?



Nov 30, 2019 - You have the Moon in your sign and first house of Self, dear Aquarius. It's exciting energy to have as you put one year behind you and prepare to look ahead to the next. Create a breakthrough moment today. You may invent a new way of living, or completely reinvent your Higher Self in a way that makes you feel like a completely different person, in all of the best possible ways.

It's the end of a chapter and the beginning of a fresh new one. You are used to rational logic. But drama could definitely be high near you or even within you. Don't use your energy on drama.

You are far better served by using it on the world's next greatest invention, or great classic novel. Laugh it off as much as you possibly can, Aquarius. And then, let that freak flag fly. It's time to be who you want to be and enjoy every delicious second.

Okay, I got it. The moon in my sign. All about the moon. All about Bob.

On a walk with Jacqui, walking toward the "ghost"-bridge, that I know so well, I was stunned by the new view I got … like there was *special lighting* … Bob knows I love backlit scenarios … it was kind of even "sacred" to see the light like that … ***the passage, the "tunnel of light"*** that people keep talking about, in terms of … passing over in the beyond. I've heard those people talk about it all the time, in all the interviews about near-death-experiences I've been watching … so is that my "share of it"? Is Bob telling me that he knows that I'm watching this, is it a confirmation? *(Note/edit: I've walked under that bridge many times, but never again was there this scenario.)*

Later, the pathway where I had seen the fire salamander a few weeks back, was also entirely alluring to me … it got me to walk down there, and I didn't even want to … but there I found a very special spot, on a ridge … reminded me of my days at Gutenstein on the Mariahilfberg, close to a year ago.

November 30, 2019 **– Fucking Fate**

Found myself standing in a store today holding my ears closed … barely able to make one more step, and the reason was that the song "**If Tomorrow Never Comes**" was playing, and I thought I'd be entirely undone in a sec. It was like Bob singing to me …

Ronan Keating - If Tomorrow Never Comes - YouTube
www.youtube.com › watch

"And if my time on earth were through
And she must face this world without me
Is the love I gave her in the past
Gonna be enough to last …"

What a horrible shit thing to hear! I was so heartbroken … the whole day, and more than ever, and then that!

*(Note/edit: **Wow**, you know what just happened? I'm reading through this, now, in April 2020, and just this moment **I jumped up in my chair**, because something "stung" the side of my leg! I pulled up my jogging pants, there is nothing … except the memory that I had come back from swimming every time in August 2018 saying to Bob "**Something touched my foot!"** because really, something always had touched my foot in the water … And I had been so close to Bob just now, reading the lyrics of that song ... This is a first! I've never felt that kind of "touch" before …)*

This song … really undoes me. To make it worse, I had to google the full lyrics: My memories of Bob … and of how he was suffering … all alone … and how I didn't come to him for years, because I didn't trust anymore that he wanted me … and how we were so hopeful, and then he betrayed "us", went to the hospital and gave up … Why do I have to live with those memories? *Wait … does Bob know how hard it is? That's why the fucking song?*

"Sometimes late at night
I lie awake and watch her sleeping
She's lost in peaceful dreams
So I turn out the lights and lay there in the dark
And the thought crosses my mind
If I never wake up in the morning
Would she ever doubt the way I feel
About her in my heart

If tomorrow never comes
Will she know how much I loved her
Did I try in every way to show her every day
That she's my only one
And if my time on earth were through
And she must face this world without me
Is the love I gave her in the past
Gonna be enough to last

If tomorrow never comes
'Cause I've lost loved ones in my life

Who never knew how much I loved them
Now I live with the regret
That my true feelings for them never were revealed
So I made a promise to myself
To say each day how much she means to me
And avoid that circumstance
Where there's no second chance to tell her how I feel

If tomorrow never comes
Will she know how much I loved her
Did I try in every way to show her every day
That she's my only one
And if my time on earth were through
And she must face this world without me
Is the love I gave her in the past
Gonna be enough to last
If tomorrow never comes
So tell that someone that you love
Just what you're thinking of
If tomorrow never comes"

I've never "heard" the lyrics of that song … the first time today, when I longed so much to hear from Bob. I haven't heard the song in decades, either.

And I see Bob in front of me, how he was funny and could sing so beautifully … and he was so unhappy for so long, even with me, and maybe even more about and because of me, because he felt I wasn't the partner for him. And I stayed there and fought for our relationship instead of freeing him.

It was my fault that he suffered, too. And then, all alone with his horrible secret of the tumor, not daring to share, lying to himself … to me … *and I had that feeling all the time, and* ***I didn't ask the right questions****.* The worst: I think today that I knew that I *should* ask. Had I asked them – and today I know that they were the right questions! – he'd still live. This is my mortal side speaking … I realize this. But them – heck, I'm a mortal!

I'm reminded of the ***Percival*** story, how he didn't ask the King the proper question of mercy when he felt he had to … Percival didn't trust himself, and that fucked up everything … but he did get another chance.

My horoscope said that I should dare being the freak I am. I don't exactly know what that means … but if it helps me pass time, I will.

Also, during my walk I talked with my **mother**, and she sounded so tired and also lonely, … heartbreaking how she still goes to the hair-dressers once a month, always doing perfect manicure and clothing, and is entirely lonely all the time … but she claims to feel good by herself.

After the song-experience, I realized that my mother likely had been wanting to die, after her love of her life, Sebastian, had died in a car accident in 1993! They wanted to emigrate to Hawaii! How long did she have to pull through! She is now 75, and she is lonely … I'll help her keep up living as long as she wants to, but sure as hell I can't even imagine having to live without Bob so long …

December 1, 2019 **– The Pen & the Numbers**

December again.

Last night I read in "Across the Unknown" *how it is to have that other-substance body,* and I can totally relate. That's strange, isn't it? I can relate.

Driving to Velden I was wondering if in our sleeping phases our consciousness is literally "drawn out of us", as it feels (think how it is when you are so dead-tired that you can't help but falling asleep no matter what) … if sleep isn't *always* a phase where we do something with out other-substance body in the beyond. We may be energizing, cleaning, fixing it or just letting it "dry" in a way … It has long been known that "sleep is the brother of death" … and it sure is. We are out of our bodies in a more distinct and literal way than we probably think!

The "regeneration" of the physical body that takes place while we are sleeping is actually also regeneration of the other-substance – the "spiritual" – body that is developing "in the spaces between the material parts of our body", as energetic essence that still forms substance.

It seems so clear to me.

With my *mother* today it was disappointing. First, her clarity, her joy and her caring for me that she had displayed for a few days in the last weeks, has gone away. She is more lethargic and looks at me with the empty glance again … that really scared me. But she still was clear enough to tell me that she'd prefer to ignore Christmas, so that she doesn't have t prepare anything.

Later at the **Lake Wörthersee**, …

… I was enjoying a special site and sight that I love. My mother and me used to go there for a swim all the time, it's a kind of raft on the shore … I kept looking at the sky, and there were long stripes, and kind of **long blue spaces** between a gray and a white cloud front, like a "channel", and there was some kind of figure, like someone with a stretched out arm … I said to "them" … "I see it", and I though that it points somewhere … So I thought I'm supposed to go somewhere to find what?

I was about to go back to my car, when I did take a turn, still at the lake, to give Jacqui the opportunity to sniff some more around … and suddenly I stood in front of a **brand new blue pen** *that was lying in the grass***.** Well, I thought, why not, I could use one. There was a sticker with a number on it … and the number looked so very familiar.

Now, look at my car! The pen reads "30 **86123** 00**1**060", my car's license plate number: "W **86132 I**". There are no odds. Especially since I'm "Bob's writer".

Then I drove to Griffen, in that kind of baffled state … and I just had to sing Hawaiian songs. I felt so heartbroken, that I broke out crying several times, but the I did chant the one chant that I had learned … and it felt amazing good. ("E homai ka'ike mai luna mai'e …" – "Let the wisdom come down here!") And the license plates I saw!

"JO STM 3" … Yes, Jo and Stoneman**.** *Seriously. There are no such "odds".*

I can't remember the others, … I was too excited after this one, but they all related to Bob and me, to our names, so clearly, that I even stopped singing, entirely baffled.

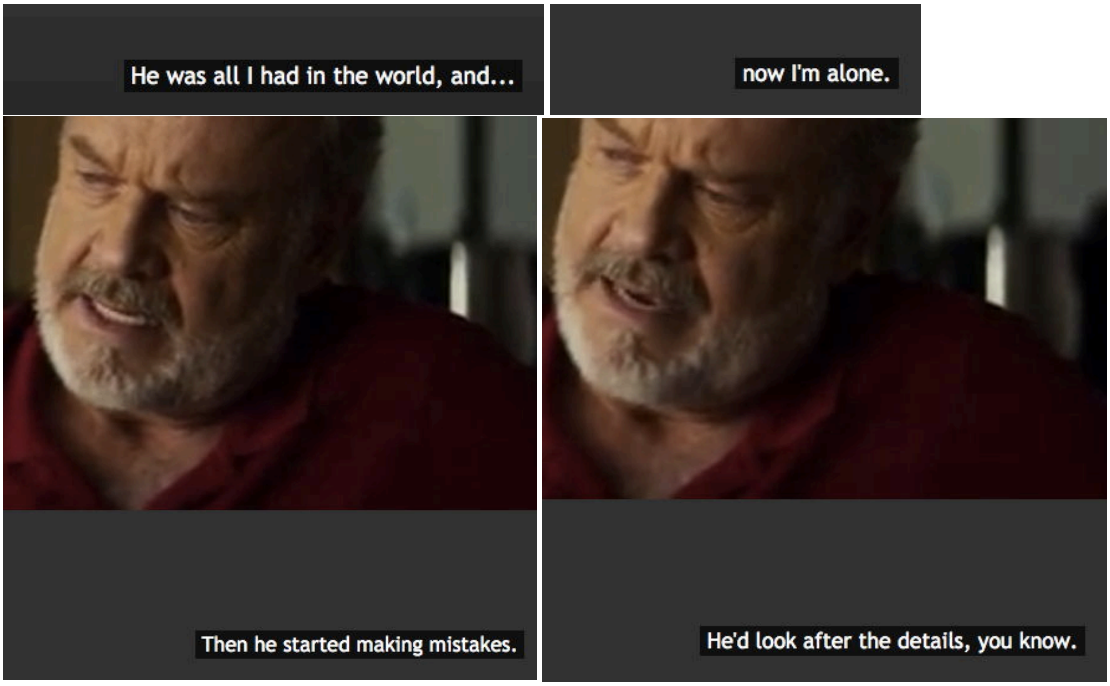
So … I'm a writer. I found a pen. Its number relates to my car's license plate number. I've always been wondering if those amazing *car license plate numbers* that come to my attention really have that significance and message value that I see in them. The answer I received today: ***They do.***

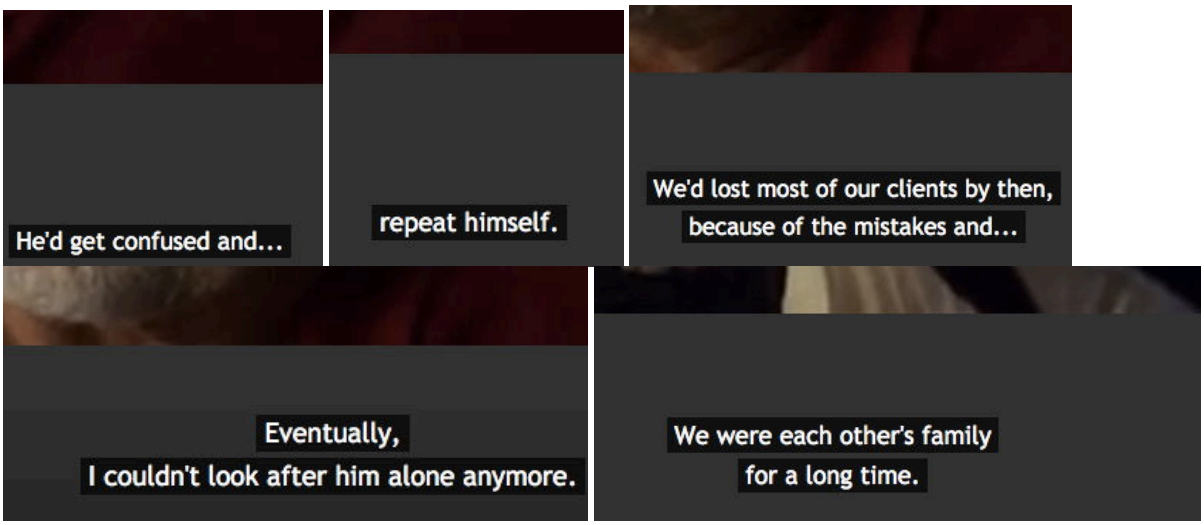
December 1, 2019 **– Bob Explained Himself.**

I thought I can't stand watching the finals of Dexter today … so I started looking for another movie. Very hard. Couldn't find one. Skipped through "Ballerina", thought I could do "Freaks", but no. For some reason I started watching one *that I'd never picked*, it kind of started playing … and it was called "*Like Father*" … a title I felt absolutely not attracted to.

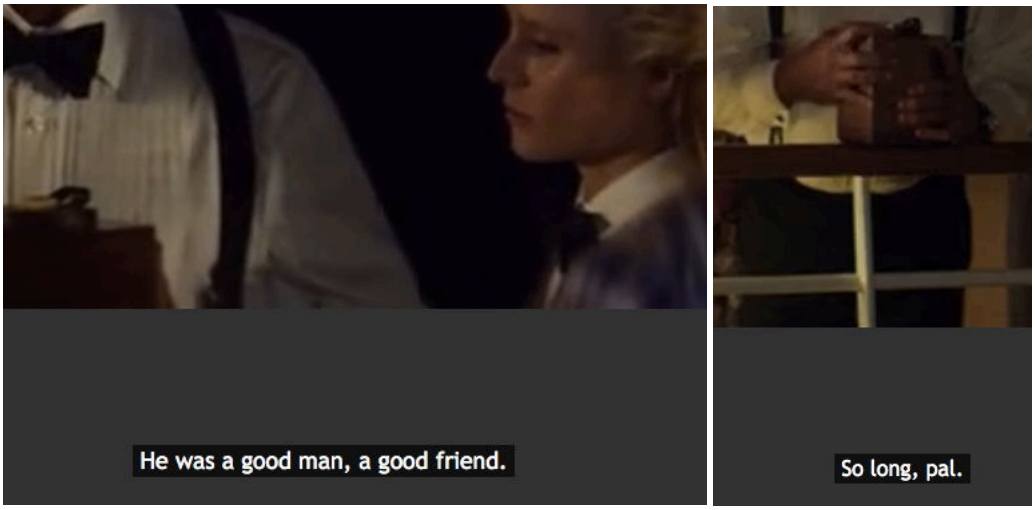
A bride, dumped at the altar, honeymoons with her estranged father. Great. The kind of film I do not watch. I didn't switch it off, because it was uninteresting enough that I could keep working on the pictures for this contact diary and have it play in the background.

Suddenly ***the "father" talks*** *to his daughter* ***… about Bob!*** At least, that's what I thought! But he talked about his business partner … but what he said, was exactly what I've been pondering upon, concerning Bob's decline over the years. This really felt so strongly that Bob was responding to me. What I heard … ***so much of it had been my own experience with Bob!*** His problems with details, with finding things, his misplacing things and inability to focus at times …




He'd get confused and...
repeat himself.
We'd lost most of our clients by then,
because of the mistakes and...
Eventually,
I couldn't look after him alone anymore.
We were each other's family
for a long time.

The odds are so slim to pick out of hundreds of films I don’t know that one … that I hadn’t ever heard about, even.



Alright … skipped forward in the movie … and ***the ashes of that man were released into the ocean*** … definitely, Bob wanted me to see it …

And … something on the funny side: In that movie, for a cheating-plot at a game show, father and daughter agreed on these words: Hawaii, pizza, jumping jacks, 22, black.

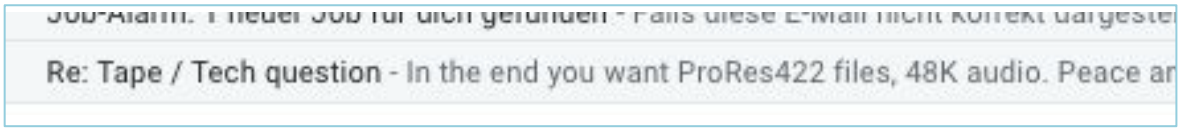
December 3, 2019 – **Car License Plate & Bob's and My Old Life**

There it is. I have been so curious about the new license plate number I'd be getting when I'd register myself in Griffen and change my car's registration information.

So I went to an insurance office today … and while I went to the bank for cash (yes, they wanted cash!), some office guy put my new license plate on already … I stood in shock and awe.

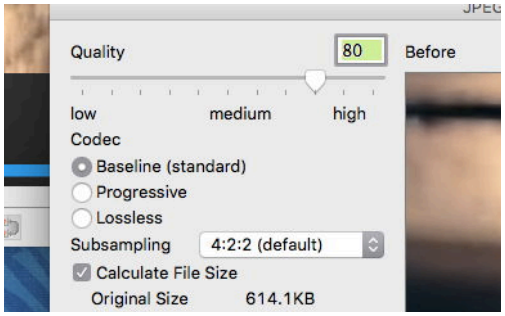
See, there is ***one number*** that pertains *to video production* and that was ***one of the very last themes Bob and I discussed last year***, the kind of resolution a professional video must have to be suiting for cinema: **422.**

Robert Stone
Re: Tape / Tech question - In the end you want ProRes422 files, 48K audio. Peace and Blessings, Robert C. Stone MauiTVSpots.com The …
3. Okt.



Bob had written to me about that, in October 2018. Weeks before his death. And we'd talked about it a gazillion times, in previous years, the number 422.

Okay. My new license plate number is VK (for the district) and then: **422 DA**. Mind you – I did not choose that number. I received it.



"DA" that's me, Daniela. And "422" may point me towards my future?

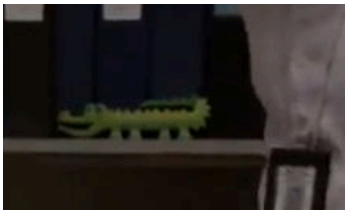
December 3, 2019 – **The Reflexion Reveal**

Wow! Writing to "C" I just realized that the reflexion on my fridge of weeks ago, when the bird came it, actually totally resembles the logo I made … and that Bob knows. *(Note/edit: I've mentioned it before, but the realization actually only happened on this day.)*

Oh, I see myself sitting in the kitchen, in "housie" and drawing this theme … showing it to Bob who was in his edit room, like always.

December 3, 2019 **– The Croc**

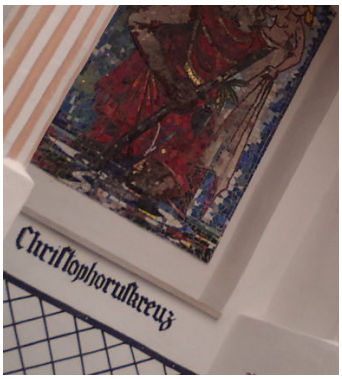
I had the feeling that Bob wants to watch the final Dexter series with me, because we hadn't done that together. And sure enough – a very prominent **crocodile** behind Dexter … And I'm probably stretching it now, but fact is … I did take a picture of one sticker with a **crocodile** on Forest Lake, a few weeks back, thinking "why would I need that" …

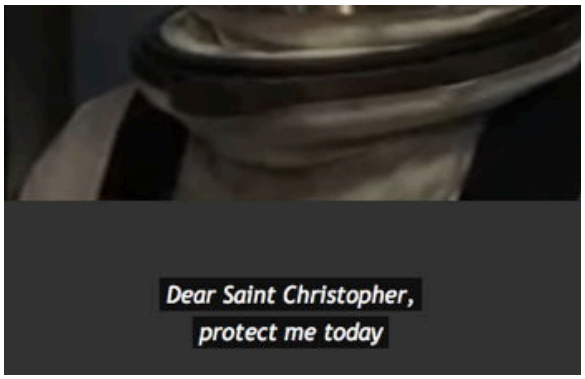


(That's where the croc was.) And there were other crocs in recent days, a lot ... That I did not photograph. Geez.

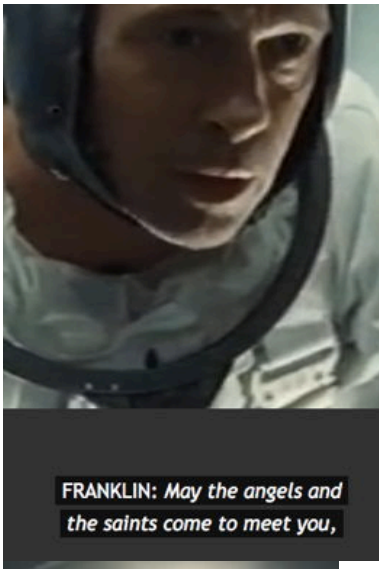
December 5, 2019 **– More Realizations**

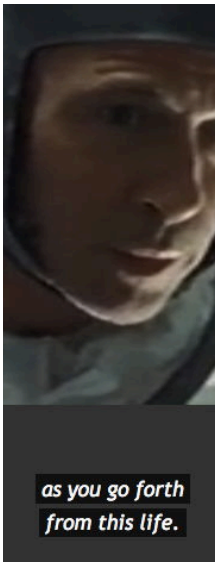
Watching "**Ad Astra**" I was immediately stunned by the similarity of the main character, Roy McBride and Bob, in terms of emotional fucked-up-ness and loneliness … So the movie had showed up in my awareness … and it got my attention, when one of the characters, the "Captain of the space shuttle to Mars" called on a saint I had just photographed the other day … ***Saint Christophorus!***

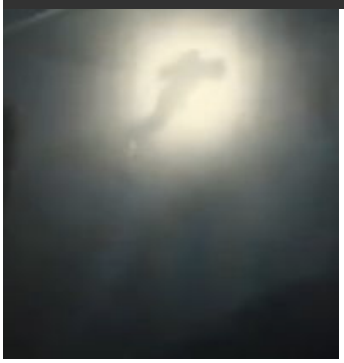


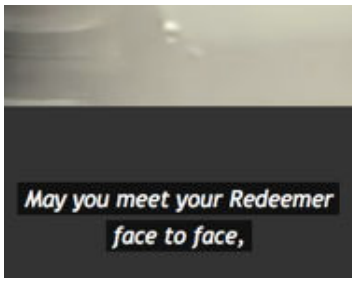


Too bad, that he was killed by a monkey right afterwards. He went “into the light”, literally. The highest spirited people can be brought down by … well, monkeys, obviously.



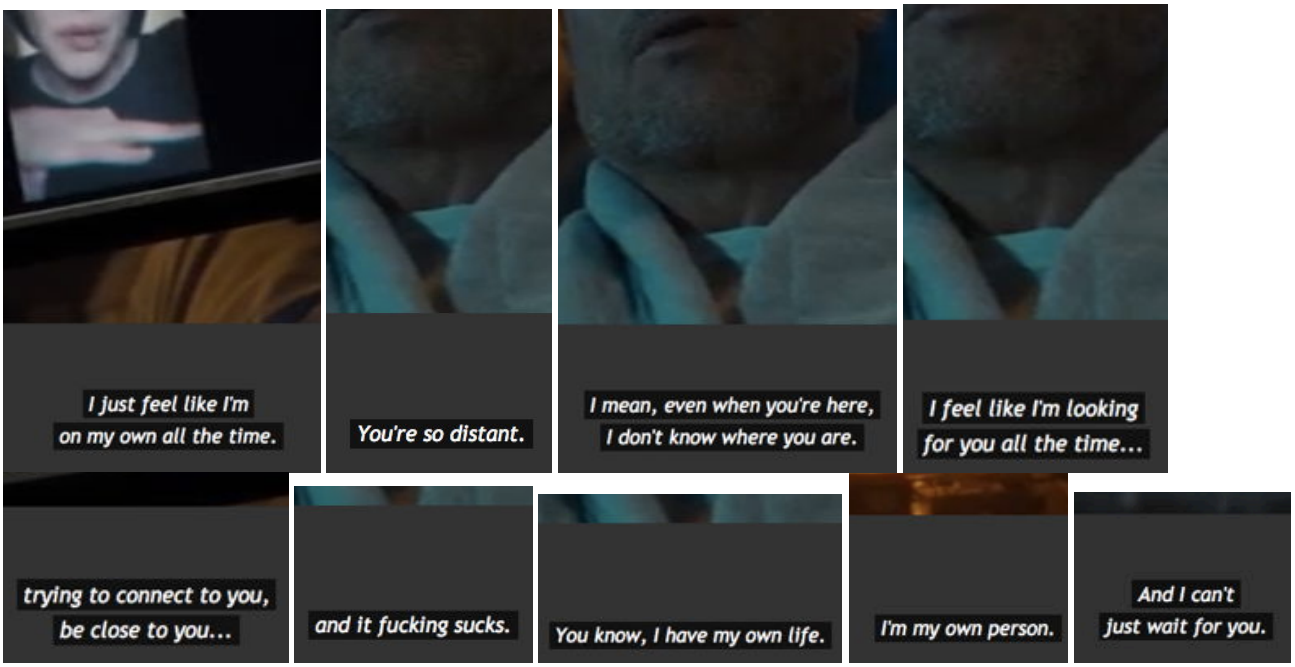






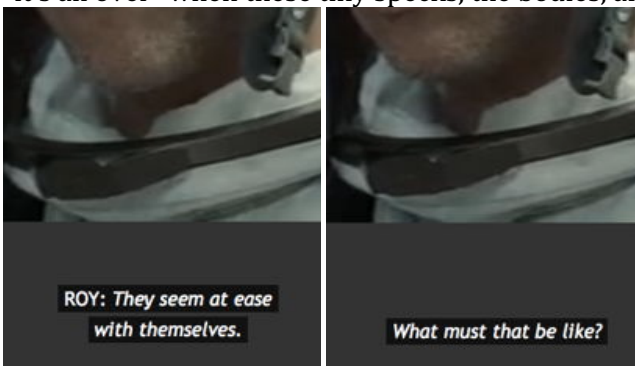
Actually, I had decided to watch “Ad Astra” because of the “moon-base” in the movie as I thought it could resemble what my “Laniloa” will look like, in “Regents of Clouds”. And there is a *looooong* ***tunnel*** *to* ***“reach the moon”****.* Oh, I’m sure, Bob, my “moon” can only be reached through a long tunnel, in some sense.

Later it got interesting, when Roy’s partner talks about how hard it is with him as he is so distant, and it’s ***exactly*** (!) like I’ve been talking to Bob about our relationship … (and I’m sure it relates to a few millions of other people, too.)


I just feel like I'm
on my own all the time.
You're so distant.
I mean, even when you're here,
I don't know where you are.
I feel like I'm looking
for you all the time...
trying to connect to you,
be close to you...
and it fucking sucks.
You know, I have my own life.
I'm my own person.
And I can't
just wait for you.

Got me to tears, of course. That had been the problem. I had felt so exhausted in 2014, about all the years of trying and coming back … and so I tried to let go. Of Bob. Exactly then, when he was trying to hold on to our relationship.

I actually got upset about the movie’s premise … how stupid, making humans just be “bodies” and that “it’s all over” when these tiny specks, the bodies, are “lost in space”.



Towards the end of "Ad Astra" Roy says that he is "looking forward to the day his solitude ends". I'm sure Bob thought the very same thing. Just that he can't come back from his spacetrip anymore.

Bob was solitaire, too. Lonely. Sad. He had me. But he didn't want me. When he thought he did want me, it was too late. For this mortal life, that is.

I'm counting on being with him again.

NOW … The TIA-memory!

Wow, just now, I suddenly recall something that happened this morning … I was in the process of waking up, and I realized it … but with my eyes open **I suddenly saw short and bright scenes** show up in front of my eyes … one after the other, like every second one, **scenes of people doing stuff, unknown people, in unknown places**, *no memories, not one I recognized*! I kept watching them, even blinking, and I said to myself "*Am I having something like a TIA?*" (Transient Ischemic Attack, a light stroke)

Bob had a TIA twice in front of me – and I didn't know it! In his case it was "numbers running in front of his eyes" while he was wide awake … And I had scenes running in front of my eyes, as if a movie was playing … but those were no memories of movie scenes. And they came rhythmically, bam, bam, bam … less than half a second each. In a video-editing-sense a second is actually "long" for a glimpse … the scenes didn't stop when I blinked or closed my eyes, they simply kept going, but I can't remember one single one!

So I ***made*** myself wake up fully, sat up and looked at my dog, and it was light in the room already, but I couldn't make myself get up *right away*, and the running images – more *like a quick succession of tiny video clips* of maybe four frames –continued! I was watching them as if I was watching a movie … and I was thinking, ***"Wow, am I having a stroke or what, but I don't feel anything".***

So I struggled to get up, holding on to the image and thought of my dog …

(Edited for privacy, but I described the weird physical things that have been going on recently, pretty much in every part of my body, as if everything was falling apart …)

Eventually the succession of images stopped suddenly. And I was a bit dizzy, but made it out of the bed, drank water and was fine. I did take an Aspirin right away, even though I didn't have a headache.

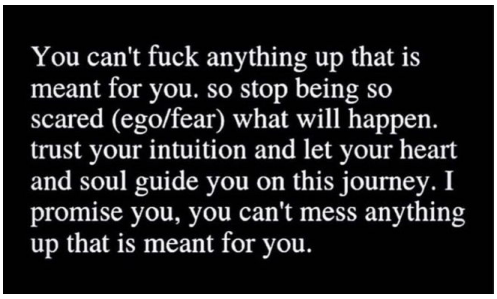
<u>December 6, 2019</u> **– 422 Reloaded**

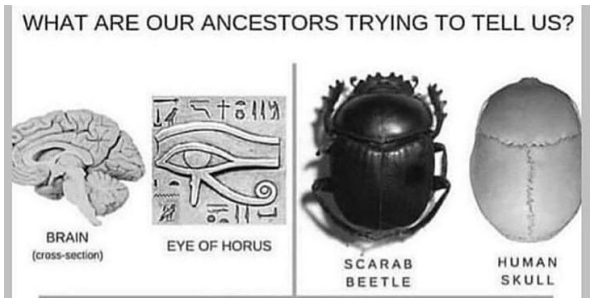
Wow, "C" sent me an amazing hint to my "422 DA" license plate: As **http-error code** it means "unprocessable entity"!

422 Unprocessable Entity
Web technology for developers › HTTP
› HTTP response status codes › 422
Unprocessable Entity
English
The HyperText Transfer Protocol (HTTP) 422 Unprocessable Entity response status c
indicates that the server understands the cont
type of the request entity, and the syntax of the
request entity is correct, but it was unable to
process the contained instructions.
Important: The client should not repeat thi
request without modification.
Firefox has encountered
an unexpected problem with Windows

Ha. That sounds so much like Bob's dry humor … Also this is the **Firefox**-funny picture, that he liked so much …

"C" also sent me a nice expression of her beliefs …


You can't fuck anything up that is meant for you. so stop being so scared (ego/fear) what will happen. trust your intuition and let your heart and soul guide you on this journey. I promise you, you can't mess anything up that is meant for you.



December 6, 2019 **– Dead Bob In A Movie**

I found a funny TV-show, "**Santa Clarita Diet"** … and I told Bob about it, but he was grossed out by the theme … I have continued to watch it … haven't since spring 2018.

Surprise! It's about a dead man named "Bob". Now, there are many dead men named Bob in movies, I'm sure … but how is that happening, that one after the other film or TV-series episode that I watch – ***and mind you, none in between!*** – has a reference to Bob? I don't look for these things, they simply appear … and they leave me breathless all the time!

A character shows up by the name of "**Bob Siegman**", isn't that so damn similar in structure like "Stoneman"? "Sieg" is German for "victory".

The "zombie"-character "Sheila" played by Drew Barrymore, talks with her husband, and that guy wants to come in … so she yells at him (and I spare you the plot-details):

"Wait for your fucking turn, Bob!"

Bob: "Victim, victim, victim … they always play the victim!"

Sheila: "No, you're right, Bob, you're the victim here!" – "Good bye, Bob!" Then she kills and ***eats*** him.

It's "Bob, Bob, Bob" all the time in this season of "Santa Clarita Diet"! That season (3) was filmed after Bob's death, mind you. And it's the show I really enjoyed, with an actor Bob really liked (Timothy Olyphant) and: As I told Bob about that series, *he could not remember* that Timothy O. had been one of his favorite actors of all time, also due to his role in "Justified". I was very surprised about that … now I'm not anymore.

I even got to see "Bob's" dead body in a freezer (in the movie), that that way I was "given to see Bob's dead body" … as I've imagined so many times.

It sure is odd to hear that movie couple talk about "***dead Bob***" all the time! I mean, there are so many names … and they picked "Bob".

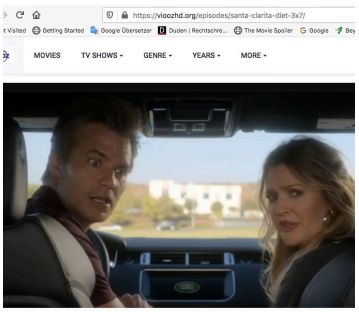
For a show that I'd absolutely watch. Now, I know how odd that sounds … total wishful thinking and stuff … but if I'm right, I'm proving to the Invisibles that I'm … well, attentive and aware. And manipulative and influential. (And if you think I'm going nuts here, be my guest!)

Last night in bed, I **did** something **odd** and **new**, after reading some of "Across the Unknown" … I closed my eyes and saw "reddish pink". So I decided that what I saw (with my closed eyes) had to be ***green***. I realized that this isn't really possible, because, well, it's probably my blood vessels I'm seeing, but … after a while, ***I started seeing green*** …

So … did I mention that it's all about "Bob, Bob, Bob" in that TV-series episode!? (I'm watching it while I'm writing this.)

At some point, he is, after having been taking out of the freezer …

… and he is thawing, lying wrapped up in a car, … and because of the gases … the corpse is inflating and … ***explodes***.



So the subject of my Bob having died in Hawaii and all my thoughts about what happened to his body … and all … that's kind of … ***well, reflected back to me!***

Conversations between Sheila and her husband:

"How's it going with Bob?"

"Not good, he does a lot of farting" …

"… it's not farting, just the body decomposing and gas releasing from all it's orifices …"

"… everybody wins, except Bob."

What are the odds?! It's even about "***depositing Bob's remains***" … a huge theme for me! I even wrote to Joyce so angrily, recently, that I'm not okay them keeping Bob's cremains in a box in his parents' bedroom! I briefly fantasized stealing them! And then a characters talks about "***Bob's remains are deposited on a fracking site***" … it's like I hear Bob's sarcasm, again.

They talk about the mission of depositing Bob (who they first wanted to *feed to the sharks*, as he was supposed to be framed, yes, as a dead person, but he was an asshole as a live Bob, with a white cat, that really belonged to his wife, a mousy kind of person, not unsimilar to … well, me, twenty years ago …) on that fracking site, and there was a big explosion and … wait for it:

"***Bob leaked onto his favorite pumas*** …" ("him" being the character's husband) … and I mean! "**Leaking**!" Bob leaked.

Well …

IT WAS BOB'S NIGHTMARE AND FATE TO ***SUFFER FROM A HUGE LEAKING TUMOR!*** That thing that we called "Bobo", the tumor, that I touched daily *oozed stinking poisonous waste liquid* … it was so traumatic witnessing this and Bob suffering this and thinking how he had been suffering alone for so long that I don't think I can ever get this *pain* out of me. Well, I don't try. Why? It's part of makes me up. I won't forget it.

Okay. You get it, I'm sure, why I'm absolutely stunned right now…

<u>December 6, 2019</u> **– Mother Setback**

Went for a long walk today … after my mother confessed that she had thrown away the nutrition bottles that I had ordered for her from Germany and given her so that she'd always have one at hand. I was very shocked, *as she had also lied to my face during my last visit* … but at least she stood to it, now.

She betrayed me, though. Dementia or not, she fucking betrayed my goodwill and my trust. She couldn't help it. I saw it in her face. That was very valuable stuff, and hadn't I gotten that for her months ago, she'd be in a dementia-home by now. Also, she threw away everything else too, all the cell salts and the mental health herbs I had gotten her … geez, it all has made her so much better. And that was exactly the reason why she had thrown everything away … she remembered her unease with medicaments that she's always had … so I think I should even be grateful that she has recovered to recall stuff. But then, she said her self that she "wasn't thinking" when she threw everything away.

I felt so hurt … and at the same time so stupid about feeling hurt and kind of … so hopeless. Things didn't really get better much. It's so hard to be not living close-by enough. I'll have to change that soon.

The view of a **cemetery** was kind of a stunning reminder of how crazy it is to think that an actual person gets dug into the ground when they die …

December 6, 2019

Suddenly started to turn my "finalist"-winner erotic screenplay "**Flippers**" into a Hawaii-story … I even wrote to the agent that I was doing it. I surprised myself in a way. Didn't think I could even handle Hawaii-stuff. Or screenwriting. But there it is. I'm doing it.

(*Note/edit: To my surprise I realize that now, months after this, I had entirely and totally forgotten about that … but now I remember that it was a big kind of work, to turn an entire screenplay into a Hawaii-related story! This is odd.)*

December 7, 2019 **– Penis Reloaded**

Says the character "Sheila", on episode 3 of season 2, "*Santa Clarita Diet*", to one of her victims, "Gary":

"I think being separated from your penis has made you a better man."

Answers the victim "Gary", actually a dead man, of whom only the severed head is still alive:

"Maybe. Certainly it has given me more free time."

Aired on March 23, 2018.

Jesus Christ. And I had no idea what was coming for me and Bob, then. Well, Bob knew. He was already *"separated from his penis"* then!

What are the odds?

I had finished watching season three, and I wasn't interested in the whole plot, only about how the character "Eric" and the character "Ramona" got together, so I googled and found that episode. But what I did get to see and hear … was the above. What are the motherfucking odds?

December 7, 2019 **– Harddrive in the Wilderness & Eternity**

Dropped the **bracelet** Bob gave to me, with the "Serenity"-pendant, then picked it up and tossed it on the window sill. Coming back from Velden – I realized it's lying in an **eternity**-shape.

I saw the **psoriasis** tree on Schlossberg again and photographed it, finally.

I drove to Velden, to see my mother and talked to Bob a lot.

Then a car with the license plate number **"VK Show 8"** passed by me … is that about the "*eternity*"-sign I "made" today with the bracelet Bob had given me?

Jacqui and I had a nice **Forstsee** hike …

… but it's all so bitter when I think that I so much would like to go for a walk with my mother … If I had intervened years earlier … but she didn't want me near. She wrote me letter sot keep me away. Still, I always knew that something was "off" … Am I a person who keeps failing those who don't care about me at all?

Amazing *rock wall*, that's normally submerged … very much like the *Hawaiian walls of the fishponds*, the "Loko I'a" as described in my documentary "Native of Owhyhee" … Normally it would not have been visible, but submerged, but the water level is down because there are restoration works at the connected power plant.

Also, I found a Maxtor **Harddrive** at the Forest Lake.

Yup. A harddrive. Mind you – nothing is lying around at that lake. There is barely any garbage anywhere, maybe a can here or there. It was very strange how I came across that harddrive. (Huge ***crackling***, just now!) I took a detour from the path towards the lake to a spot with a special view, at a special rock plateau, that in summer is always occupied by nudists, so I enjoyed at least being there now … and as Jacqui and I tried to find our way back to the path, I saw the harddrive.

It was just odd where it was and how I found it. I had not intended to go there, at all. I had already ventured out to a certain path further down to the water, but then reconsidered, because I thought it was too dangerous for Jacqui, so I turned back and took a different route … and there lay the harddrive. In the wet moss and sand mix. I picked it up … and right then, my mother called! She sounded fine, but she asked me whether or not we had an appointment, as she keeps confusing the dates …

So strange.

I did put the harddrive into a doggy poop bag and tossed it into the next garbage bin.

But the fact of *having found a harddrive* at the most unlikely of places … strange.

There is another aspect to that. I've started editing "Flippers". And the principal character works at a magazine that I called "Womanhood Max". Today I changed it into "**Island Wahine Max**".

INT. PUBLISHING-HOUSE / OFFICE / CORRIDOR - DAY
Maile observes colleagues at work.

COLLAGE OF SCENES:

Maile sits at her desk in a make-shift booth in a large office-room (that is partitioned into several booths, in an old plantation-style house, seat of the "Island Wahine Max" magazine), where two WOMEN and one MAN are working at computers, while munching snacks and sipping beverages; Two old ceiling-ventilators are humming. The door to a small kitchen (with stove, water-dispenser and coffee-machine) is open.

See, I have never ever to do with any "Max" or any kind. But the day when I came across "Womanhood Max" about which I had entirely forgotten, I find a harddrive, of all things, that has "**Max**tor" written on it. On a spot that's like an "island" in a lake, normally?

Coincidence?

December 8, 2019 **–My Blood, the Clam & Friends of My Deep Past**

Wild and somehow horrible **dreams** … always knowing in my dreams that Bob was dead. Great longing …

Also, I tried again to consciously create colors with my eyes closed, it worked again.

Kept working on "Flippers" and added an artwork that has a shell dangling from a piece of seaweed. Then I took a walk with Jacqui, *got bitten by a tiny **cat*** that I tried to feed, and just as she was about to eat the tiny piece of dogfood, Jacqui got agitated, and the needle fine teeth of the cat dug into my index finger, and I **bled** like a pig.

Interestingly, I had imagined or dreamed of finding or meeting a tiny cat for many days now, and today we came across one … that was running after a young family. Who claimed the cat was theirs. The little child threw the animal to the ground so hard at some point, that it almost shattered it … I thought I'd really like to do the same with the child. And also … letting a tiny kitten run along on a walk up Schlossberg like a dog, when actual dogs are around, free?

Even Jacqui then tried to take a bite out of the kitten – when it hissed at him, and *it actually came after him!* It was not bigger than two of his paws together! It must have been crazy, that spitting kitten, because if I had let Jacqui lose, he'd eaten it, schnapp schnapp.

Before meeting those folks with the kitten, I saw a number on a tree trunk, and it reminded me clearly of my Hawaii history, with the **pioneer missionaries**, about who my documentary film series is, having arrived in Hawaii in **1820**. Actually, there are several of those missionaries, like **Sybil, Hiram and Mercy**, I've been asking to reveal themselves to me, "if they hear me" or rather "if they are here". Could this be some hint? Also Henry Opukaha'ia, the "reason" for me starting to work on the Hawaii-documentary that was to take several years, I've told several times that I'd really like to know if he and Bob are now talking.

Henry O.'s deathdate is February 17, my birthday is February 17. And we're missing the same tooth (but that's another story).

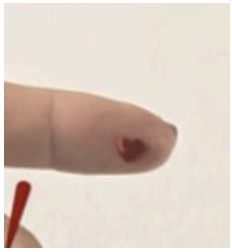
Well, and then, on my way back (just around the corner from where I live) … I found a **shell**. And now that I think about it … this find seems to relate to "1820".

I kid you not. On the path I always walk, was a ***shell of a clam!*** *And* ***clam-chowder****, that's what I think when I hear* ***"New England". And that's the place where the missionaries were from. And that's where Bob and I filmed our documentary about them, in part.***

(Note/edit: One day I'll be able to take screenshots from my own documentary film ***"Native Of Owhyhee"*** *and put them in here. Right now, I can't just yet even think of that work and the time I spent doing this on Maui … it makes me want to drop everything and die.)*

December 8, 2019 **– Blood on another Finger**

And something else just happened! I was, after having written the entry above, looking online for information about the season 4 of "Santa Clarita Diet", and not only did I find it was cancelled (!) – unbelievable, as it ended with a cliffhanger! – but on the site was also an ad featuring my **bleeding index finger**! Not really! An **ad for blood** sugar something!



But what are the odds? Never have I had since my childhood a bleeding index finger, and the day I have, an ad show up with a bleeding index finger! And no, it's not selective perception …

Today I did some "experiment": I asked Bob to sit down on a wood log with me and my dog. I then ***sat down for him, I did that imagining that I was him,*** and because I knew him so well, it was quite easy "being Bob". I wanted to share this mortal experience … and I was wondering if that's the way to do it, to "reach" them, by "being them".

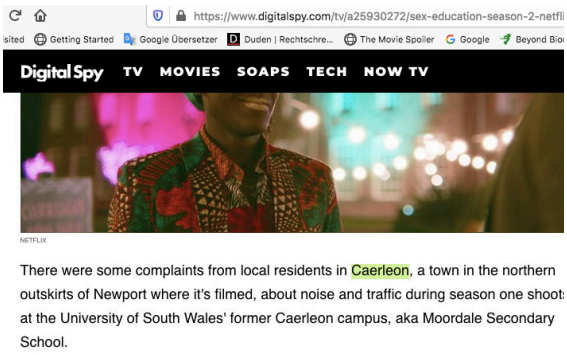
"Play me!" keeps ringing in my ears, and while Bob sang that in early summer 2002, he looked directly into my eyes … Yes, I can play you now, if you want me to.

Maybe I have to learn more about this? It felt strange to do it, and of course I can easily "feel" his presence when I long for his presence so much. But …

I so get many kicks out of reading "Across The Unknown" … every night before bed. I wish the whole world would read it.

And something else interesting:

I read on about Netflix and TV-shows, and somehow the little town "**Caerleon**" came up, in Wales, I think. And that's a word from my very remote past, when I was an Africa traveler … and one day, when I traveled back from Nairobi (Kenya) to Vienna, in my mid twenties, and I met a young man from Wales, by the name of ***Hugh Wyn Griffiths***. He was from Caerleon. We met in a travel agency's office, and the met again at the airport and kind of fell in love there: *And he **sang** to me and playing his guitar for me.* Hugh sat in the plane behind me. Our paths separated somewhere at a transit airport in Europe, and we emailed a couple of times, but I never saw him again. But the encounter has stuck with me all those years. It was at the same time beautiful and sad, haunting in many ways. The story of me and Bob, later, was this story times a thousand in terms of emotional intensity.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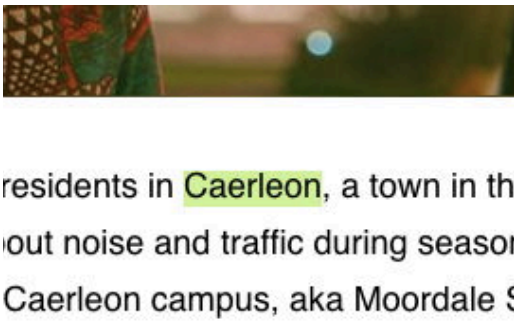
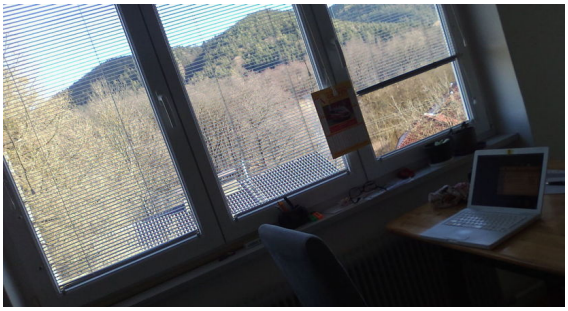
There were some complaints from local residents in Caerleon, a town in the northern outskirts of Newport where it's filmed, about noise and traffic during season one shoot
at the University of South Wales' former Caerleon campus, aka Moordale Secondary School.



Also last night, as I was sitting and writing, not moving, dog in the other room, I noticed some kind of motion to the side of me, near the floor … it was like some rippling of the air. It felt like some energetic … I don't know, thing. Like "Predator".

Actually, I did earlier screenshot a **"Austrian & Predator"** movie title from the fun-producer "Honest Trailer". Is that a reflexion of that? As it did look like *Predator* in my kitchen. (Yes, I know this sounds crazy, and as if I was imagining things and making them up, and it's possible. But just the fact that I have these impressions, is the truth.)



<u>December 8, 2019</u> **– Raccoon Alarm!**

How strange! Went to an *online newspaper* that I normally ***do not read*** … horrible news about a fireman beaten to death by young foreigners in Salzburg … one murder after the other by "refugees" or immigrants in Austria and Europe these days …

… and there was a story about – drumroll! – a **raccoon**!

(If you now think "She was googling raccoon" I don't blame you; But I swear to you, and I'd pass everything lie-detector-test, that I'm never looking for anything or searching, it all "just happens".)

A raccoon was encountered staggering around a Christmas market in the German town of Erfurt! A raccoon! Seriously!

Ein Waschbär sorgte am Wochenende auf dem Weihnachtsmarkt in Erfurt für eine tierische [illegible] war sichtlich benommen

December 9, 2019 **– Zumbuddy**

I realize that I forgot to mention the word "***Zombody***" … a name for "zombies" that was coined by the character "Joel" in "Santa Clarita Diet" to not offend his zombie-wife, and it hit me hard.

That was something so deeply between Bob and me … when "Joel" said "*Zombody*", with that very special enunciation, I heard Bob say it. It sounds like "*Zumbuddy*", and it has been a running gag between Bob and me: Many years ago, a person on Maui who we had filmed pronounced it like this: "zumbuddy", because that person was part Filipino and had a funny way of speaking English. Ever since Bob would not say "somebody" but "zumbuddy" …

And "Joel" said it just like Bob did.

Today I felt attracted to zap through a movie called "***A marriage story***" … and zapping through the movie, I found what I was supposed to find, the "wife" saying: "***I fell in love with him two seconds after I saw him, and I'll always love him, even though it doesn't make sense anymore.***" Exactly. And I will never forget that moment when I saw Bob for the first time, this angel like, tragic, sensitive funny handsome tall gorgeous man … a hermit. Vulnerable. Lonely. I had no idea that I wasn't meant to bring him a long happy life. I sure thought I was.

December 10, 2019 **– Amazing Mystical Forest**

Edited for privacy – a recurring dream of my father, with exactly the same location (that I don't know in real life) like in previous dreams of my father (who is still alive in the mortal realm). It's interesting because those dreams often relate to my dog "Kimba", who was run over by a car in Norway on August 7, 2001, which was the reason that I ended up on Maui in September 2001. Today is my father's birthday, actually.

Walking with Jacqui this afternoon, along a path I'd walked often, I wished so much to see Bob … and they *weirdest sun rays between the trees scenarios appeared.*

As usual, I can get pretty upset about seeing damage by beavers … it feels so horribly reckless to me, and so many trees were destroyed only in the last weeks … seems to be symbolic to a very inefficient way of trying to make oneself "at home" …

Clouds appeared that gave a stunning performance of "We're a perfect **match**".

Also, I realized something else … about the movie that I zapped through, yesterday, "***A Marriage Story***": It ended with the *women squatting down and tying the man's shoe-lace*, as they were separating … (He couldn't do it because he was carrying their small son). And that was something I had done for Bob in our last months together. Tied his sneakers for him, first helped him slip in, too. And also in the film, the woman cut everyone's hair … that's also me. I cut Bob's hair and beard before I left (to never see him again), and his sister said that he wouldn't let her touch his hair …

And there was a section in the film, that I didn't see, but when I read up on the plot I found it:

Charlie's apartment, feeling the lawyers have gotten out of hand, in
ıg it out. Charlie agrees, but the conversation soon devolves into a
argument. Charlie accuses her of lying about not being happy with him
ıst will never be happy, she tells him how he's so selfish he truly can't
mself, and Charlie ends up telling her he wishes she would die – then
ıobbing and apologizes. Nora preps Nicole for her meeting with the
laining that even though fathers can have some leeway, mothers are
ed to be perfect. The evaluator comes to observe Charlie, and during
ıasks Charlie to do his trick with his pocket knife. Charlie, worried,
ı evaluator he would do a joke with Nicole where he would retract the

And I remembered that many years ago, in the worst time, when I was so hurt and felt so ignored and mistreated by Bob, I had looked after him, as he had walked out of the kitchen, leaving me sitting alone, and he was miserable, as always, for no apparent reason, that I had also thought *"Just fucking die!"*

December 11, 2019 **– US Mail!**

Walking in the early morning, seeing frost **crystals** on twigs … I could only think about how that is just energy, obstructed …

Today I walked towards my new home on the hill from the reverse side than usual … and I saw a **US-mailbox** at the neighbor's house!

I flashed back so hard … to how often I have seen Bob shuffle through the driveway across the street to the **mailbox** … it was an important aspect of daily life for us … the little red flag up … It was a piece of home. So strange … with the "House of the Sun" just opposite, and the US-mailbox … *Where am I?* It belongs to my landlady's daughter and her family.

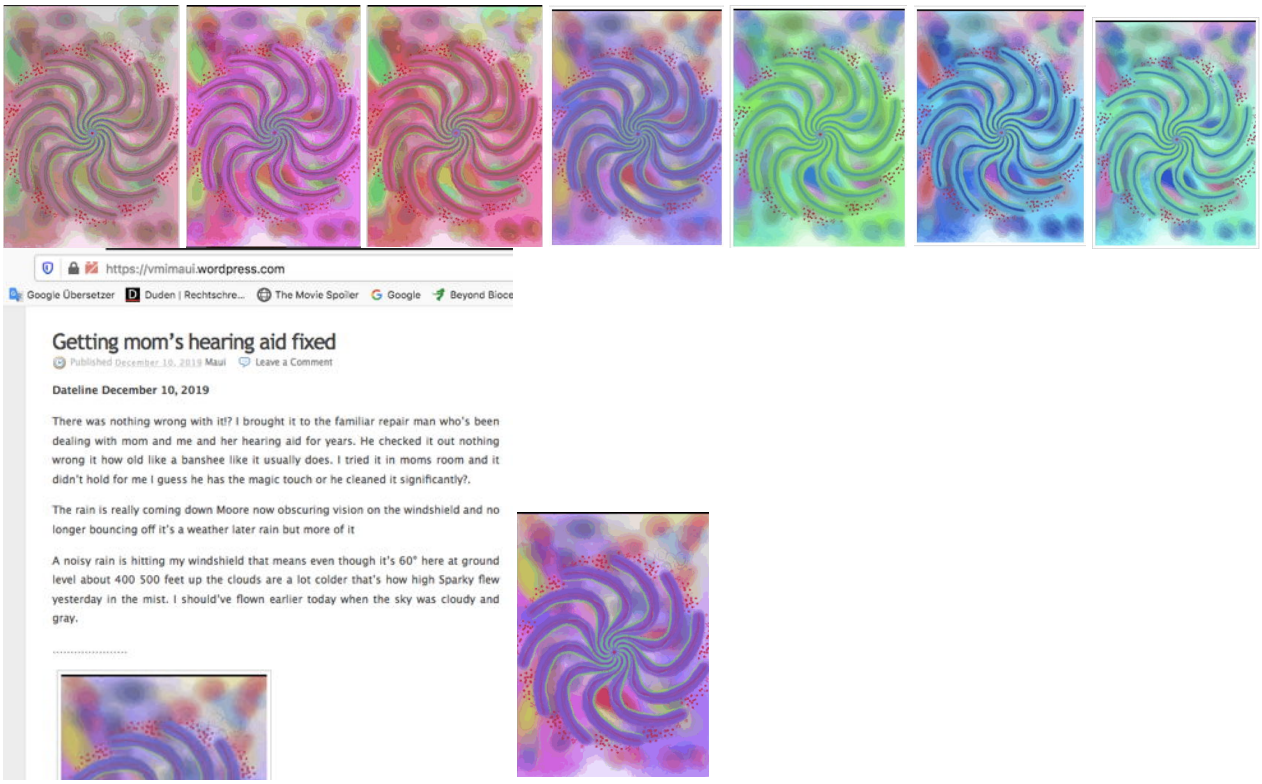
December 11, 2019 **– My Vision Coming True**

Uncanny!

I've been seeing, actually watching, very strange ***patterns***, *with my eyes closed* … and it was like I could look around and look at them, my eyeballs consciously "moving", as if I was actually looking at a scenario … and it was always in half-sleep states. It relates to me changing the colors I was seeing consciously, as mentioned.

So of course I read up, read about *Phospenes* and stuff … but some of the scenarios looked like *action events in some kind of aquarium* … as if I was watching "energetic" turbulences …

And today … again I went to read ***Peter Rosen's blog*** – and he had posted a GIF that actually ***reflects*** what I've been seeing! Some **spiral** that looks like an octopus or some sea star … in the colors I've been seeing! Seriously!


https://vmimaui.wordpress.com
Getting mom’s hearing aid fixed
Dateline December 10, 2019
There was nothing wrong with it!? I brought it to the familiar repair man who’s been dealing with mom and me and her hearing aid for years. He checked it out nothing wrong it how old like a banshee like it usually does. I tried it in moms room and it didn’t hold for me I guess he has the magic touch or he cleaned it significantly?.
The rain is really coming down Moore now obscuring vision on the windshield and no longer bouncing off it’s a weather later rain but more of it
A noisy rain is hitting my windshield that means even though it’s 60° here at ground level about 400 500 feet up the clouds are a lot colder that’s how high Sparky flew yesterday in the mist. I should’ve flown earlier today when the sky was cloudy and gray.

Today was such a sad and dreary day … I was worried so much, slept way too long … and now I’m seeing this … is it miraculous. Is it real communication? Coincidence? I don’t know anyone who I could share this with.

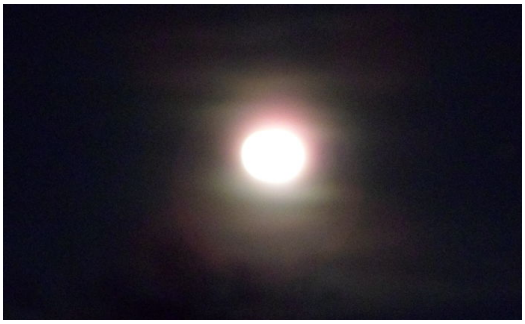
December 12, 2019

Weird weird **dream** … woke up, was sure I’d remember it, but it only remained a blur … but it was about meeting dead people. People *I knew* are dead in real life*, and I knew that in my dream*, but I still met them … odd … sadness, surprise, that kind of stuff was there.

Before that: In the evening just before dusk, a **long cloud** showed up that stretched across my entire view. Across the valley. It was like a string, connecting north and south … uninterrupted. At the same time it had little spikes and resembled a very long spine … and that’s the symbol for a “**mo’o kuauhau**”, an ancestry line. That string cloud in front of my window … just strange to see.

The **moon** last night, too … full moon today.

I discovered that *path to the oasis of quiet* at the creeks, with the stone bridge and the pond … and it leads me past a cemetery … which is always good for a sobering view at … well, mankind. I look at the graves and think … "Wow, those dead people were sure sorry they had the beliefs they had when in their mortal phases …'



I finalized the rewrite of "Flippers", made it a Hawaii love story, how strange, too. (*Note/edit: I did that only because of my hope that the producer who was looking for Hawaii-projects would like it, and I submitted it to that agent with who I had been in contact, Italia G., and to the producer via ISA, Oren K. To this day, April 8, 2020, nothing has come out of it. Communication? Failure. I simply don't know what they are thinking. And due to the Corona "crisis" everything is stalled now, too, in terms of business.)*

I felt so hopeless today, missing Bob, in disbelief that everything is gone on Maui, our future together … I looked into the mirror, my face looks really old.

Also, today I was just a few meters away from a **car accident,** where three cars crashed into each other … I have thought about stuff like that so many times, worried about my mother driving. It happened on a straight street here in Griffen, 50 km/h, perfect visibility, no idea how that happened, I only heard a crash next to me, had just turned to my dog, so I only looked over to the crash site just after it had happened. I guess it's supposed to tell me that if things are meant to happen, they will? In broad daylight, three cars crash into each other at low speed?

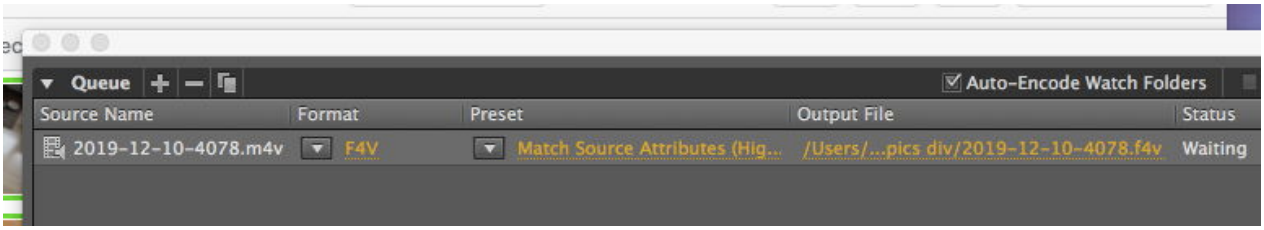
Phoned my mother, she sounded fine, and it's so deceiving. But only because I know our situation, I know that she isn't thinking "normally" straight. I have to keep myself from recalling how and who she used to be … and her life was full of horrible tragedies and disappointments. Her only love died tragically in 1983 … She talks nonsense, about how she feels so much better without the nutrition … not realizing that the nutrition saved her, and so I have to chat her ear off all the time to keep her busy and thinking, saying over and over that she must take mental medicine to support her brain. Today I mentioned dementia very clearly and that it must be avoided. She has dementia, I know that, but slightly for now, and perhaps due to malnutrition.

Still, I felt so much like "What the fuck?" She has no insight of how bad she was, at all and how fucked up her thinking and talking was and how thin she was. Now she is fine and blames her not feeling find on the life-saving meds I got her.

Later today …

… so weird! I had literally repeated several times in the past weeks, how, in the very old days of Bob's and my story, he would drive **"down the hill to encode a few spots"**. The term "encoding" was on my mind all the time, it totally relates to Bob's and my wonderful first year … So I had said "I'm encoding a spot" several times over the weeks, trying to sound like Bob.

And today, when I imported pictures, suddenly a window popped out, "Adobe Media **Encoder**". ENCODER! I kid you not.



Never in my life have I seen this program, and there it was, pop! A window with the "***encoding***" theme. I know technically, why that opened: I had a file on my photo (!) camera, not my phone, that was a video file, and I clicked it on together with the photographs, and then that "encoder" opened … But: I've made videos many times, and they always open in *Quicktime*. Never ever have I seen Adobe Media Encoder … only after having been reminiscing so bitterly about Bob having had *to run down the hill to* ***encode*** *spots.*

We had wonderful salami snack together, earlier.

December 12, 2019

Shabu shabu … just came to my mind. And I know why. It's one of the commercial production jobs Bob and I once had, filming at a Japanese-style restaurant on Maui … and I had revised my "Flipper"-story yesterday into giving one of the male leads a Japanese-Caucasian identity.

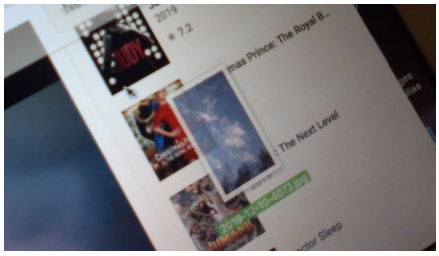
December 12, 2019 **– Froze "Frozen"**

I zapped through the movie "**Judy**" (Garland) and saw a scene where she holds up a **rabbit**! She reminds me very much of my mother, so petite, so addicted, so tragic. Just that Judy died at 47.

Then … a never before seen **laptop-freeze** happened … as I was naming a picture of a cloud I had seen and it ***doubled***, it moved *by itself around on the desktop (I was* ***not*** *touching the pad or a key or anything!)* … and then I tried to stop the moving image, but the keys of the laptop didn't react anymore … I had to reboot.

I was so stunned, that I remained entirely calm, as if I had to hold my breath. And … OOOOOH! I just got something! I had zapped through the movie "**Frozen**" before it happened!

I kid you not. And I had just seen ***the princess gaze at clouds*** and ***thinking they meant something***, *and at the same time I was naming pictures of* ***clouds*** *that I think meant something!*



That is Bob. That's his sense of humor. Good thing I quickly took a picture of the desktop with my phone, as the keys didn't work anymore, before the reboot.

And: I just was outside with Jacqui – **and it had snowed!** *For the first time this winter lies snow*. Talk about "Frozen"! Was I meant to go outside to see it? Me feeling drawn to watching "Frozen", then saw the princess read the clouds just as I was dealing with the clouds I had photographed because of their shapes that looked like messages, and then the laptop froze! Then I step outside and there is – snow! ***Zombody*** is talking to me.

The stone on the "altar" on Schlossberg (castle mountain) now has a nice fur.

Right now … a very strong very high pitched ***sound*** started in my ear … but more like some ***atmospheric sound***. It's changing, as I write, seems to … okay, totally stopped … after kind of moving behind me and closer.

(Note/edit: This sound has been accompanying me ever since. And yes, I've been thinking about a lot of possible reasons for this, including tinnitus. But it started from one second to the other. And it was not there when I had the problems with the pressure in the pipes and my sensitivity to it and the headaches. It occurred first time after seeing the snow after the "Freezing".

Oh! And just now that I'm writing this, months after the event, I realize that the first episode of Bob's and my Hawaii-TV-series, after the pilot, is called "Sweet Freezing", and that I had just started to re-edit the series episodes when the freezing happened!)

December 12, 2019

It's entirely wrong to say, at a funeral "We say goodbye to Soandso" or "This was Soandso, may she rest in peace". To believe that it's the actual person, the entity, the existence, that's expired now, is the biggest problem mankind has.

We have bodies with limbs and skin and orifices and organs, obviously, our bodies are machines … they wear out and fail, because they are meant to only serve a certain purpose for a certain time.

December 12, 2019

I'm very very very disappointed that nobody of Bob's and my Hawaii-"friends" contacted me after Bob's death. Not Steve, Tom, John, Cindy, Mary-Beth, Tommye, Emme, Ines, Tim, or even Barbara … nobody. Or Rebecca. Is that how they felt about Bob, too, so ignorant? I'm happy for him, now, that he is in such a better place. Hopefully.

(Note/edit: Emme and Rebecca did connect eventually. Nobody else, to this day.)

December 14, 2019 **– My Servant Lobster Ice Cream**

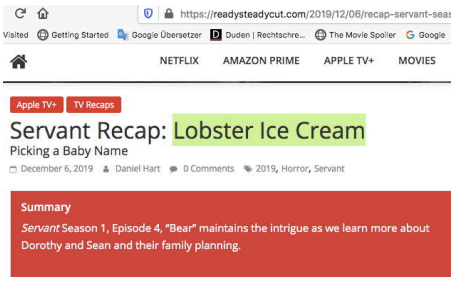
Have begun to revise "Paradise" episode 1. Taking a walk in the snow with Jacqui, I was wondering to rename "Sweet Freezing" (which is now the episode 1) into something more … pleasant or gripping. I thought about some kind of "***Ice Cream***", because it must be cold and express that it's hot at the same time … So I tried out various options with "Ice Cream", like "Pepperoni Ice Cream" or "Hot Melt Ice Cream" (that's a good one, actually, I made that up right now, before it was only "Hot Ice Cream") …

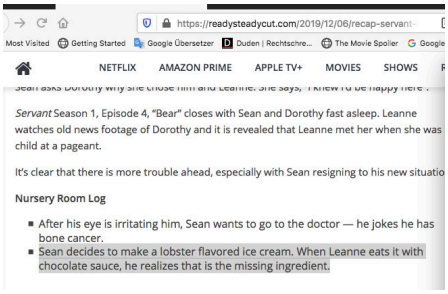
So back home, I continued revising the episode (I was in a hurry as I want to pitch all finished episode to the agent and the producer) … and I swore to myself I wouldn't watch any film before I wasn't done with that episode. But suddenly a series whose title I saw yesterday, "Servant", came to my mind, and I watched the trailer. Gruesome, about a dead baby and some mystery … totally don't want to see it.

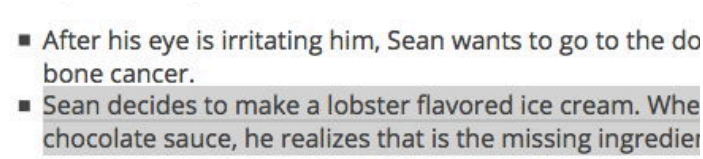
But then I was sitting at my chicken dinner, shared some with Bob, and the urge to watch that show, the pilot, became overwhelming. So I started to watch "**Servant**" while revising the "Paradise"-episode … and only when a **scene** came where some **mail guy puts a cardboard box** in front of the camera, the show even got my full attention:

Most importantly: Just today I've carried around very similar card board boxes that I've picked up one from the mail office today! (It's the nutrition for my mother that I ordered in Germany.)

A **rabbit** ("**Hare**") was on the box! So that was it for me and the show "Servant" … I lost interest right away. But later, because I'm a researcher, I began to read about it's plot, and looking for good summaries, clicked on a site that recapped episode four (and I thought they'll also have the finale), and there it is:




https://readysteadycut.com/2019/12/06/recap-servant-
Most Visited
Getting Started
Google Übersetzer
Duden | Rechtschre...
The Movie Spoiler
Google
NETFLIX
AMAZON PRIME
APPLE TV+
MOVIES
SHOWS
Servant Season 1, Episode 4, "Bear" closes with Sean and Dorothy fast asleep. Leanne watches old news footage of Dorothy and it is revealed that Leanne met her when she was child at a pageant.
It's clear that there is more trouble ahead, especially with Sean resigning to his new situatio
Nursery Room Log
After his eye is irritating him, Sean wants to go to the doctor — he jokes he has bone cancer.
Sean decides to make a lobster flavored ice cream. When Leanne eats it with chocolate sauce, he realizes that is the missing ingredient.


After his eye is irritating him, Sean wants to go to the do
bone cancer.
Sean decides to make a lobster flavored ice cream. Whe
chocolate sauce, he realizes that is the missing ingredie

Remember, I was playing with creative titles for my TV-series episode relating to "ice cream"?

The episode 4 of "Servant" is called "**Bear**", and just earlier, shopping a Billa, I almost photographed a Christmas **Ice Bear** as a decoration display.

Also had to think of my grandmother Maria, who loved ice bears, and when she was in the old aged home and barely coherent, I brought her a toy ice bear, and it became very dear to her. I don't know what happened with it.

December 15, 2019 **– Comfort in License Plate Numbers**

Edited for privacy … very difficult time with my mother.

On the way there, on the highway two cars with the following license plate numbers passed by me, in close succession**: "K KLL1"** and "**K KLL2"**!

Later, during my very desperate phase driving back to Griffen, "**910 DN**" and "**910 JR**".

When I talked to my mother about the afterlife, just for the heck of it and that I think that we'll all meet again and that it's going to be great "there", she said: "Ich lasse mich überraschen." I let myself be surprised.

December 15, 2019 **– The New Year's Eve Dream**

Dream of **me as a clone** … trying to reach Vienna for New Year's celebration, horrible ordeal, met woman who greeted me as friend but I didn't know who she was … bicycle vehicle …

I postponed writing about my dream … it was so intense, now I only have my notes, that I can barely read, … I only know that I knew I was a **clone**, I observed myself and thought it was even better living like that. But I had to try to get to Velden (or Vienna), and I was lost in some **countryside** neighborhood with long **long roads** … I've dreamed stuff like that many times before, when I was younger. And it was **New Year's Eve**. Somehow I thought I should avoid meeting Sigi (who died 2016), as he'd be around in the typical pubs and doing alcohol and drugs …

(*Note/edit: Reading through this right now, April 8, 2020, I remember some of the dream as clear as day.)*

I just flashed back to my mind that the last email I had received from Sigi, long after our breakup and when he was living with his new partner, that he was hoping to get closer to me … anyway. So I was striving to get up a wide hill in some kind of golden light, along a long wide curve, and I thought I should hitchhike otherwise I wouldn't make to that place, which was Velden (where I come from) and Vienna

(where I used to live) at the same time. But along came only a **vehicle** like a wheel barrel, very crudely made. Two men and a woman were in it, and it was kind of open and looked very fragile. They saw me, drove by me with a hell of a speed, and I thought, no, that's to dangerous, anyway, I don't want a ride with them … but they stopped for me, and the braking maneuver caused them to get off the road and **crash** in the curve. I walked over to them … *and now I realized in my dream that I was dreaming*.

As I approached the three people I tried to figure out how to tell them that I wouldn't ride with them as I saw how fragile that vehicle was and how dangerous that kind of transportation was, and I thought that they'd **race** down the next hill and **crash again**, and I didn't want to be involved.

I think we chatted, but I walked on, while they tried to get up and continue their trip … and somehow I made it up the hill, into a **pub**, where everything was being prepared for New Years, festive decoration. The pub was kind of narrow and dark, in a way cozy though, with people who belonged together, who knew each other, like a "saloon" in some remote Western town. It reminded me of the time when I had helped to prepare the Irish pub Mulligan's for St. Patrick's day on Maui, in Wailea … Back then I'd stood on a ladder writing beer prices on a ceiling bar; That was weeks before I met Bob.

So I inquired in that pub for … I think **I inquired where I could find – me**, actually. The clone story isn't clear in my mind anymore.

My notes say that there was some kind of **school class** on a hill, lots of people … and there was something about a **name**, I think it was me saying that name or asking for it and the **woman** in the pub was nice – and I realized that she was looking like me, but like I've looked decades ago, and **she or I** said something like "**Shoab Goam**", it was definitely a name with twice the o and a and only short …

My notes say "*Elisabeth*", no idea anymore … it baffles me how I can even forget that dream in parts … I noted "food", "Peter" (my dead brother) … and a town name like "Lihue". That's on Kauai, but the name of the place was only similar, it wasn't Lihue, really.

And: Something about 110 Dollars! Geez … oh, now something came back: I was in a Hawaiian ocean town, or it can be somewhere else at an ocean … and there was some **romantic drama** going on, where I tried to **catch** someone … Somehow my brother comes to mind, and I needed to be close to him; He wanted me there, but I didn't know where to stay. It also feels like I had to **hide out** or protect myself somehow. So a woman similar like my former friend Elisabeth told me about a kind of **container village**, that was more like a hotel, with the rooms being actual containers or a material like tin cans, and she told me that I could rent an apartment there for 110 $, there, at "Lihue". And I went to check one out and looked inside: small, a real container, no windows, red yellow lighting … But it was an option I needed to accept, I knew that in my dream.

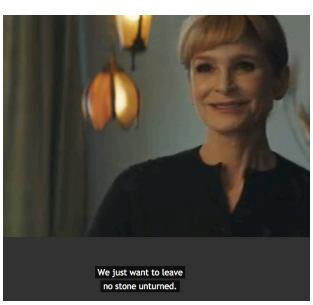
(Note/edit: In real life, I saw one such container once, Bud the birdman lived in one, in Waiehu, and Bob and I did a shoot there with Bud, that's when I photographed Bob with the birds.)

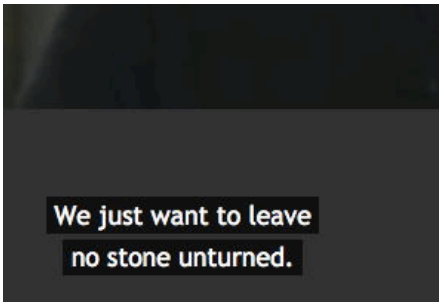
There is now that urgent memory of some hot and intense love situation I had, as if there was some conflict too, with that man, oh okay! He was the **leader** of **that school class**, (elusive, somewhere on a hill?). They were on an excursion, and I had nothing to do with them, actually. My notes state, and I can remember now, vaguely, that he and I were lying somewhere, and I **cradled his head**, tenderly, and we were going to be together. I loved him so much, and I knew he loved me, but it was new, that insight … it was love.

Oh! Something weird … yes, my brother Peter **was** there! And there was some situation about **food**, like a plate lunch, some meal where I didn't know what it actually was. And **Peter** – I think we were in some small **pub**-like restaurant – had some **scanner** device, and he held it to that food, and a menu-kind-of screen popped up, like a hologram, where the **ingredients** of the food were listed. Like allergens, carbs, proteins and such … it was so strange. *In my dream I thought, wow, who needs that?* But my brother was very serious about that, and he was kind of happy that he was able to do that for me. I knew I had to appreciate it. He was not the man I was in love with … there was a different **man**, ***who I knew so well***, but I didn't see his face clearly. It was just one of those dreams about great love and great fear of losing it. The story of my mortal life.

Just now I had a very emotional flash in my chest about Stewart White. Now tears come up … that's odd, I wasn't sad at all. I think I hit some energetic puddle just now. Just yesterday I was thinking so hard that I have nobody to take care of me and care about me. I have thought a lot about how Stewart must have suffered without Betty, after her death in her fifties. Maybe my suffering connects to his.

I'll find out one day.



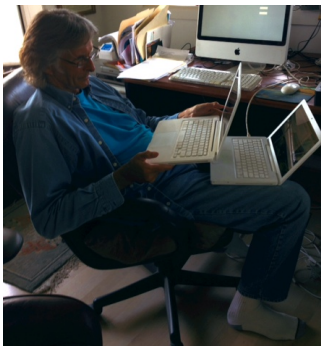


December 16, 2019 – **Bob With the Fox Face**

Working on "Paradise" … (wide awake) I had a sudden feeling of being drawn to Pukalani, into housie, as if I was there … I was moving, while sitting, it felt like I was in a *3D-surround-cinema* … the driveway of the neighbor, so close and real … the fern … the palmtree, that I touched … *I was standing in the door, too, looking out.* And *Bob showed up, and he was so close* … standing in the doorway, looking over from my beloved palm tree …

… and then: It wasn't him, there, but he had the **face of a fox, or rather the head of a fox**! A red and white fox with black trimmings around his face and chest and paws … There was once a picture of Bob that I took last summer, right there, the way he was standing in my day dream, but he had looked so horrible in that picture, his face like an insane completely emaciated grimace, *that I had deleted this picture*.

That was the only one I deleted … so strange that I was taken to that moment, and that Bob had a **fox-face,** there!



Sometimes I think "they" want to break my heart.

I was so angry at me and my mother last night … for having lost my nerve with her.

So it took me much effort to call her today, I was so afraid that she was worse again … and that it was my fault, because I had yelled at her. But then she was kind of sweet on the phone, and it touched me so much. She had forgotten our falling out, when she had told me that it wasn't good for her that I was visiting, she got upset too much. I realized that she wasn't necessarily in the present all the time … We chatted for a while, and she was really quick-witted on one hand, but also slow and repetitive on the other.

I feel overwhelmed at times.

December 17, 2019 **– Bob and the Small Boy**

Dream of Bob, and like mostly *I was aware in my dream that he had been dead and had returned.*

There was something about a large body of **water**, like the ocean shore or even a stream, and I had to move sort of along a path near that water **to find Bob**. He had been with me, just facing me, like he'd always done, in a good mood … but now he wasn't there. I met a **small boy** on the way, no idea who that was, dressed, like we both were, in some autumny wintery kind of clothing, I think he even had a backpack (I just now had the thought that I should use my dreams as separate actual plot lines in my upcoming trilogies after "Regents of Clouds"). So he and I, we somehow **found** each other and **walked together**, entered a **small town**, that looked like a part of Vienna, next to the Naschmarkt, with cafes along the streets where people would sit outside and watch the traffic. So I was looking for Bob … and suddenly I **saw him sitting among people** in the garden of a cafe, and I didn't know those people. So he had left me for them, without telling me, and the way they chatted, he felt so comfortable with them. I felt jealous right away, and hurt, he wore a **mustache**, which is strange (but Bob has had his mustache days, too), and he did look a bit different than the real Bob. He saw me and knew that I saw him, and him and those strangers were about to get up, anyway. I walked along, **knowing that Bob would follow me** … and the boy was with me still. He wasn't mine, though, maybe was lost.

So the boy and I looked back and saw that the party was getting up and saying goodbye, *and I felt so excluded, like I had in real life …* it looked like they had all met around Bob about a **project** (that I should have known about, but haven't, this is one of the most bitter real life experiences with Bob). But I wasn't angry, only kind of **wary**, *that I'd lose him again …*

There was, *in the dream*, actually, some kind of *flashback* to his suffering, where I knew the drama around Bob, but I don't recall it right now.

So as the boy and I walked ahead, suddenly we got **closer** to the **waterline** than before. There was a street next to that water, or rather a railway train, and there were many people. It felt like it was in the mountains, somewhere, but it wasn't snowy. It was cold though. The **boy** somehow **stumbled** and tipped over sideways, **plunging** into the **water**, I immediately ran over the get him out, but *I fell in totally. My clothes were soaked, and I knew it was cold, but I didn't feel it.* I picked the boy up and carried him back on the street, again there, close to where Bob and been sitting with the people. And **Bob** showed up, kind of **surprised**, to see me with the boy. I think I explained to him that I didn't know who the boy was, *but that the three of us needed to be on our way.*

There was something else to **accomplish** before that, and Bob and I and the boy stayed together … then I woke up.

(Note/edit: Also this dream, I remember exactly.)

Last night, I had read a bit in "Across the Unknown" (I can barely focus, as I'm trying to rewrite the Paradise-episodes), and I had a flash of *insight*, when *I read about the* ***tropical fever Stewart had had in Africa***, that the way he was describing his experiences with trying to get closer to the realm of the "disca" and the way he was writing and all his life's story … **that he is really like me.** He is so closely like me. Tropical fever in Africa. Repeated Africa trips. Avid writer. Exactly all me. And Stewart. So I thought, wow,

what if I … in some way … ***I have actually written this, what I'm reading now?*** Not me, as the person I'm now, but me as the quality of consciousness that I share with Stewart?

I just had the feeling that I have barely ever, on some level, felt closer to a person than to Stewart White, that writer, who died so long ago. I wish I could talk to him.

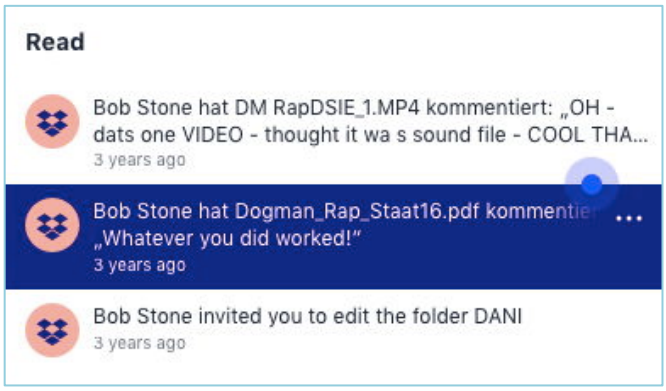
Is that possible?

It's also interesting that the scenarios in front of my eyes, when they are closed, are so vividly diverse now. It's sometimes that I'm consciously "watching" what's going on. And faces emerge, and little animals, and hands gesturing, but it's everchanging. Sometimes there is an opening, like a "puka" in the clouds, in some kind of dark brown fog that almost looks like loose rough wool, and something yellow is inside, and I can look inside, and I see that there is some kind of wavering or movement, and I try to hold on to that image, but then the "puka" closes, and the whole thing drifts away …

Yes, I'm aware of brain stuff and Phosphenes and all. Still … Also, sometimes there are fast and intense dots of light that appear somewhere in my field of vision, but only when I'm either writing intensely and really immerse, or close to falling asleep, no matter if my eyes are open or closed. And I always address them, saying "Saw that!" Just in case they mean something or are somebody.

December 17, 2019 **– Flashback Pain**

I decided to click on my newly installed **Dropbox** … and there were notifications from Bob from three years ago. Broke my heart to see them …


Read
Bob Stone hat DM RapDSIE_1.MP4 kommentiert: „OH - dats one VIDEO - thought it wa s sound file - COOL THA...
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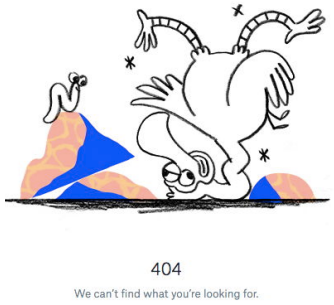


I read a note from Bob that I had never seen before … It showed me that he had communicated back then … probably more than I've ever known. But it also feels like a communication for *now*, because one of his messages reads: "**Whatever you did worked**."

Oh. Crying more now.

December 17, 2019

Intense talk to Bob on my way to Wolfsberg, for shopping … just then, a car with "**WN 888 DJ**" drove by! I thought, okay, I'll "win in Hawaii", then!

On the way back, I felt the urge to sing "**Va pensiero**", from an opera, and I realized that I don't know all the lyrics anymore.

Back home, I opened an online newspaper article that I wasn't really interested in, and I scrolled down the comments, and one of the commenters was: "**vapensiero**". The odds?

vapensiero vor 3 Minuten
künftig wirds dank der grünen sowas nichtmehr geben !
dann herrscht nämlich filmverbot wegen datenschutz
2
ANTWORTEN
flameknight vor 4 Minuten

Huh? And the comment is about an article where people mugged and beat up an older man, a crime that was filmed with a handy and put online) and that something like that crime wouldn’t happen with a new government anymore, as the greens will forbid the filming on grounds of privacy policies … haha, really sad dark black joke.

Along with **amazingly strange clouds,** today, including a square with a dot, that simply didn’t look like a random cloud.

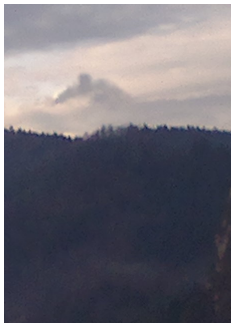
I photographed **clouds** while driving too.

December 18, 2019

The area of Griffen, where I’m living now, reminds me in many ways of Maui … and the possibility to see **clouds** that can be **messages**, and that this is a good place for clouds to form, is a huge aspect of this area (I do not feel really at home here, though, I know I’m only passing through).

I don't walk around, cloud-gazing. At all. I walk *without* looking at anything, except at my dog. I want to be there for him, … and when I talk too much with Bob during our walks, I notice that my dog is irritated, and I don't want to do that to him. I want to be present for him, … he is the perfect balance for me … my best teacher and friend. Endlessly patient.

But sometimes I look up, and "I don't know why", it just so happens. And that's when I notice an amazing shape or formation, and it's always something that speaks to me.



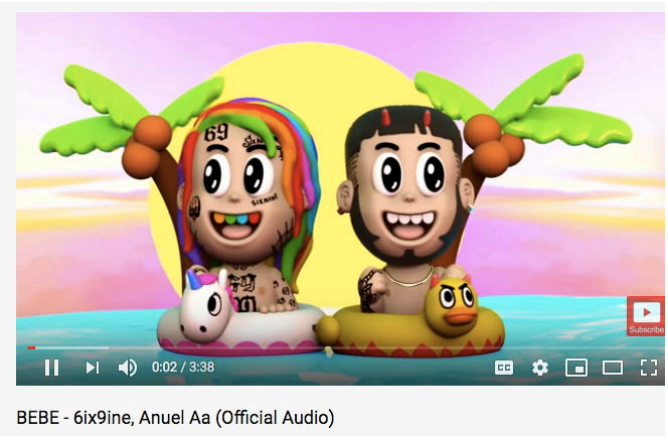
It's also that some formations are there as I look at them, and when I look back, just a few moments later, there is no trace left of them. They feel like an "effort" in a way, to me, sometimes. Bob and I were all into cloud shapes, can't say that often enough …

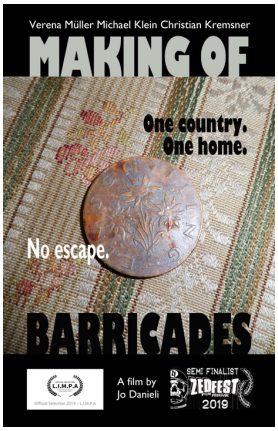
Sometimes clouds seem to **reflect** what I see (like that "Schlossberg above the Schlossberg) … that was a big theme on Maui. We saw **Kahakuloa**, the "big stone", from our house, past Waihe'e, and the clouds above that tongue of land, always exactly copies the shape of the land. Also here, at Griffen, I keep seeing cloud formations that somehow seem to mimic what I'm seeing … and sometimes there are spectacles of light. Like they want to illustrate all the "white-light"-stories I've been hearing from people who were close to dying.

Sometimes I'm worried I'll miss the actual cloud I'm supposed to see, because I'm also kind of impatient, outside, I want to move on, with my dog … and I don't even take the time to really listen or feel into it. I can't help it, I'm driven.

This image … belongs to **Rapper** "Bebe 6ix9ine" I somehow stumbled across, online … See ***me and Bob and the unicorn and the duck on the island?*** Remember the "***Dropbox*** Pop-Up" from earlier? Where Bob said that whatever I did, worked? It was about my **Rap videos**. Yes, I am a **rapper**, too. *MadFauna* is my name. I created satirical rap-videos (and I used some of them in the movie project "Making of Barricades" that Bob helped me with …

*(Note/edit: Wait … "**Barricades**". What the fuck? How could I have been so blind? How in the world did I come up with the title "Making of Barricades … when Bob was still alive? Why did I write and make a movie that's all about the impossibility of communication, because a woman holds a man prisoner who is a foreigner who lives in her country and never bothered to learn her language and she, of course, doesn't speak his?! Wow … It's April 8, 2020, and just now I kind of … "saw".)*





December 18, 2019 **– Death and Flying Revisited**

Watching a random (yeah, right) movie, "*6 Underground*" (because I like Ryan Reynolds), about people trying to rid the world from evil … actually, that's what "Regents of Clouds" is all about. I just felt about not thinking about "spiritual stuff" for a change, just watching some wham-bam-movie.

And it starts with the main character saying: "I know what it is like to be dead" … Later a character is talking *with his demented mother*.

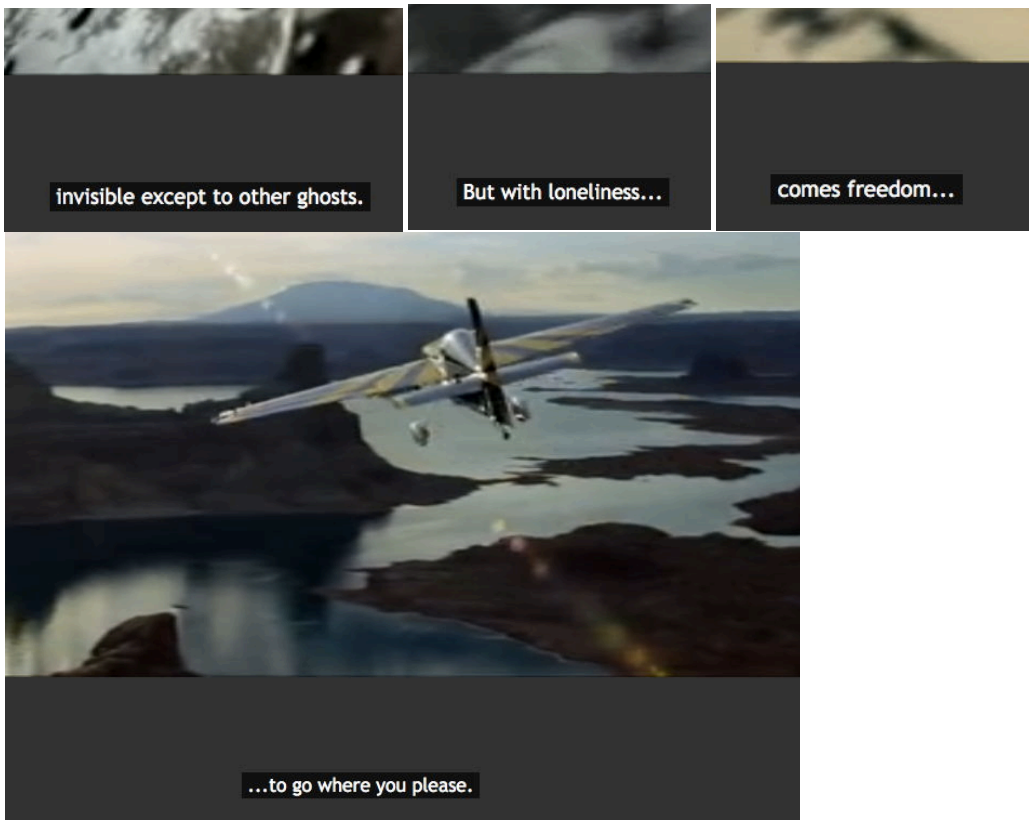
What are the odds?

It continues with "**What if I told you that I know what happens, when you die? You become a ghost, unable to return to those you loved."**

Of course it's not what it sounds like (it's not about spirits or ghosts, it's an action movie). I also was thinking, that the *way that movie is made* … it's beautiful, intense. The small snippets, views of people,

perspective … outside of the crazy violence … is made really well and sensitively. Wow. I want that for “Regents of Clouds”.

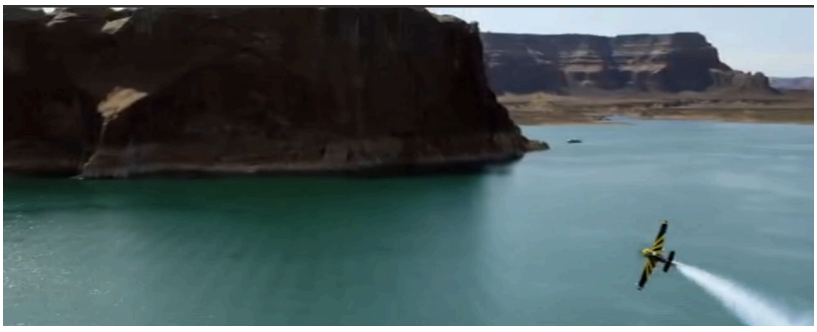
It’s directed by Michael Bay. And he is one of the directors I had in mind for “RoC”.



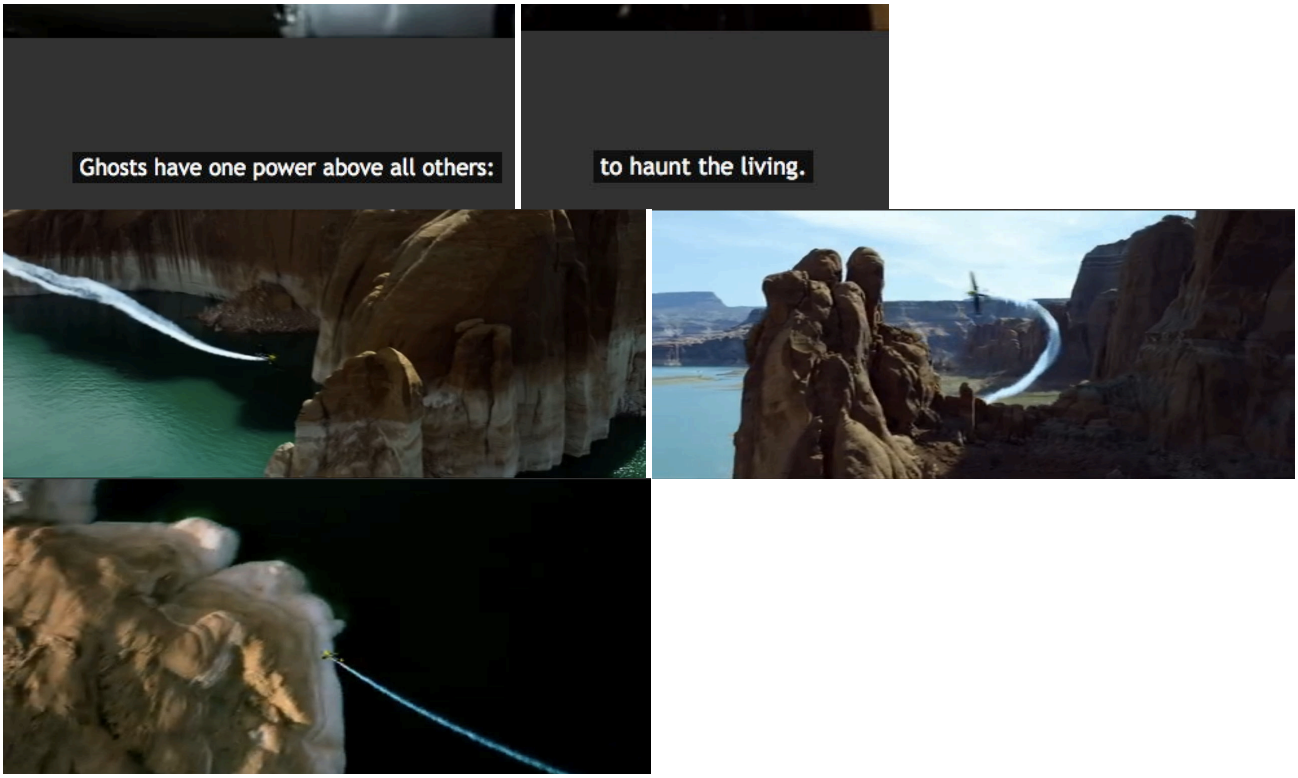
This movie stunned me with *scenes of flying* … that are straight out of my **dreams**.

I don’t just “fly” like a bird or a plane, no ... ever since *childhood* my dreams of flying were based on ***hard work of willing myself in the air*** … with a boost of trust and *absolute* trust at that, as I had to literally take my feet off the ground and trust I wouldn’t crash … and often I was barely be able to float … but I would make it … and sometimes I was able to rise above the people, but mostly with the effort, at first, to keep my “will” at a certain level of intensity or immediacy … and once I’d gained some momentum, I’d be able to rise and actually navigate in the air, and there was no more danger of crashing.

There is one particular dream, of a few years ago, ***where I flew over a coast line***, through the clouds into the blue sky and back into some kind of fog and over amazing cliffs and blue ocean …



I'll never forget that flight, I still see it, from my point of view in that dream … I was on the way to somewhere, and it was. urgent, and I was so high that it took my breath away and I was wondering how I was able to fly that well.



I always thought that my dreams weren't just dream … at least, I knew there were big differences.

One other thought I had, recently:

With all the synchronicities and events that totally point to Bob as a sender … who communicated with me in those intense years with amazing "impossible" experiences and dreams, before Bob's death? I had recurring dreams, with **places** that I kept revisiting, but **that only exist in my dreams.**

December 19, **2019 – Foxy Funny?**

Insights about the *foxface* that Bob had, in my daydream … or vision, whatever that was.

First: I asked what he was doing in the beyond, I really want to know. So today, walking all relaxed, it occurred to me, that *foxes are very smart and wise*, so is Bob teaching? He had a **foxes head** in my vision.

And later, as I was dealing with biz-stuff, suddenly I flashed back to a few days before the fox-face, when I had sent "C" a whole website with **Firefox**-jokes, because Bob has enjoyed one of them, that I had sent him a while ago, so much. So was he referring to that fox-theme?

Was he telling me that way, that he was fine … and that the image that I had deleted of his horrible state was really not who he was at all … he was the funny guy now, like he had always been. Nobody could ever make me laugh like Bob … and we laughed so much together.

Today, when I was talking a walk in nature again, I kept thinking that it's hard to make me "find" things, because it's so different than in a big town. In the morning, though, I had suddenly seen a **sculpture** of a fox-like *canine* in a garden where I walk by almost every morning, and I had immediately thought of Bob's foxface.

It makes me feel some kind of relief, really. I think we're on.

Fox Face Reloaded:

Now … wait for it: I felt compelled to google "*Fuchsgesicht*", **fox face** in German, as I was looking to add an illustrative photograph of a common fox … and I saw, that "***Fuchsgesicht***" is a **fish**! And this **fish** belongs to the **family of the "Kaninchenfische",** which means "**rabbit fish**"!

Fuchsgesicht

Das **Fuchsgesicht** (*Siganus vulpinus*), passender auch als **Dachsgesicht** oder **Gelbes Dachsgesicht** bezeichnet, ist ein Vertreter der Kaninchenfische (Siganidae). Der Fisch lebt im nordwestlichen Pazifik, von den Philippinen, über Indonesien, Neuguinea, dem Great Barrier Reef, Vanuatu, Neukaledonien, Tonga, Nauru, den Karolinen und Marshallinseln bis nach Kiribati in Korallenriffen bis in einer Tiefe bis 30 Metern.

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Fuchsgesicht

Fuchsgesicht (*Siganus vulpinus*)

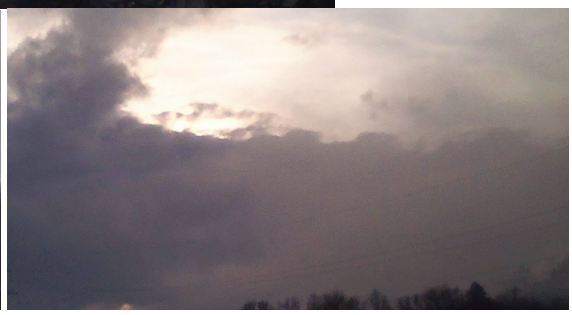
And of course it reminded me of the Hawaiian state fish, the ***Humuhumunukunukuapua'a***, and there the circle is closed!

(Note/edit: Actually, just now as I'm editing this in April, I'm seeing something in the screenshot of this fish: "Humuhumunukunukuapua' … You can call me Humu for short." That's just like Bob put on his website the name I had given him, Kekanepohakukumuhanaki'imeanui and then added "but you can call me Bob".)

December 19, 2029

Horrible **dream**! About having lost Kimba … somehow there were other dogs, and all dogs came back to me but not him. I don't remember exactly, and that's okay. And I was discussing with someone about my death, as I **planned** to die and had everything in place.

Then, again … in my day life, amazing **cloud** views … inspiring, comforting, speaking.



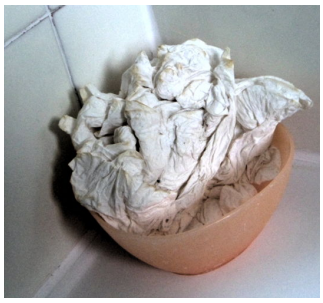
See the house-roof shapes in the clouds?

December 20, 2029 **– The Red Batch**

Very strange …

As you know, it's my ongoing quest to get "proof" that Bob is seeing what I'm seeing and that he is "around". Yesterday, I found a strange papery **red tissue** on the side of the road … and I felt urged to photograph it. But it was next to houses, and I felt strange doing it. Plus there was a lot of dirt. The strange thing was that I felt so attracted to it. *(Note/edit: I went back two days later, and the thing was still in the same place.)*

Today (it's now 1.30 am) I heard an interview with Heike Sucky about her near death experience … and I googled her, found a website with artwork, and there was the **red strange papery webby kind of tissue** that I had seen today!



It was made from *paper mache* … And that's special because a few days ago I cleaned my bathtub with a **paper towel**, and it kind of disintegrated, but when I squeezed it, it took on a strangely appealing consistency … so I kept it in a little container to do something with it later … but I didn't, so it has begun to dry. I touched it and realized that I had, unknowingly, created "paper mache".

December 20, 2019 **– Moaning Metal**

Ok, I went back to look for the **red fabric** … found it, just when I thought it gone and of turning around.

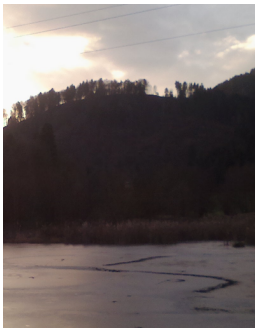
I used the backroad to the "oasis of quiet", and it leads to a small forest above the cemetery and the church … where the most amazing views appeared.

Walking by that *church*, I approached a flag on a dead-folks-**memorial**, because I noticed it's red-yellow-black color, that attracted me, along with the giant bird of prey leg (the code of arms of Griffen) …

… and as I approached it, **the metal monument** gave a giant **moan**, as if some energy or pressure had hit it. I was quite startled! There was nobody else there, nothing happening, no wind, nothing. First I thought that maybe there had been some earthquake that I hadn't notice, but the huge structure was vibrating … and then I thought, well, maybe it moans all the time, just because of temperatures and such. Probably does. Still, it was uncanny.

Then I walked around a corner, and there parked a car with the license plate number "**LEI** 1". I mean, seriously, "lei", to me, the Hawaii freak? "**Lei**" means "flower garland" in Hawaiian. But of course, the license plate number as a local meaning, as there is the saying "Karnten is lei ans", "Carinthia is the one and only". And "lei" means something like "only", "just".

I got another impression of "I see what you see", as the **cloud layers** seemed to **mirror** the ice pattern on the **pond** I was looking at.



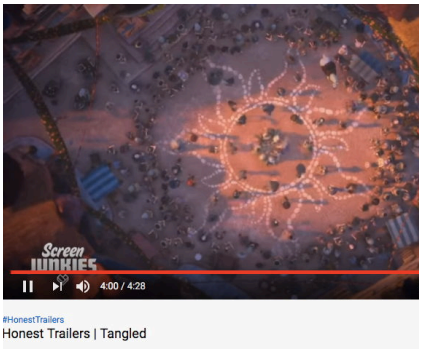
As we walked back home, I took a break, Jacqui sitting with me on a bench, and I looked at him from the side, saw the subtle movements of his eye balls and ears, so sweet … and I recalled how that had touched me when I had first taken him for a walk out of the animal shelter compound, where he was barely able to take a few steps, but still went on a leash with me. We had crouched there, then, and I had watched him as he looked up to a bird on a wire, just above us … and the way his eye moved kind of totally made me love and want him. So I thought of that and of **Felicitas Fischer**, of the animal care organization who I had joined that day for a visit at an animal shelter … she died a month before Bob.

So I thought intensely of her, sitting on that bench, and it came to my mind that I had seen the name "**Fischer**" somewhere, *recently*, relating to my wish to "hear from her". But I couldn't recall, where. So I got up from sitting next to a Christian memorial … and I read: It was for "Lorenz **Fischer**" (who had died July 26, 1934 in the war).

December 20, 2019

I watched a few "Honest Trailers", spoofs on actual film trailers, but very critical and actually really honest about the quality of movies … I never watched them with Bob, but I have the feeling that he really likes them now.

I came across the "Honest Trailer" for "Tangled" … and there was such a beautiful greeting in them, a **sun** on a **purple** (Bob's favorite color) cloth …



December 21, 2019 **– the Hallo Night**

The night of the "Hallo?" I'll call this date from now on.

After a few tough hours of striving to get through the edit of "Paradise", episode 3 and submitting it (which I did and was done around 2.30 am), I went to bed, very tired, but also kind of wired. Like always, like often I grabbed the print-out of "Across the Unknown" and kept reading, and like mostly in the past weeks, I didn't get through more than two pages, because as soon as I started reading and had really comprehended and grasped and acknowledged a few paragraphs, I fell dead tired.

I think that disca may be around me, and I always ask them to not scare me.

So I had just switched off the light, realizing that the patterns I saw totally resembled a painting I had seen recently … of Alexandra Grant, actually, now I remember, Keanu Reeves' "girlfriend" … and there was that moment of drifting off, and suddenly, **an entirely clear female voice said to me "Hallo?"** *in my left ear.* It was as clear as if I'd hear that person through headphone as she was speaking through a microphone. And I have a lot of experience with that. The way she said "Hallo?" expressed absolutely clearly "*Do you hear me, are you there?*" with a tinge of "*Here I am, what do you say*?" I was so stunned, that I immediately woke up, but at the same time I knew that my excitement – and my heart was pounding! – was exactly the wrong thing to do and would hinder any communication from continuing. So I tried to stay in my mind and I "thought" towards that woman "I've heard you, whoever you are … are you Fe Fischer?"

The voice said an Austrian-German "Hallo?", not English or French or Italian or anything, It was a word from my native language.

I tried to remember Fe Fischer's voice, but I couldn't, but the voice sounded a little bit familiar, but strange enough for me to know that it wasn't a voice of a woman who I had heard very often, and I have a very fine hearing.

In that second that the word "**Hallo**?" sounded … I had the impression that the woman had taken efforts and that she was kind of anxious to see if the connection worked. It's not like she expected me to have a chat with me. In her voice was some joyous curiosity, on my behalf, as if she was happy knowing the effect it would have on me, that I had heard her "Hallo?"

Maybe there is no point to even try to explain what went through my mind in that moment and after it. It was a long moment. There was an impression of immense *closeness* and of *knowing*, and I did have the feeling that the voice came from *far*, even though she was *directly in my ear.* But: ***Not*** in my head, really, more in my ear, but of course in a way in my head, too.

I'm noticing now that the few instances that I had heard voices – Bob's, twice – it was always when I had been exhausting my conscious mind before, working on texts, editing or writing, but in a manner that required my full effort. Then my mind would be so tired and actually shut off, that I was able to *receive*. That's what the Invisibles had explained many times to Betty, Stewart and Joan and Darby and others … that I would be able to receive a kind of "broadcast", because my subconscious was so open and unguided. And that's how that felt … and attempt to take advantage of a situation.

Of course there are many other ways to explain that phenomenon, and they are merely brain-functions-related.

I was also aware that my conscious thinking had kicked in right away, in the moment of surprise and excitement, and that me trying to go back to that previous moment of completely having let go of my "mind", was exactly what prevented the communication to happen.

That voice was real. It was as if I now have the internal proof, in my heart, yet on another lever, that "they are here". Maybe it was Fe Fischer – because she was the one who I had asked distinctly to communicate with me. Maybe it was someone else, but I and they know now that I'm able to receive them, as a receiver. Under certain circumstances.

Interestingly …

The "Hallo?" does not ring in my ears. It has now the feel of a memory of a voice I've heard very close. A real voice.

All this is real.

Okay – right now, a ***crackling*** in my window. No crackling before … at all, ever, except for the times that I described, when something extraordinary has happened.

I read in "Across the Unknown" last night about the importance of sticking to the material world while it lasts and manifest things here, more, *to train our ability to manifest.* It will be useful later. *I totally want to be useful,* ***later***.

The thought came back to my mind, again, how often I had felt so close to people – but have let them die, in a way, postponing my contacting them, until it was "too late". Are they part of the plan? Like Heinzi, Vickerl, Fe Fischer, Sigi … And some people from my early teenage hood keep coming back to my mind, too, and of my school time, … *ha*, especially one came now, with a kind of emotional flash, Waltraud Sch., a school comrade who, as far as I know, killed herself in her twenties, but also Andreas U., Chrysanth H. … he was found dead in a gulch, called "Teufelsgraben" near Velden, or Ulrike Sch., who died as a child, of brain cancer … Those people were somehow close and dear to me. And many more who are now dead. Let alone the people who Bob and I knew and who are dead, so many speakers of the Hawaii-documentary we made.

So whose voice was it?

I want to know now.

I have the feeling that when I'm sharing food or drink or scents with the Disca, that I do something nice for them, like candy, as they get to "take in" energetic patterns that they didn't experience in their mortal phase. So I enhance their existence by sharing? What I don't know is, if my method of sharing energetically, of projecting, of hurling out the energetic essence of things and feelings and thoughts … that I've learned in the 90s when studying "kahuna"-practices, thanks to Serge King … *whether or not that's sufficient? Useful? Or just silly?*

Remember, I discovered a lovely **stone bridge** just recently at the "Oasis of Quiet". Things happen for a reason.

I'm so aware that I'm a Disca-in-evolution here, in my Inca-being. I can't wait to share this with mankind. I'm sharing already.

I wrote Werner H. of Thanatos to fetch my laptop, in case I die. I hope he takes that seriously.

<u>December 21, 2019</u>

Took a walk in the rain with Jacqui, talking to the Disca, and remembering Waltraud Sch., asking if she was the voice … I didn't receive a "response", but the mere fact that she came to mind speaks for itself. I liked her at school. I remember her exactly, she was quiet and fragile and sweet, with lovely long black hair, a very svelte figure and blue eyes.

On the Schlossberg, I stood there in the rain and flashed back and forth between here and Maui, listening to the sound of the rain on the roof of our beloved housie and on umbrellas as we had taken a walk … and I felt so so so heartbroken again. It was like impossible to even think to move on or to live … and immediately I had the thought that I'm not young anymore, and it comforted me, because I do have stuff to do to make time pass fast.

Ever again I remember *Mercy Whitney*, one of the pioneer missionary wives of my Hawaii-documentary … and when I learned about her story, I was truly shocked. She and her young husband were deeply in love when they embarked on that incredibly strenuous trip from New England to Hawaii to establish a mission there. And he, Samuel, died after only a very short time in the islands, in his twenties. And she lived to her nineties! Jesus Christ, what did she do to deserve that? I asked myself that often. It's written in documents of the time, that she was thought to have gone crazy … oh, I can imagine! Stuck in this life, with your love gone, and you can't die and aren't allowed by your religion to kill yourself. She taught and helped, but I've always kind of "known" how much she must have suffered. And I felt with here … and those were the years when Bob was so firmly in my life that I never thought I'd not grow old with him.

So I walked on, today, on Schlossberg, and my inner trip continued … and let go of my thoughts, and suddenly I was *right there*, in ***Cornwall, New England, at Henry Opukaha'ia's grave*** … I remember it so well, it had ***rained*** and I had held the umbrella over Bob's camera. We had felt real close, then although the trip was altogether horrible, and Bob abandoned me and the project and really and truly insulted and hurt me … and he apologized for it many times, in later years, also when we were together for the last time, in summer 2018.

So today I was catapulted in such a clear and immediate memory of that day in Cornwall, that I felt that this was Bob's doing. I had never ever ever thought about that again, that place, that day, … I've been in the rain a lot and reminiscing … but that "recollection" felt like a true connection. I've been saying to him "Play me!" a lot, because that's our slogan, and I say it when I want to share food with him … the essence of which he can hopefully enjoy, too … and maybe there was a "window" in the veil, the barrier that's between our worlds, and I picked up the image he sent me to say "I'm right here, Dani'".

These are intense days.

I remember last year. I was about to travel to Gutenstein Mariahilfberg, to spend New Years there. Christmas? Can't remember. Just Vienna.

Phone-talk with my mother today, she was at the hair-dressers and talked vividly, seemed okay. Just that she says the same things over and over. I'll leave her in peace for now, will visit her tomorrow.

Also in the past days I've heard in my head many many of Bob's typical expressions, as if he was talking to me all the time. I hear his voice, but not like the female voice of tonight, what I hear feel like memories, but they pop up all the time, and Bob says just what he'd say in all kinds of situations. I know him so well, I could totally "play him". ***Oh.***

That's another meaning.

I can "play him". Literally. I can "be him" … *mimic his behavior and just his style*. And maybe that's the way to reach him? It's not a new thought, I've been able to *project* myself into his realm and totally "be" him, but that has been my interpretation how well that went … so now, me coming up with this and reminding myself of it … is that a hint?

It has happened, actually. I have found myself doing things, too, that were typical for Bob. The way he handled tooth-picks. The way he sat at the computer. How he'd grimace and moan or sigh … and much more. I have been having a very strong feeling of being him … many times. I don't know if that makes sense … it's just longing, I guess. But it happens by itself. I catch myself doing it, I don't plan it. And it feels so real and normal, that I kind of "*am"* Bob when I want to. Who knows what he thinks of all that … where he is. Who know what all that I do looks like from his perspective now. Am I making a total fool of myself?

I can almost hear Bob say at that moment "Always the researcher"! He liked that investigative streak about me. *He knows I'm entirely dedicated and obligated to facts.* That's the reason why I had to stop working in journalism … facts aren't necessarily what the media are all about.

In the rain, Jacqui suddenly went all into speeding and running like crazy, even into the field, so I took a turn to a meadow, really green and wide and flat, so that Jacqui could run to his heart's content, which he did. And as I strolled along, I came across a dead **gopher**.

It's gross … but the way he was lying there … the reminded me so much of Bob. His hand on his chest. That gopher … and Bob and I had talked about gophers a lot. And it had been entirely gray and rainy the whole day – and as I looked up, I was like flooded by a spotlight: The sun had come out, and everything around me was covered by *totally bright whitish light!* It was so strange. Even Jacqui looked around. *No more rain, just bright light*, but also no sun, it was still behind the clouds! It was so eerie … I tried to take a picture, but my cellphone shutter closed down because of the bright light! And a minute later – pau! Finished, gray and pouring rain. Just around the dead gopher – there had been bright daylight!

And - somehow I almost forgot: As I walked towards the creek-path, along which we often go, Jacqui and I, … a **Naupaka** was lying on my path!

I was so stunned! Almost exactly a year ago I had found one! It's the season of celebrations, I know that, and it's a part of a lid for a bottle, but I didn't see any others lie around anywhere else. So I picked it up and felt greeted.

Oh okay! Remember, we lived halfway up the volcano **Haleakala**, "House of the Sun". So what I'm doing now, where I live, is going up the hill and going down the hill. And it just so happens that behind my

apartment – as mentioned before – literally, given the geographical direction, **is "the house of the sun",** the house, with a large sun painted on it.

I've shared this before, but it feels like on some days, it has all the more meaning. I kind of "*am*" on Maui, in a certain sense. But when I "found" this place, I had no idea of all that. At my first visit, I did not even notice the house of the sun, at all. That happened when I did my final moving, coming from Vienna, one day, and the *rainbow* appeared and the bright orange light. And when I turned around, there it was, the house of the sun …

I also saw a car with the license plate number "**VK 79 MU**". What does it mean, it startled me. I've always called my mother "**Mu**". But of course, the "Mu" are also the **magical mystical beings of old Hawaii**, and it's also an ancient secret place ...)

Now, preparing beef broth, because Jacqui gets a part of the raw met with a bone to work on it, and I suddenly recalled tonight's **dream**.

I was in Velden, walking along the shore of the **lake**, on the Southern side, and I knew I had to join some people. I was younger than I am, in my mid thirties, perhaps, and **I found a baby**. Now, that baby was some kind of very *fragile* construct of a light matter, like a paper bubble, and it had to be put and held together immensely cautiously. I don't remember why I had it, but I remember trying so hard to transport it cautiously, *as I had to climb over fences*, too, and it was so difficult to hide that baby. I wrapped it into some cloth, then put it … actually ***him***, I think it was a boy, in the pocket of my jacket. I was so sure I'd make it and transport it to where I was heading, and other people knew about it and kind of made fun of me for thinking I could make it. And there was some *danger*, I was followed by someone, and that someone was bad and dangerous and evil … maybe a man? Feels like it.

At some point I took the baby out, and I had such a bad feeling, it was *like even though I was dreaming, I was looking into my dream from my sleep*, as if I was aware that it was a dream but also not really just a dream.

I knew that I had made some kind of **mistake**, and it had to do with my attitude towards the person who pursued me … weirdly …

And as I took the baby-boy out of his wrapping, his head fell off, *and he fell apart*. I was devastated. Then I woke up.

Well, truth be told: Yesterday I had asked Bob about my unborn daughter that was killed because of me, if she was around, if he had met her, was with her … Of course I know: Subconsciously I was dealing with it … maybe. But then, once you've started to be aware of the synchronicities and are willing to read and perceive, the messages and hints are becoming obviously connected, no matter random things or real dreams. They all have their relevance in your evolution into an experienced Disca.

I had such a strong outburst of philosophical insights while walking today, can't write it all down right now. I found a movie I want to watch, actually, "Togo", about a husky and a man, so I'm a bit impatient, right now.

That was also something I was addressing to myself during my walk: I'm such a mind-person, I hate to meditate, I'm so hands on and I like to think and invent and imagine consciously. I'm also very clear and have a great overview. In my childhood, I was kind of a genius (which didn't impress my parents, they didn't like me no matter what) when I did things at school that other kids wouldn't ever be able to do, like doing several things at the same time, reading by looking at one page and "getting it", and much more. I was always the best at school, all through my school years.

So I think my mind is very well developed and sharp. Bob knows exactly how I am, how abundant my imagination is, and how I'm a researcher. As I thought before: *I'm the perfect mortal to get the project "The Bridge" to the next level*. Just on the end of manifestation … not sure what to think. I do realize the role Bob and my relationship had and all that happened, that one year of exuberant happiness, the only year of total happiness in my life. There were many moments of happiness after that, with Bob, but it all went downhill fast, because he rejected me very soon. Me hanging on, the projects, NOO, our separation, me returning, my love for him, his anger, his craziness, his sickness and death and my mourning … and now, my inter-realm couple "spleen", ***all that fits together.***

I feel tired a lot, having a hard time walking, at times, even. Not sure why. Maybe there is a disease in me. But I feel healthy, and nothing is showing, besides the weird weakness, at times, the heavy legs and the forgetfulness in instances. Then I know everything, and I always can recall everything. But still … there are like tiny blind spots in my being, in my thinking, ever again.

December 21, 2019

I just had to think of my mother … I'm here, 70 km away, she wants to be on her own, and I know that her dementia is there. I'm not afraid of me suffering. But I'm afraid of her suffering. I'm afraid for all people who have never gained insights into their true energetic spiritual nature and how they, as mortals, are so miserable, so fearful and will experience so much despair and pain. And that I dread to witness again.

Watched more Thanatos.tv-Interviews … one woman struck me by saying that *there is no way to avert another person's death*. One may have influence, but if that person is meant to die, he or she will.

And I love those stories of the near-death-experiences where people are given the choice to stay or move on, or they are told that it isn't their time yet.

While putting pics into this book, I had the movie "Togo" playing, about the Norwegian breeder of the first Siberian sled dogs, called *Seppala dogs* … and it came so much to my awareness, what a wonderful spirit my dog **Kimba** had been and that I had treated him badly in the end. I had abandoned him. He had suffered. Had been bitten. Had to spend the night alone outside in a strange place … I can't even think about all the details that I did to him in 2001. I don't know who I was. I can't imagine who I was. Or why happened what happened in Norway before Kimba's death … the way he died … unthinkable that that was me. I was a horrible person …

I keep flashing back to the days after Kimba's death … when the other dog in the house where I was staying in Norway, in Lillehammer, "Basti", I think, or something like it, who had been a wild and unruly kind of animal, suddenly "played" Kimba. He behaved like Kimba had behaved, even slept next to my bad. I was sure that Kimba's spirit was in him.

(Note/edit: Right now I have a very deep emotional impression of Kimba's death, and I realize that it's very raw, and in August it will be 19 years.)

Togo
2019

Jojo Rabbit
2019

Seems like I had to be reminded … the movie-story about *a dog living for a person*, and that we are their, the dogs', world, just hits deeply with me. Without Jacqui … so much would have happened differently.

I'll never forget Bob being so compassionate when I told him about Jacqui being sick to death in April 2017 … and it must have been that time, that Bob's wart showed up that then turned into a tumor, or maybe it was already there. Bob said to me, and I hear him saying it, on the phone, "It breaks my heart" thinking of the sick puppy. Oh he was a much sicker puppy later. That year I was intent on traveling to Bob for a few months, but because Jacqui was recovering, I didn't in summer. And somehow in fall then there was no way, because Bob already was involved in projects … so we didn't meet until a year later … and then it was "too late".

See on Thanatos.tv: A woman who found herself near dead under an avalanche, had that phase where she had a whole review of her life, and she said that "*being buried under the avalanche felt right*". Okay. That's something.

December 22, 2019

Just had an insight, while working on "Paradise".

Why did Bob reject me?

Out of fear to get hurt – more. He kept seeing me leave for Austria in our early days, and subconsciously he must have feared to be abandoned. Like he had experienced in his previous relationship so horribly. He did tell me, last year, that he cried everytime I left, watching the plane with me in it take off.

That was something that hurt me, too, so often – watching his plane take off from Kahului airport, in view from our lanai, and I knew he was in there, doing things on the mainland without me … escaping, really, that's what it was. But what did he need to escape from? He said it, sometime on the phone in 2018: *"… dealing with emotions … the drama of my life".*

I could cry a lot only thinking about this.

But I'm occupying myself with writing. Passing time … missing him.

It's raining. My mother just called that I shouldn't come today as it began to snow in Velden. I want to visit her, anyway, but I think it's more important to do as she wants me to. She means well, wanting to protect me, as it seems. Which is new. And I don't want to spoil that for her, I'm listening to her. It's a real mother-daughter-situation, she calling me to warn me … even if she really doesn't want me to come, and maybe it doesn't snow that much. She sounded nice on the phone.

So I'm working on Paradise episode 4 now, making good use of the time.

Of course I'm in Hawaii with my thoughts because of that, and it hurts like fucking hell.

Also, tonight, at exactly 4 o'clock a.m., a curtain dropped in the bedroom, scaring the shit out of my dog and me. It was because of loose hooks. I had looked at them just yesterday, pressing at them to attach them more. So they fell anyway.

This morning, half awake, hearing the landlady walk upstairs, I was dozing off – when! Bam! Something else dropped … Jacqui shot up like lightning, staring at that spot. Turns out an other part of that curtain construction hadn't dropped all the way at first and had now dropped to the floor.

It was kind of strange. Felt a bit like spook, but wasn't, just a loose curtain hook.

So yes, Bob rejected me out of fear.

Now, when I came to Maui, I was an emotional wreck from all that had happened in the past years. So I couldn't really understand what Bob was going through, either. I saw his shortcomings and tried to show him all my love, but the more I did that, the more he rejected me. He couldn't dare to give in and trust, his bad experiences ruled him. And the downward spiral began.

Just this morning I thought again how the moment, when he sang **"Play me"** to me, in our very early days, had that heart-pounding air of a foreboding to me. I remember myself sitting there, facing him, wondering why he sang that song and why he sang it the way he did … it was very heartbreaking, and I felt in a way touched, lovingly, but also I was scared. I remember I was even put off a little bit. I thought about that I should not enter a relationship with that man. I have to be honest about this now. It did cross my mind. Just because the song was so sad and haunting, and I didn't know what it meant. Or what to say to it. I was kind of embarrassed. Maybe Bob didn't think anything else about it than he just wanted to do something nice … after all he sang "You're the sun and I'm the moon …"

It was like something dark was visible for a moment, while he was singing … and I can recall it so clearly as if it was yesterday. I was sitting on the folded futon that later became my beloved bed. Bob was sitting on a chair, the light of Maui behind him. His face was so serious. I didn't know where to look while he was singing … I decided to see only the *sweetness* in it all. Only the *sadness* in it, that was reflected in Bob's voice and facial expression I could never deny. It followed me around all those years. It all was new to me … and I was at the beginning of 16 very tough years.

I miss him so much and our life there. I know it's all always with me.

December 22, 2019 **– Moving Light Balls**

Bob has probably lived through the "Taylor Camp" experiences the people shared in his film (that was later named "The Edge of Paradise", maybe.

Some of those people of the projects are dead now, too. Especially one, early on, I liked that guy. He had talked about **bright spheres**, like light balls, that had been *moving down the pathways at the camp*, often … I really liked what he shared. And him … he and Bob are probably working together now. Imagine … the project started in 2005. In 2018 Bob died and didn't get to see the premiere of the latest version of it under the new title. He had been so hopeful that the torture would finally be over. Well, it is.

December 23, 2019 **– Car License Plate Revolt**

Drove to Mutti – the visit was nice, she was sweet, I was patient, she rejected my jogging pants gift, I was totally cool with it, as I had expected it. I took a lovely walk at Saisser See with Jacqui …

On the way back, again, I thought intensely about how I'm supposed to move forward …
and the car with "**JO DNS 1**" drove by. I kid you not. So this means that "I rule". I'll totally success, I'm the best, the leader. That popped up in my mind. Hahahaha!

A line popped up in my mind, and it's strange, but it totally makes sense …

"Maybe we shouldn't fight what we call dementia and cancer, maybe we should further it."

The soul gets rid of the body through diseases and accidents, if not just regular failures of function through aging. Those are sicknesses, too, compared to the mature full-functioning state of a human body. Bodies are machines to be used for a certain time. That's all they are. They are not the person. They are not the human being.

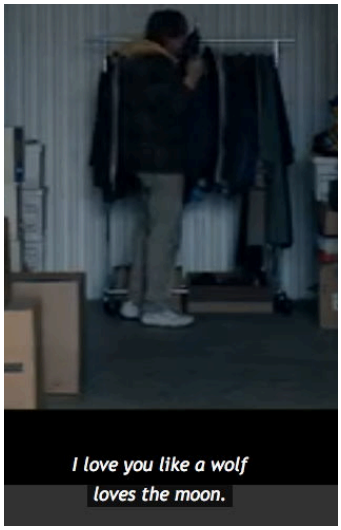
So the soul will find all kinds of mean to destroy the body, *to get rid of it.* That's what death is: The spiritual body gets rid of the physical body to "house" the consciousness alone, and with it our individual part of the all-soul.

Okay, hot flash. I realized in the past days, that sometimes, when I have very deep thoughts or insights about "the Bridge" and about our true human energetic nature, I get a hot flash as if I had fever. No sweating, though. Just a huge energetic charge. Maybe it's post-menopause.

(About the "revolt"-aspect – Note/edit: I ***edited something out*** *of this date's entry … and on the day that I did that, April 9, 2020, which is today, as I'm writing it,* ***I got "pointed" at what I did.*** *But I won't put it back in, because the effect would be diminished. I explain it in today's entry. It has to do with a car license number.)*

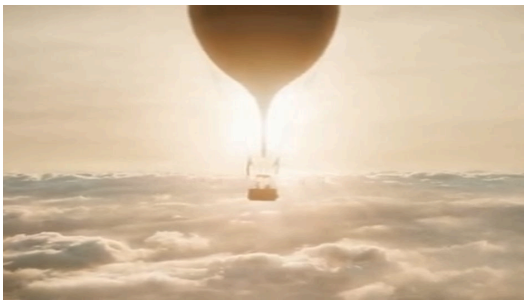
<u>December 23, 2019</u> **– They Keep Coming …**

Watched movies … A little bit of "*Adopt A Highway*", "*Star Wars: The Rise of Skywalker*" and "*The Aeronauts*", and I got messages abound and insights, it's just magical, how this works.



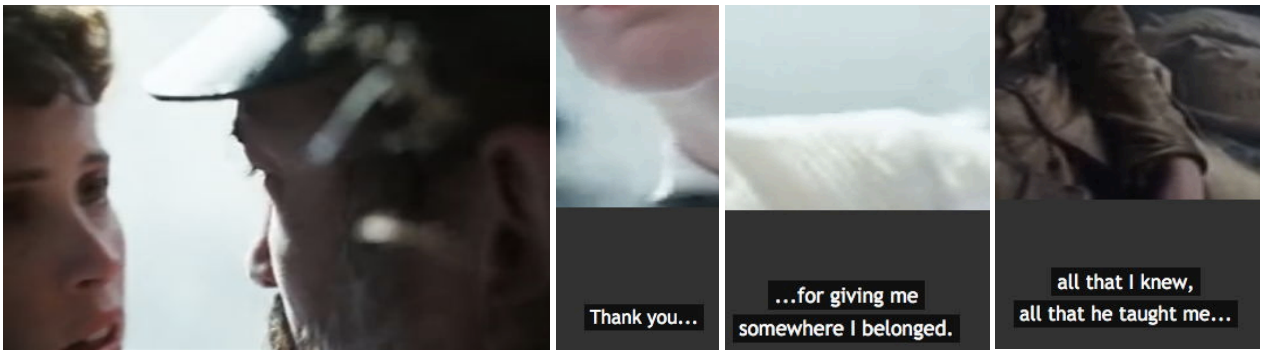
(*"Adopt a Highway")*

The movie "**The Aeronauts**" had scenes that will haunt me for the rest of my life, even though they were entirely unrealistic, like much of the plot was … but just to be given to see something like that – a woman climbing along a hot air balloon in thousands of meters elevation … all alone, the Earth so far below … wow. It makes me fell tingling and dizzy everytime thinking about it …



"Kulia I ka nu'u", "Strive for the highest" (or "Julia is on top") … couldn't have been a more intense imagery than the woman climbing up onto a hot air balloon, outside, in 28000 m altitude.

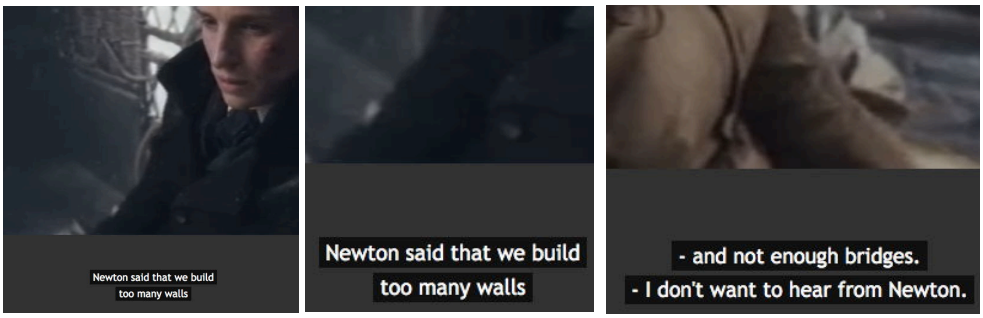
And, **Pierre**, her husband, thanking her for “*giving him somewhere I belonged*” before he jumped off to his death to save her …



When she talks about him … and the certain legacy she is feeling …

… I felt so directly reflecting my thoughts and words of the past weeks and months, even what I’ve written in this contact diary … at it means, to me, that I’m supposed to realize and trust that I’m not alone and that all is relevant …

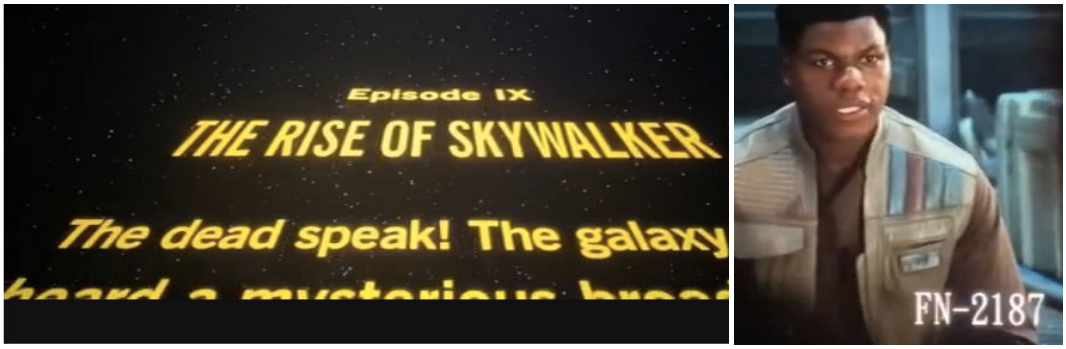
Even the project “The Bridge” was mentioned …


Newton said that we build
too many walls
Newton said that we build
too many walls
- and not enough bridges.
- I don't want to hear from Newton.

… and in the end, the young scientist not being able to **stand**, just like Bob, in August 2018, but he would, **when I supported him …**

Geez, it's so much reflexion on real life events that all relate to Bob and me. I'm not even sure how to describe it all … Magical.

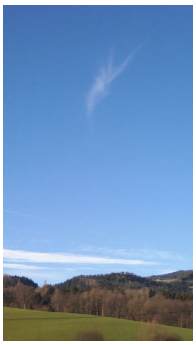
Then I zapped through ***"Star Wars"*** and all I could think about was how high time it is that "Regents of Clouds" gets made …



But then … the letters **FN** showed up (like on a license plate that I had noticed recently, together with "920") …

December 24, 2019 **– Truth in the Clouds?**

Sometimes it's very hard to carry on, on the mortal level. It's easy ***to signal "victory"*** for those you have already graduated …



I also figured out that I'm having real post-menopause symptoms, the hot flashes, the sleeplessness, probably more. I'm aging.

It's a ridiculous Christmas … sunshine, warm … okay, that's how the many Xmases on Maui were. I miss my Maui life with Bob so much, it takes my breath away. Like when a **cloud** shows up that totally depicts what I'm thinking: "**barrier**". And just look at the configurations along with it! Eyes?

<u>December 24, 2019</u>

The **cloud formations** were just breath-taking today … right in front of my window! They looked like a "*chain*", interlocking links …

And then a **plane** came … it was so clear, it flew right through a “shark’s head”, and then it came back out … following it’s path … somehow I felt spoken to ….

Life feels like a puzzle, right now …

Like in the film last night, "**The Aeronauts**" … with a woman doing an absolutely breathtaking stunning thing (and not a lot is "breathtaking" to me!) … and she talked about her dead partner, and she saw him in a vision, when she was close to death, and about how much she had learned from him …

December 24, 2019 **– Lookalike & Straight-out Statements**

Oftentimes, when I want to see Bob so urgently, I find some kind of person or picture that resembles him in an uncanny way …

I happened to find the TV-series "Person of Interest", but, not really, as I remember that Bob told me about it, a while ago … and I read it somewhere and thought I'll try and watch the trailer … the I watched the pilot.

The first sentence of the pilot:

"When you find that special someone who connects you to the world, you become someone different, someone better." And: "… when this person is taken from you, what do you become then?"

OLEG
Thank you.
(to Eve)
My first wife's name is Karola.
Three years ago she succumbed to cancer.

EVE
I'm ... very sorry.

Oleg lifts two bracelets (for Eve to choose from).

OLEG
Losing the love of one's life ...
the most horrible fate.

Eve gives him another quick smile, then excuses herself and leaves the store, hiding her bewilderment.

END OF ACT 1

EVE
He seems like a robot.

LANA
Suppressing emotions. Trauma, maybe.

EVE
I think both need therapy.

LANA
I think they know you think that.

EVE
What shall we do, Lana? I don't want to read horrible news about them, one day ... and we failed to help, when there was still time!

END OF ACT 3

Yes, I've written about that … long before Bob fell sick, in my TV-series "Paradise". Bob was so much looking forward to making the pilot film teaser with me …

I talked with my mother on the phone, almost for an hour. It's the best gift ever for me to hear speak so clearly, feeling find and safe. And she asked several times about me, what I was doing, what I was thinking … it's like a miracle.

At some point during the day I found myself standing in my apartment, closing my eyes and ***asking Bob to "kiss me".*** Whatever it was … I was *pulled forward*, felt like I was going to take off any instant, but in a way aware and awake, and I found myself almost tipped over straight, before I opened my eyes and came "back", to my dog who gazed at me.

And then Edith called me, my father's wife. I had sent her holiday greetings, earlier. She told me that she had lied to me when she had told me they were fine. She's in a wheelchair and practically helpless, living in the small bungalow, they used to rent out. She had surgery at her foot … and more ailments. Can't cook, nothing. My father is running around to buy himself food … she asked me to come visit. Okay. That's all a very new development. I'll go visit them, on Thursday.

December 24, 2019 **– The Fog, the Letter & the Sky Shark**

I saw something odd today: I took Jacqui along the creek and towards the forest, and just before entering the forest, I saw an **emanation of fog**, just before me. Nowhere else. It was not that the swamp was foggy or steaming, it was that one spot, right before me, where a veil of steam or something rose and wavered …

Of course I went to check … but there was nothing different than in the surroundings, just dry grass and wood … and yes, the sun was out, but it should have steamed everywhere if it had been merely the impact

of warmth. It was strange … because that fog kind of "waited" for me to photograph it … I stepped right into it and looked at it from all sides …

… and I walked around it, but it could only be seen from a certain angle … Why did it rise right there? Who nowhere else! No where else in the entire area, on the entire big swamp meadow, no other fog rising … *(Note/edit: I haven't ever seen anything like that in that area before or after … and no, there was no cigarette, nobody had shed anything … it was simply some … white fog.)*

And I've never before and after seen that kind of steam … but there were many days unusually warm, and there was a lot of reason for steam … but nope, only that day.

And that, after I had the most wonderful **cloud** experiences, …

… so clear and a **letter in the sky**, during my Xmas-walk with Jacqui. And the perfect **sky shark!**

December 24, 2019, Tuesday

So … in the TV-series "Person of Interest", someone by the name of Mr. Finch says:

"You were halfway around the world when your friend was killed."

No shit. I was. Thanks Bob for reminding me.

And yes, *he was killed.* Well, there they are, the tears that I've expected for … well, I did cry yesterday, driving back from Velden, trying to sing Christmas songs.

Mr. Finch: ***"… you couldn't have saved this woman. Or your friend. But you could have, if you had known in time".*** No shit!

"And that's the other chance I'm offering you: A chance to be there in time."

Really, is that addressed to me, too?

And that, right after I had the most weird insights about being just a material shell, recently … feeling my throat, food glide down there, that's used only for it's essence … my teeth, hard and a bit broken, the warmth of my body, my heartbeat, just physical material happenings, my shell, that's living, that's housing me … my spiritual body … and yet, I have to cry.

I told my mother today about my life on Maui, a little bit, and she listened, it seemed, for the first time. Then I told Edith about Bob, and she really listened. That was … odd.

New. Good, somehow.

December 24, 2019 **– Me and the Hand**

I think I'll watch the TV-series "**Prodigal Son**", I saw the movie poster, and I think it's a very cool premise … the son of a notorious killer working for the police. The writing makes me laugh, it has just the style of the verbal banter I used to have with Bob:

Prodigal Son hacks off the hand of a victim that's locked on a chair with a bomb under him … then he runs outside with the ice container … a cop stops him and asks if he's okay, and he looks over to the rescue team and says "*I got to give them a hand*". Bob said that a thousand times: "***Can I give you hand?"*** And he'd lift his hand and turn it in a funny way.

Okay.

Plus … this afternoon, when I got back from the hike, the wonderful clouds, the mom talk and the kiss … a car came towards me, close to where I live, with the license plate number: "**VK 911 BN**". I kid you not. 911, the last day I saw Bob incarnate.

Was I lead to that series? A character just said: "*Is dad a person of interest?*" There. I'm going to bring some resource Energy Shake to my father on Thursday.

December 24, 2019 – **Beloved Root Beer**

I think the series "*The Prodigal Son*" is Bob's Xmas-gift to me, and I think he likes to watch it with me.

Eh, the female cop's name is "***Dani***". Just like that. "Dani". Like me. And there is a "**Root Beer" Lollipop**. Bob loved root beer. *And I had just put that love for root beer into "Flippers",* the romantic comedy that once was a competition finalist, and that I had just turned into a Hawaii-RomCom. I felt so urged to honor Bob with root beer, and also to connect with him. And now "root beer" showed up in a TV-series …

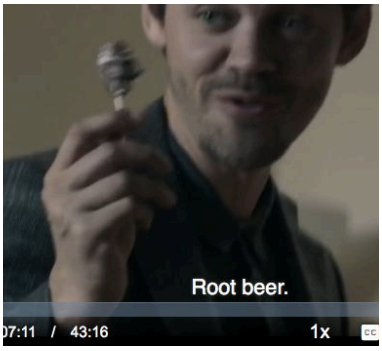
He tries to make his smile alluring. Maile yawns.

INT. DOWNTOWN CAFE - DAY
Maile meets up with Alfred for breakfast.

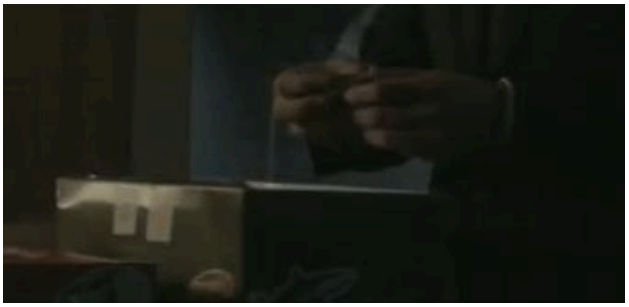
Maile (with shades) sits at a table opposite Alfred, munches French fries with Ketchup and sips from a large cup of root beer.

(Maile wears loose pants, blouse and sandals, her hair again up in a messy bun; Alfred is in dress pants, open shirt and dress shoes, a briefcase with him.)

It was such a big deal for me, regarding Bob. He was "Mister Root Beer" for me.



And: At the end of episode 5, on a cardboard **box** with memorabilia were, side by side, a **sticker of the moon and one of the sun**. Do not tell me that's "coincidence"!



I had to think of the box that Bob's remains are in. And that there are things in Joyce's storage that I need to look at and to get. I'll do that in spring.

December 25, 2019

Took efforts to be relaxed on this Tuesday, and not thinking while hiking … I thought I must become more "like a medium" and not consciously think and ponder and talk to invisible folks all the time.

The **clouds** later in the evening kind of "rewarded" me …

Broke my heart that the song "Eha E" (by Ami Hanaiali'i Gilliom) kept coming to my mind … it's about **tears**, "na **waimaka**" about the loss of someone. I tried to sing it, in the car … And today, I realized, that I had **the fattest tears** on the *front door of the house where I'm living now …*

Is it significant if I find a wrapping paper that reads "**Tender**" on my path along the creek?

December 25, 2019

Amazing "volcanic castle" today …

The **Blue** of Bob's jacket and a pink arrow to the path turning left …

December 26, 2019 **– Hints on the Way**

Took a hike around Forest lake, then visited mom, and we had kind of an okay conversation. Of course she totally rejected my gift of warm home flippers, but at least she accepted the marzipan bar … she says she's addicted to marzipan … still hasn't eaten her sausage that she's been telling me for days …

On the way there: car with license plate number "**818 JD**". I thought, okay, I'll be in Hawaii again. On the way back: car with "**818 BS**". Okay, so Bob will be with me in Hawaii again.

Great.

Weird **dream** today … couldn't wake up, wanted to wake up, knew in my dream that I should wake up, couldn't, had to finish the dream …

Crossing a **large white plain**, like snowy, **steep**, I had something to do there. Somehow, Michael the poet (whose video I still haven't finished) was there, and I was very attracted to him. We kind of had an understanding, that we'd do something together, but really he wasn't really Michael, but a mix of him and Bob and of Jan (the Norwegian crazy ass). I had something to accomplish, and I had to leave that large wide snowy-white plain … to join some *people*, in some kind of *housing* on the right edge of that plain, it was as if I kept going there to pick something up … and then I had to **hide** it in some **hole** I was digging, and that's were Michael-Bob-Jan was with me, but he could only watch … not help me.

And I kind of didn't get to do it, because there was suddenly Sigi (!), and he hindered me! He kind of died in that dream, that's my impression, weirdly.

Suddenly, I was at the edge of that wide **steep** plain, but on the **lower edge**, and I had to get to a house which was kind of a **museum** (*I was there in previous dreams, I remember vaguely*) … and there was my friend *Rebecca*! Nearby! And on one hand she was supposed to help me, but also she kind of had to go with me, and she was so slow and fat and somehow couldn't be trusted.

So I realized that I should take the **shortcut** right down some kind of meadowy sandy pit, in some kind of giant curve, that I otherwise would have had to follow. I was **barefoot,** I think, I don't remember what the reason was, but it was outrageous that I was supposed to do the shortcut.

Somehow, the idea of Sigi and of that man-mix of Michael-Bob-Jan was there, all the time, and I had to overcome a lot of **difficulties,** but strangely I don't remember what they were, I only have the feeling that I was held back all the time … There was some kind of vehicle I should have caught like a bus, but didn't because it was also dangerous to even try to get to that vehicle, in a way …

And all the time there were moments where *I **knew** I was dreaming,* and I wanted to get up, but I couldn't. My eyes were so heavy, I was so heavy, I couldn't move on properly, not in the dream, *because I fought the sleeping,* I even knew I had to *walk the dog* (in real life) and had intended to drive off earlier today, *to visit my mother,* and that the alarm had already gone off. So strange …

So I made up my mind and to **cross that kind of pit descent**, even though I wasn't really strong enough … and Rebecca kind of was there, but hindered me. I still walked down there … *and it was so much closer than I had expected*.

(Note/edit: I remember that very closely, how I crawled up that kind of narrow dusty street shoulder …) I **arrived** at the other side, and there was some kind of ridge that was at the same time the street shoulder,

and I was really fast, only to end up **on a very steep path** along the street uphill towards that museum type house … and Rebecca somehow let me know that I couldn't even come close to one of the houses along that path, and *that I wasn't supposed to be seen or see anything*. Somehow I did **make it** into that **museum** … but immediately ***I was back on that steep path, still striving to get towards it …***

Then I also found myself ***back on that white snowy plain***, lying on my back, my eyes closed, struggling to wake up, but I was so heavy, I couldn't …

And eventually I found myself awake.

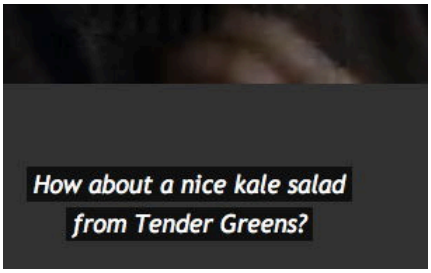
It was the weirdest dream yet, and it sure didn't feel like a regular dream.

I felt strange, the whole day, then, almost thought I wasn't fit to drive … I was so ***drowsy***, like not really there. The morning walk was like in a trance.

I took drops with Hawthorn to strengthen myself, it worked. On the highway I even had some kind of bad feeling … until there was *a very dangerous situation with a car who almost ran into mine from behind*, because he didn't realize that coming off the highway we ended up at a traffic circle interjection, and he didn't know it was a roundabout and wanted to turn, angrily, in the opposite direction, and he had to – and that's when he almost hit me. But I had been aware and alert and sped up immediately … so I escaped. After that I felt more at ease.

December 26, 2019 **– Tender Greetings**

Started watching a random movie, "*Jexi*", about an obsessive phone. Nothing I'm interested in. But very shortly after the beginning, the phone "Jexi" ordered a salad at "**Tender Greens**" for the main character.



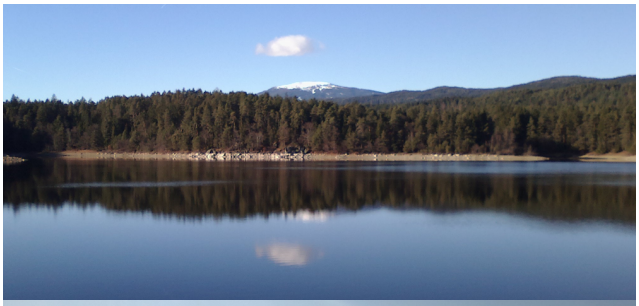
Good thing I photographed the "**Tender**" package on my path through **green** nature, next to a field, that's way too green for the season, and when I saw that "Tender" lying there, I was talking with my mother on the **phone** about how it's too **green** for the season. Mind you – there *was **not** one other piece of garbage* anywhere on that path!

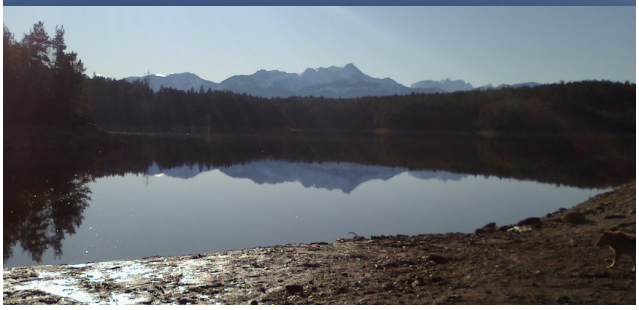
So now … is that a sweet greeting or what?

Yesterday I thought I was going to watch the TV-series "*The Witcher*", but I couldn't stand it. Only saw the **sun**-symbol at the beginning, and that spoke to me.

December 26, 2019 **– Calming Impressions**

At the Forest lake I had several impressions of the "**As above so below**" because of the mirror effects of the lake …



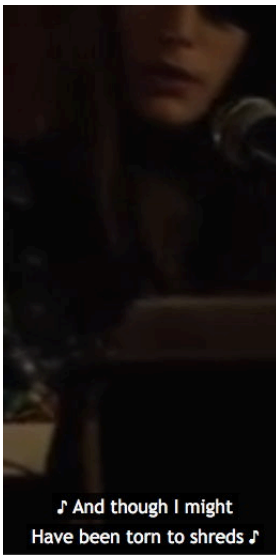


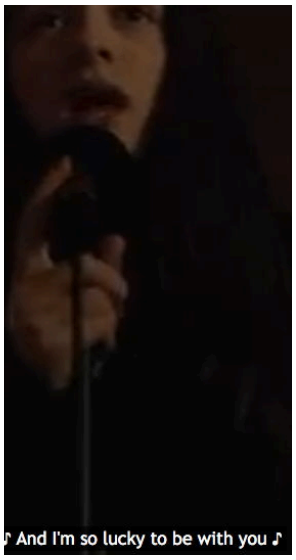
Today, something interesting happened in terms of synchronicity or manifestation:

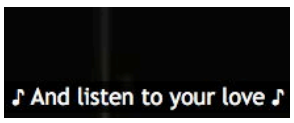
Last time I was at the cemetery, a few days ago, I put a **candle** on my brother's grave. I didn't have a **lighter** on me, though. So it took me a while to find some other candle on the cemetery to light my candle … but today, I took Jacqui through the cemetery and out on the other side, as I threw the empty candle-case in the garbage disposal, and there I **found** a **new lighter.** In the bushes. A red plastic one. On the cemetery. Now you can say that's not uncommon, people use lighters on cemeteries. Yes, they do. But that lighter was behind a bush right at the entrance. And why was I the one to find it?

December 27, 2019 **– The Truth in the Song**

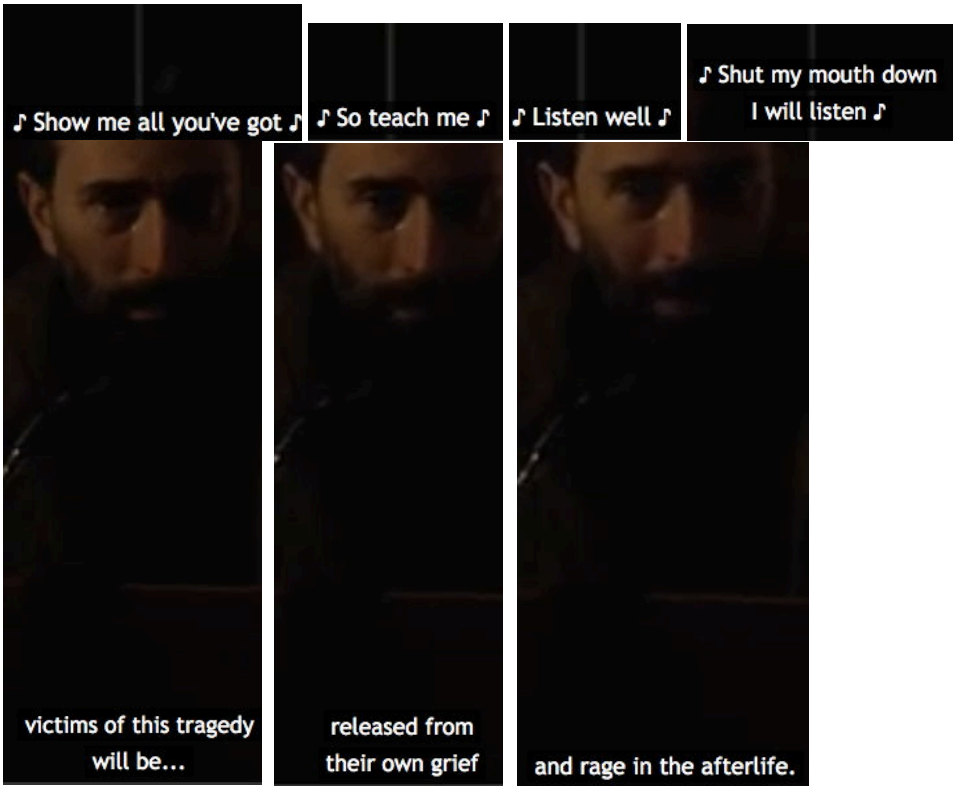
I watched a trailer for the movie "***Vox Lux***", then zapped just a little forward.







Sounds really like “Play me!” Doesn’t it?

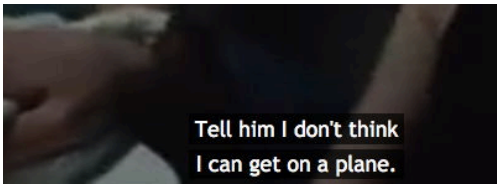

♪ Show me all you've got ♪
♪ So teach me ♪
♪ Listen well ♪
♪ Shut my mouth down
I will listen ♪
victims of this tragedy
will be...
released from
their own grief
and rage in the afterlife.

I mean … seriously? I had to see this? It’s like Bob speaking to me directly!
And then the ***vomiting***.

In the course of my travel to Bob in 2014, I went through Portland, Oregon, and as I had a long layover, I went to town. And I had a soup. And then hell broke loose. Back at the airport there I was so ***deadsick*** within an hour that I thought I couldn’t go on the plane. I vomited and diarrheared in every bathroom I could reach, and I was so desperately nauseous, that I couldn’t even imagine saying a word. It took me all the self-discipline of mankind as a whole to make it on the plane. And there … I vomited for about two hours during the flight. I had to go to the bathroom several times. *Luckily, nobody was sitting next to me (!) in an otherwise full plane!*

It was the most horrible experience … I thought I’m dissolving myself, I wanted to die, actually, that’s how sick I was. I thought it would be fine for me to pass out and never wake up. When I arrived on Maui to be with “real” Bob for the last three months of our lives, but we didn’t know it then, I was fine.

I remember the evening when he picked me up with a friend’s car at Kahului airport and how we greeted each other and how I was sitting next to him as he drove us up the hill as if it was yesterday.



So in "**Vox Lux**", the scene of the vomiting woman … made me flash back. And the question what had happened then is back, too.

Also, the **song** the young woman is singing … after the shooting attack …. what she sings, taken out of context by me, a little bit, makes so much sense to me …

December 27, 2019 **– Memories Why?**

I'm so totally not okay.

I dreamed tonight of Bob dying. I didn't see him, but it was all about me looking for him and knowing that he had died and would never come back. There was some other man, who was some kind of colleague, and he said he'd work with me and finish what Bob had started. But I was so heartbroken, in my dream even, I couldn't imagine living on without Bob, in that dream. When I woke up I had the *feeling of a sharp and cold separation* … and in my halfsleep some guy was standing there, looking at me, kind of to my right, with kind of curly dark hair …. I realized that it was a half-sleep state impression, but *I have no idea who that was.*

And now I started watching the TV-series "**Mrs. Fletcher**" and saw typical American store aisles and one woman offering samples …

… and that's **painful**!

That's what Bob and I had *loved to do at Costco*, the sampling. Oh, we loved that. As I saw it in that movie, it brought me to tears right away.

I have to be very careful these days to not lose my shit. I can't be a caretaker suddenly. I love my mother, but I can only say stuff to her that I know she will and can handle. I cannot talk what I want to talk about. Only Bob was the one to do that with. And on Sunday I'll visit my father and his wife Edith … I'm almost scared of it.

I asked Bob distinctly for an answer to my question: *"What are you doing in the Beyond?"* And somehow that view of those aisles with the jams and teas and stuff I had seen so often … it breaks my heart so much, but it seems to kind of relate to a ***response*** from Bob? It means that he is doing things that he … *loves to do?*

I'm probably making all of this up in my mind … out of this horrible longing. I felt my heart hurt again today, between pressure and stinging, and I always think of dying. Not that I want to … but it somehow comforts me when my heart hurts.

I'm confused, in many ways.

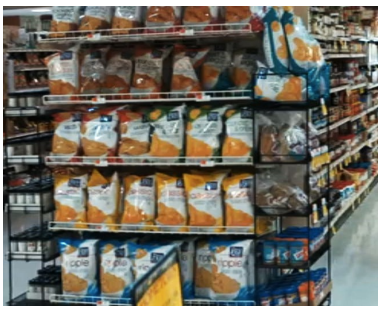
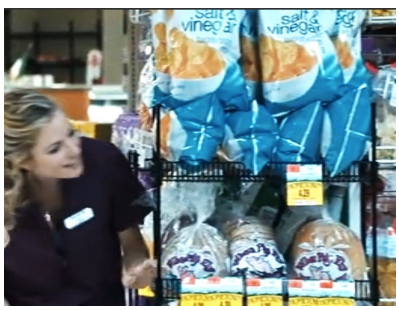
I'm watching TV-shows and movies, because that's something I really enjoy, being able to tune into anything I want, with the free internet here. And when my landlords leave for holiday and take the internet base with them, I can't watch movies for that time.

And maybe that's good. Because I must work on my contact diary edit much more focused. And on the video of Michael the poet … and on my screenplays. But the days go by so fast, and I am at such a loss about my mother … she is okay, I guess, but I'm not sure. It's like my life went back full circle to worrying about her … that's how I spend all my early adulthood … actually all my life that I can remember. She is a fragile person, always has been … something I had escaped for a while … but it's still the same thing that I've known since my childhood: I must worry about my parents because they are in trouble all the time. I'm not sure I can handle that, or that I want to.

Seeing those aisles … I remember so well going shopping for Bob at Foodland Pukalani, supplying him with Couscous and fruit squeezers and all kinds of stuff … and being at Costco with Bob for the last time … I miss him so much and doing all these things. Somehow, and it may sound egotistical, but I don't see how I deserve to be treated that way by "fate" … or how Bob deserved that … There must be a very fucking great reason behind it all.

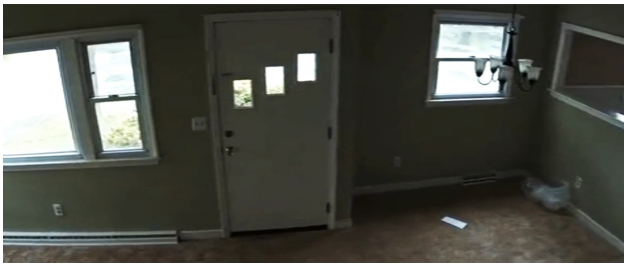
December 27, 2019

I started to watch the movie "**American Woman**" because I saw that Sienna Miller stars, and I love her. It's really not possible to describe how many things in that movie make me flash back to my last weeks with Bob … I was watching and swore to myself that I'd switch off in an instant … instead, I kept watch. It's a gruesome story, about a quite sweet young woman who disappears one evening to never return. We basically witness the life of her mother … whose daughter, as it turned out, had been lying murdered with two other victims for about 15 years not even far away from her mother … just one walk one night, and a killer was closeby …

The main character, again, went shopping in a typical American store … and I had the feeling of being teleported back in time …

In the end, the mother moved out of the house … and there I had what I had been dreading for so long … having to look at Bob's and my ***beloved housie, empty***, without us in it. A horrible idea that I've been drawn to, but have been shying back from right away, because of the pain … And I'm not sure what to think why I got to see these images. I manifested them. I mean … look at this! A home, where so much has happened, suddenly lifeless … like my beloved Pukalani housie.



This deep sadness gets worse every day.

Is it my own Aumakua doing this, making me see those things? Is it Bob letting me know that he knows what I'm thinking or feeling, is he sharing … answers?

I keep wanting to know what he is doing … "there". How can I "read" all of this? Of course my dreams feel so strange too, all is so gloomy right now … my life feels so cold and strange and looking back on Maui is like some very cynical joke. All that we had, all that we could have had, my experiences … my life there, my home there … and our plans. It was all about "Bob and Dani", in the last years. Just that Bob couldn't free himself from the damn'd "Taylor Camp" project. In the last year, he even had to make an immensely complex website … and they had to find a new name for the film, because the producer wanted a new launch. And Bob had never even asked me to help find a name … me, "his writer"? What the fuck was going on? I think his mind had begun to fail him gravely in about 2015.

December 28, 2019 **– Helicopter Crash Shock**

It is very interesting, how things that were relevant in Bob's and my life and about which I've been talking to Bob directly in the last weeks and months, appear in my life. For example: A **helicopter** crashed on **Kauai**. Just a few days ago I complained again how Bob didn't take me on the "*Taylor Camp" shoot to Kauai for the re-enactment and helicopter section* … it must have just been the time when that actual helicopter crashed at the Napali coast – just ***there*** where the re-enactment had happened which I had been excluded from?! What's the message here?

Also … today I found eight dead **trouts** in the creek where Jacqui and I always walk by.

I have thought about the ***pears*** on Maui that were named "Forelle", and how during my last visits to Foodland Pukalani I had explained to a sales woman and a customer why the pears are named "Forelle" – because they have the dots of a trout and really look like one, skinwise.

And today I saw *those trouts* in all actuality. Just dead.

A few minutes later, a *very tall gray haired man* that I've never seen before crossed Jacqui's and my path, ***with a blue jacket***, so uncannily like Bob, that I almost thought I was dreaming. But he was gone very fast, we only exchanged a brief wave as a greeting.

Also, a **leaf**, a very **light reeds** leaf "dropped" in front of me, as the man walked by. It was such a light leaf, but it "fell" so fast and hard as if it had much more weight than it actually had.

Also, as I returned to my car from a short Schlossberg-walk right before driving to Wolfsberg for shopping, a white car with the license number "**VK 920 BS**" came and parked next to me. (Note/edit: I kept forgetting back then that my immediate neighbor in the house where I live has a car with the license plate number "**VK 921 BS**".

December 28, 2019 **– Help at Meditating & Sky Shark DeLuxe**

… of course. I start watching "Kidding" with Jim Carrey, who Bob liked very much, too, and he brings his best friend, an "**Ukulele**" and says a **Hawaiian sentence**.

Also, I've received concrete help at my attempts at meditation that's supposed to help me "detach" from the "Earthly realm" … just now, as I started to watch the movie "**Lucy in the Sky**". It's about an astronaut whose transcendent experience in space changes her life.

In "Across the Unknown" Stewart describes how he had a hard time learning to imagine himself being detached from the down-to-Earth-life. He then found an image of floating just under the ceiling that helped him. Not me.

So skipping through this movie I received images that seem to be perfect to help me imagine being "away" from Earth: The astronaut hovering above …

Now that I think about it, the *balloon movie* also provides very cool imagery, of being so high up … but not like the astronaut … that's baffling … seeing Earth as what it is, a "***hub***". For energetic creatures

Yes, and the amazing **skyshark** fell into my awareness, too! ***That*** is a real sky shark, Stoneman!

Talk about perfect manifestation.

<u>December 28, 2019</u>

After a "feeding"-"play me"-"I play you"-attempt while eating a most delicious fish dinner, I suddenly had an *insight* … and it goes like this:

"I showed you the helicopter crash on Kauai because I want to admit, that after I shut you out from the Taylor Camp production that was entirely based on you doing the promo and you picking up the work, after I hadn't stirred a finger and was unable to do what I had promised John, everything went crashing down. It was my biggest, deadly mistake". *Bob said that to me.* In my mind.

That's the message out of the helicopter crash on Kauai. There are no such odds like a helicopter crash on Kauai when my thoughts had been "in" a helicopter with Bob, which I was kept from doing along with the documentary in general, and that's why it sucked, and the final version is not as good a documentary film as it could have been if they had really stuck to my original concept. Bob wanted to go back to it a few years ago, but John has a toxic personality, and he is insensitive to the point of … there is just no expression. And exactly that kind of man worked with Bob. No wonder Bob had such a horrible ending.

Bob must have suffered for a long time mostly from … the insight that he had made such big mistakes regarding me. I was his partner. I was his partner for a reason. And he pushed me away. He may have realized that pretty soon, actually.

So maybe that was a reason for him not having been able to keep contact with me – because of the insurmountable problem that the damage done couldn't possibly ever be undone? He did say to me in the last years that he missed me and loved me and wanted me to be with him. But my spirit said, crying and struggling "Based on what?" Words? I did want to believe him. I guess I could not.

I drove to Wolfsberg … and it was just like driving upcountry, seeing ***Haleakala***. Oh, yes, I live in the past. It's the only thing that keeps me alive … in the flesh.

I realized something, as I projected my eating experience out to share it with Bob … it's maybe not necessary or proper to imagine Discarnates facing you, beside you or above you. We, as Incarnates, may not be able to share the beyond, to access the beyond at will and leave the body … but they can access us, if they wish to. Not in the sense of possession, but in the sense of not having to accept material obstacles like we have to … ***So maybe they can easily comply when we think "Play me!"***? Or, when we acknowledge their possible wish "Play me!" can we allow them easier to share their spiritual body with us than we can share our spiritual body with them at will. It seems very clear …

December 29, 2019

I read an article by the best doctor in the world, Dr. Rene Graeber (naturheilt.com) about Fluorides, and I'm just so strongly aware how the functionality of the shell, that is supposed to help the spirit mature, our body, is jeopardized by the human mind, which is, in turn, a product of that shell. The mind does not equal consciousness or spirit. The mind is "an attribute of consciousness", I learned, but also it seems related to the brain's functions and dependent on them in its development, I think.

And the brain is a physical organ meant to be in service of the spirit. The whole concept of energetic processes bringing about material bodies to house the energetic essence of the human being for a while had a promising start, when the Neanderthals started to develop into smart humans, but then it went right downhill from the era of discovering the usefulness of fire, of the wheel, of iron and later of medical means and techniques …

And now, today, there is danger that the mentally fucked up physical species is no longer of optimal use to the energetic essence of the very entities it – the physical species – is supposed to help evolve. Why? All the talk about "fallen angels" … it's really about the failures of the mortal creatures that spirit has brought forth in order to support the evolution of the human soul, which is the actual being we're talking about.

This means:

We are souls that have brought about energetic mechanisms that enable us to use a material body for a while to help our individualization process. So, we are all part of "God" who is the optimal soul, the all-soul, but our own creation, the physical human version, is faulty. It has begun to cause more harm than good for the evolution of our very innermost essential being. Why? Because everything we do and think in our mortal phase, becomes part of our energetic existence.

And this means: It all comes with us to the "beyond". And of course we can choose there, what to use. But somehow I think it's wishful thinking that there are only "good spirits" in the energetic realm.

This means, that after physical death we may be facing the exact same challenges like we have been facing during out mortal phase, before physical death. Every part of a mortal's life stays with that mortal after she or he shed their body, as energetic patterns that are attached to that very person. The body falls to dust, but the energetic creature that lived in it and evolved in it by adding energetic patterns to it's energetic existence called "spirit", that creature lives on … and with her or him all the energetic stuff that she or he has gathered during the mortal phase and that got attached to her or him.

This means … death does not release us from anything.

We take *everything* with us … ***not nothing***!

So the idea of *being good* to then go to "heaven" has total practical meaning just like the related idea of cultivating *love*. Love is not a feeling, an emotion or a concept of social welfare. Love is an energetic phenomenon, it's an actual powerful force that is the human creature's most effective means of influence – in the mortal phase and beyond. I wrote thousands of pages about it in my old book project "We Creators of the World", without knowing what I was really dealing with.

My big insights happened after Bob's death and after I had begun to *deal with the fact of a mortal human's expiration.* Yes, I looked at decaying human bodies, at corpses, at putrefaction processes, at cremations … it calmed me down. All that did not happen to "Bob" or my "brother Peter" or anyone else. All that only happens to a "machine" consisting of chemical components.

To maintain this "machine", this shell well and do good things with it in the mortal phase in the material realm – that's most important for the healthy maturing of the energetic human that lives inside of it.

When I read about the poisonous effects of Fluorides earlier and how some humans try to sell it as a health benefits … I realized to what huge extent mankind is stricken by incredible idiocy.

Many human beings are evil and dumb and powerful, and that's our biggest problem. You may say, well, doesn't matter, we'll be dead soon enough, but you're very wrong. Again: Everything that you experience or do here, in the material life on Earth, you'll take with you after death, because it becomes part of your very being. And if, on Earth, you are tortured and plagued by and because of other humans, you become a different person than you would have if you would have lived in peace and happily.

See what I mean?

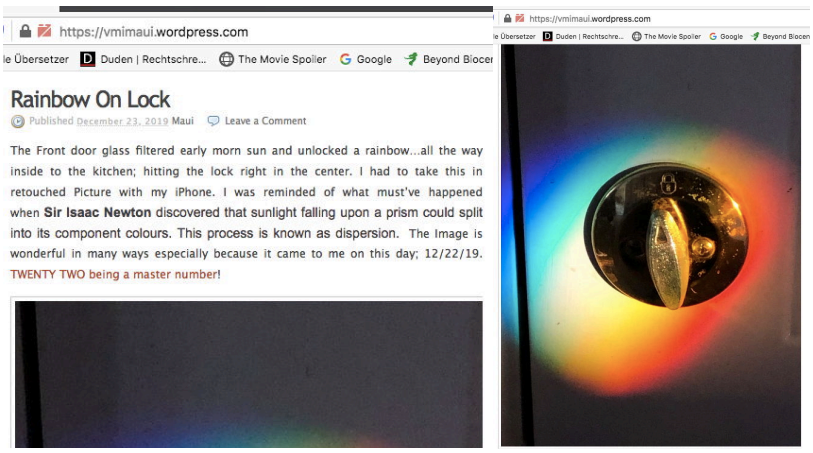
"Opinion maker" or "influencer" aren't just abstract terms. They are dangers in the obstructed realm. Probably in the beyond, too, if they don't have an attitude and a whole range of abilities based on – love.

People do stupid and bad stuff and harm others or cause they are dumb and stupid and violent. And yet – in this day and age it's all about "human rights" and "equality". And that's the biggest bullshit of all. It only means that people don't want to deal with evil and with bad people and just want to let them get away with being toxic and dangerous by claiming it's part of "honoring human dignity". And the victims? What about their dignity and human rights? It's not okay that serial killers get to live five-stars-lives in prison. They must be made to realize what they've done and repent big time. But only asking for this would probably be considered a crime.

Geez, I wish I had super powers.

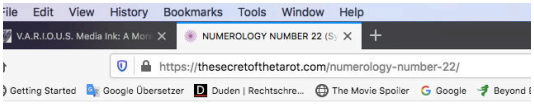
December 29, 2019 **– Rainbow Lock & 22 & 4**

The number **22** came to me, through *Peter Rosen* … surprisingly he posted something relating to the meaning of numbers. I didn't even know he was at all aware of stuff like that.


https://vmimaui.wordpress.com
Rainbow On Lock
Published December 23, 2019 Maui
Leave a Comment
The Front door glass filtered early morn sun and unlocked a rainbow…all the way inside to the kitchen; hitting the lock right in the center. I had to take this in retouched Picture with my iPhone. I was reminded of what must've happened when Sir Isaac Newton discovered that sunlight falling upon a prism could split into its component colours. This process is known as dispersion. The Image is wonderful in many ways especially because it came to me on this day; 12/22/19. TWENTY TWO being a master number!

I checked Peter's blog, which I do to hang on to my Maui-life, I guess, and there it was, related to a **rainbow** that appeared on the ***lock*** of the door where he lives … that's kind of odd, in a tickling way.

The rainbow on a lock of all things is interesting enough … and seems to tell me something … like … Hawaii (rainbow country) will "unlock" something … or "is the key", or "don't close the door to Hawaii" or … there are many possibilities. I did have the urgent feeling that the message was for me, especially in combination with the numbers. "Twenty two being a master number" … of course I had to read up on it. I had never really thought about the fact that Bob and I had lived at "222 Haulani Street" … but of course my license plate number has the magical "422" and I live now on "44 Rakounig Street", and Bob died on 11/4 … well …



Last Updated on May 14th, 2018

The Meaning of Number 22

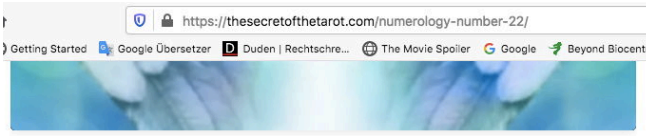
In traditional Numerology, two digit numbers like 22 are reduced to a single digit for analysis. This is because multi-digit numbers are said to receive their energetic essence from the single digit root numbers that inform them.

This is not the case with certain numbers called master numbers. Numbers like 11, 22, 33 and 44 are called master numbers and carry a special energetic essence all of their own.

As a master number, 22 is associated with the vibration of The Master Builder who has the ability to turn the loftiest dreams into concrete realities.

(The photo shows Peter and me in 2014; Peter is always the experimenter …)

As I looked up "22", of course I got an explanation on the number "4", Bob's numerology number relating to his name and his death-day … so maybe I'm supposed to take it as an answer from Bob, that Peter got me to click on his numerology source and read:



The number 4 is associated with Earth-bound concerns and problems involving work and material life. When 4 appears in your Numerology chart, it is indicative of hard work and practical, materialistic concerns.

The number 22/4 has twice the amount of 2 energy than 4 energy which means that qualities like cooperation, passivity and introspection are favored over the more determined 4 energy.

The number 4 is more ambitious and pragmatic, possessing a great deal of ability and discipline.

When these two qualities come together you end up with someone who is cooperative, pragmatic and highly skilled, exhibiting a great deal of professional potential.

Of course there are other sources about how to interpret numbers … But from what I found, spontaneously: *Each paragraph* can provide answers to the questions I have been urgently giving Bob, like "Are you with me on the projects?" and "How are you?" and "What are you doing?". The rainbow on the lock may also refer to him … somehow Hawaii is "closed" for him now? But that can also mean that he wants back in, to pursue or finish something, but can't. And perhaps I should? I'm sure the answer will show up for me. Is the answer in Hawaii? In my Hawaii-life? How blessed was I – I got to live on Maui for so long!

I'm always looking at the **44** the **22** and combinations, anyway, as they are all over the place in my neighborhood. I realize it and think it every day … often "22" has been coming to my awareness these days, but I can't and won't photograph it all the time. But now the numbers showed on **Peter's** blog … And as you know … Peter has been "used" often to kind of convey messages or greetings to me … again. I know that Bob thinks that Peter owes him … and I full-heartedly agree.

So I accept that new … how shall I say, … hint? *The rainbow lock with the numbers 4 and 22 was an immensely stirring gift.* One thing is strange, though. I get such a deep impact from "synchronicities" like that … but it's like I can't react anymore. If you'd see me discover, say, that rainbow lock and numbers revelation, you'd not even notice that something amazing had just struck me to the core. My mechanism to show reaction outwardly seems often inactive. That doesn't mean that I'm excited and baffled and impressed. But I don't jump or even smile. It all happens *inside* myself.

At other time I'm outwardly "hyper" for no reason. I can even dance for my dog or make silly faces. I guess I'm more broken than one would think.

I was actually working on editing the contact diary part A, when I had the strong urge to check Peter's blog … and there it was! I interrupted my work, and I didn't go anywhere else online. It followed my intuition. That's great, right? I'm functioning.

December 30, 2019 **– Arrow & Cle**

What if every time we think about a deceased person the energy of our thoughts strengthens their energetic personality? All is connected, and so are all our mortal functions connected to everything that's going on in the subtle realm.

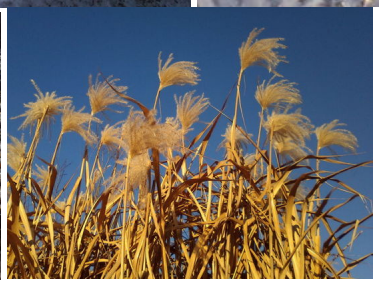
Also I just realized that the numbers that were brought to my awareness yesterday, also reflect the time of Bob's and my meeting: 2002. Upcoming is 2020, and Peter posted about the numbers "22" and "4" … and "4", that's Bob.

Also … sometimes I simply notice stuff, like my **floss** falling in a certain form that appears uncanny to me … in this case a "cle", but I don't really have anything to do with music … except that I've been **singing** the last times I drove from Velden back to Griffen, and I've sung for the "discarnates", Hawaiian songs, actually. Are they enjoying it?

I keep noticing more bridges in the area … and even though bridges aren't anything special … there are a lot … **stonebridges** and **woodbridges** … and **arrows** on trees …

December 30, 2019 **– The Two Dead Girls**

I took a walk with Jacqui, like everyday, and the beauty of **ice crystals** kind of entranced me … and I was wondering if Bob can see and appreciate them too.



I noticed, for the first time, that the large high reeds remind me of Hawaiian "**kahili**", the ***standards*** that expressed "royalty" … I was kind of surprised that I hadn't thought that before …

Then I arrived at the "quiet oasis", and I saw a **tree** that seemed so lonely, a fir in the reeds. I kind of felt attracted to it.

And I had an amazing **insight right there,** suddenly: The memorial spot at the pond "Ruheoase" (**quiet oasis**) in a swamp like area close to a highway under electricity wires of the young woman that I've visited often, is totally reflected in the *movie* "**American Woman**", where I thought, while watching, why the *young murdered woman* looked so **familiar**!

(She was only found after years after her death in a swamp like area close to a highway under electricity wires.)

Now look at the ***young woman*** *who was murdered in the movie* scene and at the photo on the *memorial site of the* ***young woman*** *in the "quiet oasis"* (who had taken her own life, as I have been told)! It may not be a direct resemblance … ***but it's exactly the same type of girl*** … and they are related through "being dead" … it just came to my awareness and moves me. And the area is very very similar … ***swampy, with reeds, under electrical wires, next to a highway!*** Movie and real life … same!

Yes, to my mind, the picture of the (real) dead young woman at the "quiet oasis" could be a sister of the movie character "Bridget" (Sky Ferreira) in the movie "*American Woman*" (a movie I only watched because I love Sienna Miller who plays the mother.)

Is that why I had to watch that movie, *along with the images of the* ***empty house***? Because it's a greeting from the "beyond"? How come that I always pick movies, that I don't *want* to watch but then watch, and every time there is something in them that relates directly to my life? I know why: This kind of synchronicity connects us, the inca and the disca. **And I want this kind of exchange.** *And I'm getting it.*

December 31, 2019 **– Hawaiian Greetings Galore, The Puddles in the Sky**

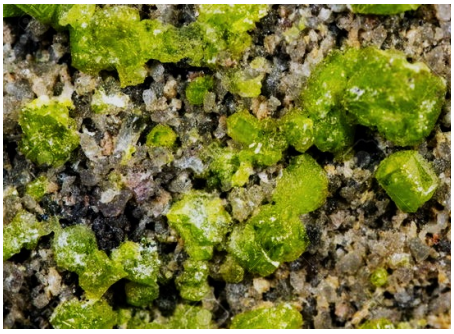
On a hike with Jacqui through the forest next to the beaver ponds of Griffen, I talked aloud with Bob and the other folks in the "beyond", and I told them distinctly that *they got to support me in the task that I see,* and they must confirm that they are on it with me …

I told them that I can only handle so much of struggle, and I must be given solid evidence that I'm still Bob's partner and that we're working on our projects together. At the same time, it felt crazy and sad to talk to a dead person, and the fact that my Bob is dead, suddenly hit me like a hammer, and it numbed me.

So walking through the forest and talking, as structured and focused as possible, asking Bob to "show himself", urgently, I suddenly I stood in front of a small pile of **bird vomit** – resembling the "**Olivine**"-substitute that I had encounter last year, ***exactly*** *a year ago, on the Mariahilfberg.*

The green parts in that stuff aren't that apparent … and the most important aspect of it is, that I haven't found anything like that ever in this area *(Note/edit: And I haven't since …)* except on the ***anniversary*** of me finding "***Olivine-bird-vomit***" on the Mariahilf mountain, where I had retreated last year to pass New Year's Eve.

And get this: Just *yesterday*, in the process of editing the first section of this contact diary, I'd dealt with those days and the images of the **bird vomit** of Mariahilfberg. Remember? It had been my wish for so long to show Bob the olivine-rocks of Kahakuloa "spouting horn" area to Maui, but we never made it. Last year, in Gutenstein, I had complained it bitterly – only to find bird vomit resembling olivine rocks! The green "crystals" in the bird vomit are seeds, of course …



So, I laughed, today, and I said "Great, so you are showing yourself through bird vomit, congrats to us". But knowing Bob I also know that his sense of humor made him laugh. I thought about what that meant and how other people would see it, what they'd think if I told them that I think encountering bird vomit on my path is a message or greeting from my dead partner. So I walked on, and I saw the most amazing frozen **puddles**, with the ice on the puddle being just fascinating in it's pattern.

One *puddle* made me sing out loud "**Tiny Bubbles**" … and that's a very famous Hawaiian song, and Bob used to sing it in a very funny way … and there were those tiny **bubbles** in that puddle that I was just passing!

So I stepped *onto the hill above the puddle* to take a photograph, and upon stepping back down, I overestimated the thickness of the ice, and I **broke** in at the edge of the puddle and my foot hit soft mud. And as I stepped aside I saw, that the **ice**-surface had a whole big structure beneath, attached to the smooth surface. Had I not broken in, I'd never had seen it! And it was fascinating!

So I was kind of struck by the message *"Be careful before you move forward and also look into things closely to see what they are really like".* I observed myself thinking that … and I thought, wow, that's a pretty clear message. I must work on myself. Of course I know that my own "Aumakua" is talking to me there … but since we're all connected …

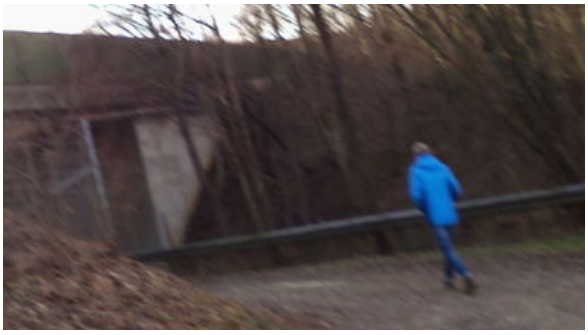
So I walked on … and now there was another green "Olivine"-style **bird vomit** <u>on</u> the next puddle, and I really had to laugh … Plus I found a **third bird vomit** a few steps further …

And then … I turned around. And the **clouds** formed the pattern of the ice **puddles**!

“As above, so below” … yes, no shit. *The clouds reflected what I had just seen.* Of course I got reminded of my own saying “clouds are thoughts”, Bob has heard that from me often.

All that happened around me, with me just making a few steps and looking left, right, down and above! I also found it fascinating that the **"3"-form** appeared reversed on the same sky!

… and then I kept talking to the discarnates emphasizing ***how urgently I needed Bob to show himself***, a sign that it's as I think it is, and it's my "kuleana" to make "Regents of Clouds" and then write the next trilogies to stand true to the project "the bridge" and further it and find and develop successors of Bob and me and of Stewart and Betty.



And just then … *a tall blond man with the **blue jacket**, just the color that Bob had worn it in our last days together*, showed up just when I was under the **bridge** that he was about to pass too, from the other side! *… the bridge with the graffiti "A real ghost" …*

So yes, Bob showed himself.

I must admit, that I was, like so often, just baffled shitless by this event. There were no people out there. The only person who shows up resembles Bob in stature and clothing – just when I ask Bob desperately the "show himself".

Of how often have you met a man with a specially bright blue jacket when you were thinking of your dead partner with the bright blue jacket and were asking for a sign from him, for him to show himself to you?

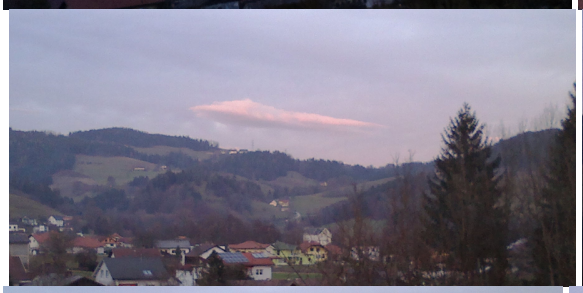
There.

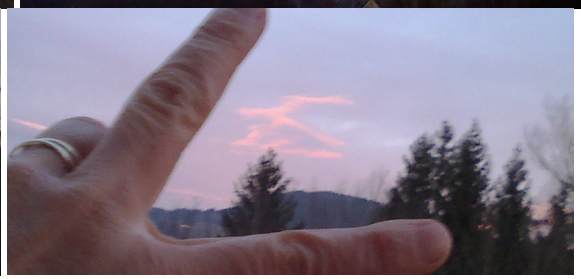
Okay, the last day of the year 2019 is coming to an end, of the first year without Bob. I can’t fucking believe it. And yes, I do see how the ***patterns of the ice and the clouds*** want to tell me … “it’s all a puzzle, apart, related and connected at the same time”. Just that “time” doesn’t even exist for Bob anymore. For me, it’s a painful fact.

And – what a cliche! Just as I was looking outside at a sky that …

I stopped writing the above line … because I felt compelled to really look out of the window. What I wanted to write was that I saw “**ula**”, the red sky, from my window.

… and because the Hawaiian term “kawena ula o ka lani”, which actually means “morning red in the sky” came shooting right into my mind, I was a bit “bitter sarcastic” and wanted to write about a “cliche”. But then I stepped outside on the balcony (and it was freezing cold) … and I looked to *the other side*, to my left, and a spectacle like I haven’t ever seen before in this area began to unfold … ***clouds*** approaching each other, uniting, separating, all brightly lit …

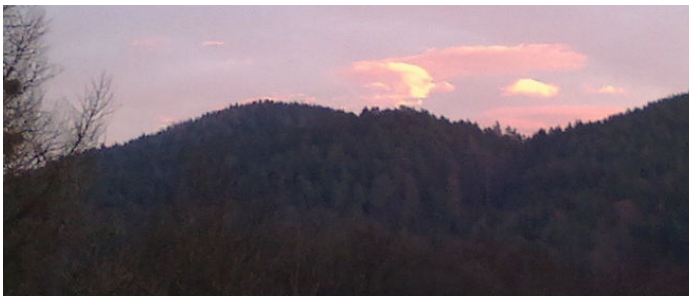




It was as if I was an observer in a front seat of a theater, and somebody was putting on an amazing **show** just for me in the north-eastern sky!

It was a *spectacle*. The clouds were changing rapidly, looking to the other side for a moment … looking back: next scenario! And by the way!

The **penis cloud** that showed up ***right in front of my window*** was certainly special, especially since there hadn’t been any cloud at all, the entire time.



And the penis then changed into a string and a loop at it’s end right above me. Bob and his penis … a dramatic constellation … don’t I know that. And: I noticed that a “**shark fin**” is right in front of my very eyes, every day! It’s a weird part of the forest across the valley …

Now the big cloud in the front begins to ***reach out*** and stretches … look!

So that's the last thing I saw in this horrible year … an amazing scenario of ***"connecting in the sky".*** The **clouds** were speaking to me, and through them, Bob is speaking to me. There is no doubt in my mind …

I'm supposed to be happy about it. But it makes me realize even more that my Bob is among the dead, the discarnates now. I tried this whole year to wrap my mind around it. Sometimes I thought I had managed. I am on the path to … I'm not sure, in terms of my personal fate. But all I've got left in life, as of my own motivation of living, aside from the welfare of my parents and my dog, is the project "The Bridge". I can further it, I know it, in this mortal lifetime. Maybe that has been my "kuleana" all along? Maybe everything has happened in the service of it?

And the disca better help me, no shit. I'm still a mortal, folks, I told them just today … I can't bear too much task on top of too much heartbreak. (*Note, March 2022: But right there, in the very neighborhood, I was in for a big shitload of crap that I couldn't even imagine back then, on the last day of 2029.)*

December 31, 2019 **– The Song**

Well, the day still isn't over. I better tell you about the song now. *"Return to Paradise" (by Elton John).* That's the one song that has followed me around for many many years. It's from a film about someone who dies and comes back as a dog. I knew it by heart. It made me cry all the time. And that was way before I met Bob, before I even ever was in Hawaii.

Today, just before the clouds spectacle started, I had that song on my lips, I even sang it a little bit … and then I was kind of startled by myself … and for the first time I "listened" to the lyrics as the "me" I'm now. And it's the fuckingest suiting song ever.

So did the song theme manifest for me … in the cloud spectacle?

Well, just as I had decided to write this down as an "end-of-the-year-and-end-of-contact-diary-part-1-note" and took a breath to try and sing that song … my **phone** made ***an alien sound***. Yep. A sound, that my phone has never ever made before. "*Pioiungwiouing*!" I still don't know what it meant. I just stared at my phone like an idiot. I had just fully loaded the battery! (*Note/edit: I think it told me that it had run out of juice still, maybe some glitch, but that hadn't happen ever before, so it was alien to me.)*

I didn't even know it was my phone, but when I looked around, nothing else that could possibly even make a sound. And it had come from my phone.

Then I sang songs about bird vomit and magic in the style of the ***"How-Down"*** of the show that Bob and I loved so much: *"Whose line is it anyway?"*

Whatever.

"Return to Paradise" by Elton John

It's paradise here where the sun meets the sea
There's nothing to fear and so much to be
But soon I must go, say goodbye to it all
That homeland of mine is beginning to call

Goodbye doesn't mean this has to be the end
Fading dreams grow cold as ice

And I got a feeling we will meet again
When we return to paradise

The wind in our hair and the sun in our eyes
There's no need for tears and no time for lies
So reach out your hand and I'll reach out my heart
Remember me while we are apart

I'm heading homeward
Leaving sunshine and heading for rain … But we'll return to paradise again

(*Note/edit: So does "we'll **return** to **paradise again**" actually mean that we'll be able to relive or continue our time together, when we unite in the beyond, after one of us has gone "ahead"? Because the "again" can mean a lot … which paradise is meant here? The mortal one, when we have a wonderful time until a loved one dies? Or the "beyond"? But then, the "again" indicates that we were in the beyond before … to this is something to think about. Or ask Elton John.)*

I just photographed this **frozen bed** and **the large stone at it's foot end** yesterday morning (and this morning again, because I found it so incredibly funny and pretty): Of course I had no clue what a "frozen bed" has to do on my path at first. Only when I read the lyrics of the **song** that has been haunting me for decades and that *I started singing today without even wanting it* and barely aware of it … then it dawned on me …

Of course … **the big *Stoneman* is out of his death bed** … because he is alive and well in the beyond.

That, for starters.

But what you didn't know … I've been editing the first five episodes of my Hawaii-TV-series "*Paradise*", and Bob has read them all, and we were so looking forward to working on the series together, we made a fun teaser and wanted to make a real teaser, last year … The first episode of "Paradise" is called **"Sweet Freezing"** (as you know since the December 14 entry)!

TV-SERIES "PARADISE"

"Episode 1 - Sweet Freezing"

Written by

© Jo Danieli (show-creator)

A group of LOCALS arrives at the Aninui cove, and the minister claps his hands.

All fall silent ... and the ceremony begins with a chilling chant.

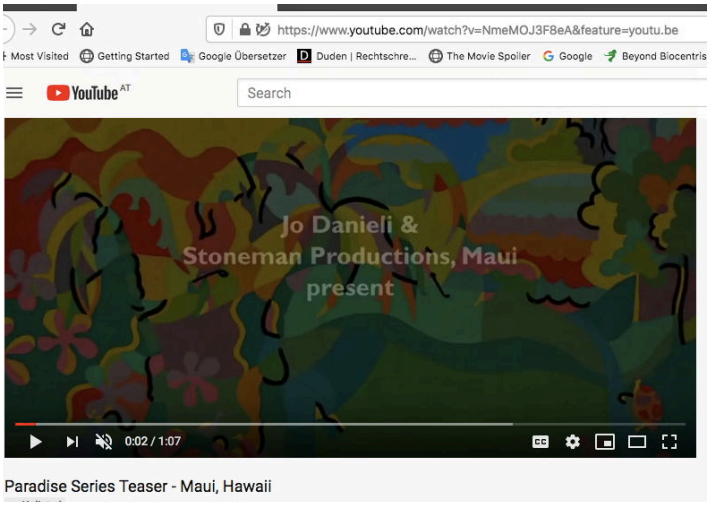
DONNA
(to Eve)
Those chants ... gives me the sweet freezing everytime.

Eve notices that Aliza wipes her eyes, and she and Raven *smile* at each other. Peter grabs Raven's hand! Eve can't help but look away, out to the ocean, utterly confused.

Paparazzo Mili notices her confusion and is alert.

(*Note: This is a real Hawaiian wedding ceremony, so the words and activities are not given here, but will depend on the actual real-life settings.*)

A LITTLE LATER:



… and the two words are used by a character in the script who describes the feeling when she hears a Hawaiian chant. To me, it has another meaning …

… Every night I enjoy going to bed, knowing that I might meet Bob in my dream-state … and at first, the bed always feels so cold, but I so much enjoy settling down; and often, I'm lying there and I imagine my being on Maui in my beloved bed there … and often, when sleeping, I get very hot and throw off all the blankets, and then I wake up, freezing. And yes, for me, the **connection** is clear between the “freezing”, the bed, the dreaming, the big stone watching the bed, and Bob's and my story.

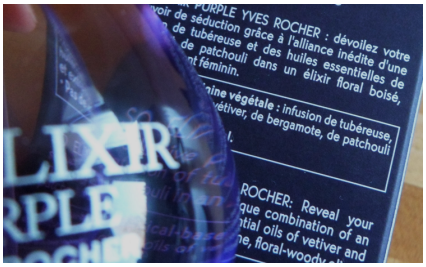
Yes, I believe that Bob and I meet when my consciousness is in the **sleep-state**, and many dreams are actually recollections of actual encounters in the beyond. Betty and Stewart wrote about it. So now look at the picture again … and maybe you’re now seeing what I’m seeing: **synchronicity** as a way of bridging the barrier between “Po”, the realm of the “dead” and “Ao”, the realm of the “living” … and *I can almost see the disca around me roll their eyes*. Sorry, folks, I’m only a dumb mortal … again.

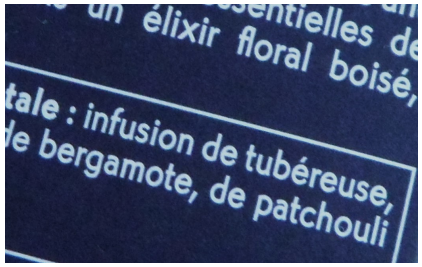
Alright! Fireworks! To be seen from my window! Happy New Year! Good one. “Happy”. Right.

January 1, 2020 **– A Special Retro Gift**

Walk with Jacqui along creek before trip to visit mother and father and stepmother. We met a younger woman with a black Labrador mix. His name: "***Finley***"! Hi, Ruth and Emmet!

Visited my mother and my father … it was emotional and difficult as always. **Edith** gave me a bottle of perfume as a gift … and later, at home, I realized something. At first, I had thought it smelled of "Plumeria", my favorite flower in the world … but then I realizes that the fragrance goes even further back into my Hawaii-past: Many years ago, I had lived with an old woman by then name of "Gigi" in the town of Kapa'a, on the island of Kauai, everytime I went to Hawaii to research for my book "We Creators". About in 1999, I don't remember exactly, I helped her out at an event, actually, she was a musician and was going to perform, flute, I think … and we had to decorate the entire garden and the stage … and she had brought a million of **Tuberoses**! And the perfume is – a ***Tuberose perfume!***


PURPLE YVES ROCHER : dévoilez votre
séduction grâce à l'alliance inédite d'une
de tubéreuse et des huiles essentielles de
de patchouli dans un élixir floral boisé,
féminin.
ROCHER: Reveal your
que combination of an
tial oils of vetiver and



But the most important thing: I ***had just written*** (in my contact diary) about that lady "Gigi"!

Wow! Talk about a Hawaii-greeting!

On the highway to: Car with writing on the side and on the back: "**since 1919**". Found pink and violet beads **chain** with bow on the tree next to the cemetery where my brother Peter's cremains are buried.

Driving back on the highway – a car with the license plate number "**250 FX**" passed by me, and it startled me! So does this mean that Bob (= 250, his phone number was 250 8030, and whenever I see those numbers I think of him intensely) is going to "call me" via "special effects"? Or is it just a greeting?

Well, my laptop sure froze while working on the contact diary part 1 last night, for no reason …!

January 2, 2020 **– Horrible Lovely Encounter**

Horrible, horrible dream … but it started out as a wonderful astoundingly tender and sensual **dream** … And I even have to go before that, too, in order to make sense of it … because when I went to bed, coming from editing this contact diary (in terms of putting the pictures in) I was able to imagine myself so intensely lying in my bed on Maui, that ***I was there … I smelled, heard and felt it*** … only when my dog made a sound, did I come back …

My diary entry from December 31, realizing what the "frozen bed" really means, is right now again so present to me … and after the description of the dream, I'll tell you again, why.

A young man (the actor **Zach Braff**, actually!) was in love with a woman who I know from my past, *Renate* G. (later cupcake queen of Vienna), and he pursued her (the pursuit was more something I knew than that I saw), as we all three were in some kind of *holiday resort setting*. He either wrote her a *love* letter or a song, I'm not sure, but it was something I supported him with. There were also physical things between him and her, literally, something that he had to give her or wanted to give her, and somehow she was elusive, or she even rejected him.

Somehow *he and I ended up in a sensual embrace*, close to having sex, and it turned out that I was deeply in love with him. Suddenly he discovered that he also was deeply in love with *me* and not with her. And then it was all about keeping it some kind of secret from her, while him and me we couldn't leave our hands off each other, felt *madly attracted* to each other.

The odd thing: In my dream I was aware that *I was too old for him*. I thought something that I had thought in real life just yesterday, that now my body is giving in. My skin is starting to sag, and my face looks really old, and probably there wouldn't be a way that I would ever be physically close to a man anymore … *so in my **dream** I recalled that (!) what I had thought in **real life***. And Zach (that was his name in my dream, too, and I must say that *Zach Braff is absolutely not my type*!) and I were continually into each other and kissing and groping, but dressed. In my dream I thought that I should get him to be together with Renate, and not with me, and that I should have ended this relationship before it had started. (Interesting, maybe: In real life, Renate was a woman who once had a lover, a man who I was interested in, romantically, many years ago, but she simply called him up one night to meet, and they had sex, and then she told me about how strange it was to see her from three kids worn out breast dangle down on him, like empty bags, and he still told her he loved her and was madly attracted to her.)

In real life today: My neighbors started laughing and making noise early in the morning, and I woke up. I did fall asleep soon again … and then, next **dream**:

I was somewhere in **Vienna**, riding Tramway (the # 9), and for some reason I was holding on like on a *skiing-lift*, and I had long skiers on my feet and was doing a *slalom alongside the tramway tracks*, and it wasn't really snow but some *sand* … then I ended up in some waiting room or hotel type setting, where people were with dogs … and Jacqui was there, too, somehow, and he ran to greet them, and disappeared out of my sight.

I tried to call him, but *I didn't have enough voice* … and the people didn't hear or realize that I was desperately looking for my dog … and I barely was able to move to look for him or go after him … *because I was crying*! I was crying so hard because of Bob's death … that I though – *in my dream, I thought it to myself* – that ***I might die*** of a broken heart after all! I was curled up in Vienna on an bench and was reminiscing, *in my dream*, about Bob and how I missed him and our life together. It was so real, and it was so horrible!

I woke up, because my neighbors made a hell of a noise at 7 a.m., again, then they left and I fell asleep again – **and I dreamed on!** The same dream! Eventually, one time I managed to call Jacqui back, but then again, *he ran off*, and I *couldn't get my **voice** out to call him*. Somehow I made it into a room, that was like a

kitchen, and people said he was *on the bench*, and as I looked, it was not him, but some *other dog* … I did not find Jacqui!

Then I woke up … brr. Horrible. He was right there, my best friend, gazing at me. What an endlessly patient soul … always waiting, always quiet and so happy and grateful when I walk and play with him. It's Kimba in him, too.

If I was to **interpret** the dreams from all I know, then I did meet Bob in the beyond in my dream state, and we were in love as always and at the beginning, and then I had to leave and get back into my physical body, *and the saying good-bye was so hard, because it reminded my subconsciousness of the actual real life-trauma* … and all the loss and fear and fear of loss of a loved one and the inability to move and be around in that realm, reflected me having to come back into the obstructed phase of my life, … like my voice not being loud enough, me being unable to look into those rooms where my dog should have been, and the way I was kind of being dragged along by the tramway, holding on, doing something between surfing and skiing at a quite the speed and somehow entirely lonely and in a no-man's land, it was like Vienna, but the tramway went somewhere between the mountains, too … It was a trip I took, ***an actual trip***, that's what I kind of thought about today, while walking with Jacqui in the morning.

It's always calming and comforting to come outside, into the fresh air, away from the danger and noise of Vienna … the wide fields, the sky, the mountains and the Schlossberg with the ancient castle on top of that big rock. And the house of the sun, greeting me every day.

Maybe the dream was also an effect from yesterday, the visit at my father's and Edith's … they are so bitter and barely hide their cynicism, towards each other and me … and their four years old Beagle dog "Sandy" must bear the ups and downs of my father, who treats her with outright hostility for no reason, and then overwhelms her with emotional flashes of love. I saw how old he has become … it's kind of strange and also a bit burdening, … I'm not sure how to handle. We didn't have a life together since I was about 18, and before that the marriage of my parents and their divorced time together, was horrible. Maybe that's why I cried so much …?

And my mother … whenever I think about her and now also my father and all, my heart sinks.

But then, I received that **tuberose**-perfume from Edith … and it's special in a very deep way.

My horoscope says "You do need to watch for drama and stirring the pot. That could be around you, or it may be you doing so just to get what you want. Try and stay away from that, Aquarius."

I keep learning. Like, the reasons for a "frozen bed" to appear on my path become more interesting every few weeks as it seems … ***the big stone watching the frozen bed?***

(Note/edit: This picture of the bed I took in February, … see how things got "easier", with the ice molten? Notice behind the big upright stone another stone, in chains? I didn't notice that one for a while … I'll get back to it, later in this story.)

Every night I enjoy going to bed, knowing that I might meet Bob in my dream-state … and at first, the bed always feels so cold, but I so much enjoy settling down; and often, I'm lying there and I imagine my being on Maui in my beloved bed there … and often, when sleeping, I get very hot and throw off all the blankets, and then I wake up, freezing. And yes, for me, the connection is clear between the "freezing", the bed, the dreaming, the big stone watching the bed, and Bob's and my story. Beside the fact that the big stone is now out of a frozen bed … and Bob was cold all the time when I was with him, also lying in bed. He wouldn't cover the middle of his body where the tumor was, because he couldn't stand any weight on it or the idea that the fluids would leak through the bedding, but he also couldn't lie on his side because the tumor was too big … ***he had become immoveable, and he was always cold.***

Now look at the picture of the frozen bed and the big stone! Bob is free of his ordeal now … watching me.

Yes, I believe that Bob and I meet when my consciousness is in the sleep-state, and many dreams are actually recollections of actual encounters in the beyond. Betty and Stewart wrote about it. I've experienced it many times, you read about it. So now look at the picture again … and maybe you're now seeing what I'm seeing: synchronicity as a way of bridging the barrier between "Po", the realm of the "dead" and "Ao", the realm of the "living" … and I can almost see the disca around me roll their eyes. Sorry, folks, I know that we are all alive.

January 2, 2020 **– Wishing to be Here**

OH! WOW! WOOOOWWW!

I just googled "*Zach Braff*" to put his picture into my collection for the contact diary layout, and I remembered again the most famous film of his, which I actually saw! It's title is "**Wish I Was Here"!**

Jesus! I had a romantic *dream* encounter with the actor who wrote and played *"Wish I Was Here"!* And before I had even noticed that and had written about how I think I actually "met" Bob last night, and how I had such a hard time leaving, after I had kind of put myself into a "Maui"-trance … so now I got the confirmation there was everything to that dream that I had thought it was.

The license plate number "**250 FX**" does mean that Bob is telling me that he is showing himself through movies and in movies and with anything that has to do with movies! ***"FX" means "special effects" in video-speak.*** Yes, I found a blue beer cap today with a dragon-lion and a "B" on it … but I only picked it up … well, because … (yes, yes, not everything is a sign or a message, I know …)

So … well, exciting. It feels like this year has already started on a new level. And I do think that the disca are watching me and are glad that I "get it", hopefully everytime, but at least, often enough for them to keep working with me in terms of "communication".

So Bob told me "I wish I was here" … well, I wish too, that you were here, Bob. And on the other hand, that same sentence may have been uttered *by myself* in the beyond, when I was visiting there, *"I wish I was here"* … but no, I'm still bound to return to my "here" now, and Bob is in his.

And today my mother talked so happily and nicely to me, that I couldn't help thinking that I hope nothing will happen to me (!), so that she wouldn't have to suffer anymore but have a few more great years. My intention is to work in the movie industry to manifest "Regents of Clouds" …

I did tell Edith yesterday about me researching and dealing with the "survival of consciousness". She only listened and nodded, and then my father came in and I stopped telling. Maybe she thinks I've lost it … but I remembered that the disca want us to share … so, well, I'm doing my best …

For now, I'm just … baffled about the "Zach-Braff"-dream. The poster also reads: **"Life is an occasion. Rise to it!"**

There. My subconscious is really collaborating with Bob, I think. It has a *name*, too, my subconscious mind, my "Ku", since my early Hawaii-research days, when I learned about the trinity of our mental energetic set-up, Ku, Lono and Kane or Aumakua, the body-spirit, the directing mind and the higher self … all three have names. And I've reminded myself, through working on the contact diary edit, that in my book "We Creators Of The World" I have been dealing in great detail with the energetic aspects of the human existence for years …

I'm totally the perfect candidate for working effectively "on the bridge".

January 2, 2020 **– Love to Hear Again**

Something else happened today … I met an **old man**. On a path where I didn't think that people walked at all, and he may have been even close to his 80s, very tall and very good looking, and he came towards Jacqui and me, with a small female old dog, "Ricki", I learned later. And the man chatted me up, he had a hearing aid and a very strong Carinthian dialect … about his two daughters, one a judge and one in the microchip industry … and how he was worried that the world's population was growing so fast, like in 2050 there would be 16 Million people, he said. It was just so strange that a random stranger would start chatting with me and then immediately about numbers and mankind … to me! He was sweet, there was a certain kindness in his eyes that I liked. Just recently I talked to my mother about how something similar, but she didn't respond, just said "Yes, yes" and listened. *And then that lovely man comes along and chats to me about these things from his part!*

Just recently I wrote about how desperate I am because I can't talk with anyone about those world- and mankind-concerning things … and boom! Out of nowhere, in the most unlikely spot on a very narrow path, I meet the one person in my environment, obviously, who actually does have the capacity to talk like that … and he is old … *and he has a hard time hearing. That struck me, because it was in a way obvious:* The last commercial production job that Bob and I did, was for a hearing doctor in Kahului, and the slogan was **"Love to Hear Again"!**

END PART 2 CONTACT DIARY "Naupaka Bunny"

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